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ART. I.—THE RELATION OF SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES TO THOSE OF ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

THE question which we are to attempt to discuss in this article is whether Scotland can produce a scholarship of her own. On this subject there may be said to be three opinions. One is that Scotland is incapable of producing scholars, and therefore her higher students ought to go to Oxford or Cambridge,—in other words, that the Scottish Universities should be training schools, like Eton and Harrow, for the English Universities. The second also assumes the inability of Scotland to rear scholars, but recommends that the best students should go to the German Universities to complete their studies. The third is that there is no reason whatever, either in the national character or national resources, why Scotland like Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Italy or Greece, should not produce her own scholars. Mixed up with this question is another which perhaps has never been definitely formulated, whether in any progressive movement in Scotland we should follow the guidance of the English or of the German Universities. We will endeavour in these pages to place before the reader such facts as will enable him to form some judgment on these questions. It is difficult to write on such a subject without prejudice, and we shall therefore confine ourselves as much as possible to historical assertions or to the expressed opinions of those who have had ample opportunities of observing, and are well able to come to sound conclusions.

For our purpose it is necessary that we should draw attention to the historical connection between Scotland and the English and foreign Universities. The English Universities, and many of those on the continent, existed long before any university was established in Scotland. For our account of the connection of Scotland with the English Universities, we shall go to the history of these institutions by Professor Huber, who was regarded as a staunch defender of them. The most marked feature in the early history of these universities that concerns our subject is the division of the students into Northern and Southern. The Northern students were those who were born north of the Humber, and included the Scotch. Professor Huber sees in these two divisions a difference of race and of character. 'The tribes,' he says, 'north of the Mersey and Humber, were mainly Germanic, while in the southern portion of Britain the Normans and Romanizing Anglo-Saxons predominated. The contrast of the two elements continues almost to this day (1839); indeed, thirty years ago the Scotch and English were as strange to each other's feelings as Germans to Dutch.'

The English wars with Scotland and France fused the people of the North of England into one nationality with those of the South, but still, he says, 'the mass of the English people, in contrast to the nobles, must be regarded as Saxon and not French.' The Northern division was attached to popular rights, to reforms, and to every forward movement, the Southern, on the other, was truly Romanic, hated innovations, clung to old-fashioned practices, and was out and out aristocratic in spirit. The parties engaged in continual contests, 'but,' says Huber, 'the Northernmen seem to have been physically the weaker party at both universities ever after the overthrow of Simon de Montfort. In fact, from this era downwards, the *movement* party, whether in Church or State or in Philosophy, has been in an academic minority.' But a short time after the death of De Montfort events occurred which had a powerful influence in separating the Scotch from the English. The war of independence broke out, and the Scotch were successful in establishing their separate existence. One immediate result of this con-

test was a Scottish alliance with the French, which lasted till the Reformation, and the Scotch waged incessant war with the English either on behalf of themselves or in behalf of France. The result of this state of matters was that the English Universities were isolated from the rest of the world, while Scotch students found a welcome reception in all the Universities of Europe. Hence it arose that when the idea of founding a University in Aberdeen occurred to Bishop Elphinstone, he went for his model to the Paris University, and the Scotsmen who were appointed first Principal and the first teacher were resident in Paris as teachers at the time of their election. Hence also a change took place in the nations into which the students of Paris University were divided, for they consisted first of France, Picardy, and England including Scotland, but the nation of England disappeared, and Germany including Scotland took its place. The English also acted with bitterness to the Scotch students, for it is stated that Merton College in 1334 refused to admit Northern scholars.

The Reformation worked a great change in the position of the Universities. In pre-Reformation times there was at least a professed uniformity of religious belief, and students passed from one university to another unchallenged. But after the Reformation the Universities of different countries set up different standards of faith to which students as well as professors had to subscribe. And hence, though the Reformation destroyed the French alliance and brought Scotch and English into closer harmony, yet the religious controversies that arose in the time of James I. and Charles I. produced a complete separation between the Scotch and English Universities. The English Universities adhered to the doctrines and practices of what is now called High Church, they believed in the divine right of kings, they were the Cavalier party as against the Puritans, and the aristocratic party as against the popular element. And they went on the principle of rigidly excluding all who did not agree with them. The Scotch Universities, on the other hand, were essentially popular institutions, and, like the nation itself, they were democratic. They welcomed the poor, they gradually set aside all distinctions of

rank, and they soon began to open their doors to all comers. They were thus the means of instructing not merely the Scotch, but those of the English nation desiring a higher education who belonged to the Puritan or democratic party. And the records of Scottish Universities are full of recognition of English merit, not aristocratic or High Church. Take these two entries in the Records of King's College, Aberdeen :

'23rd December, 1728.

'The said day the University ordered to be sent off for London six diplomas, for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, in favours of Masters Obadiah Hughes, John Cummins, John Evans, William Harris, Jabez Earle and Isaac Watts.'

'5th July, 1737.

'Mr. Philip Doddridge, minister of the gospel and master of an Academy at Northampton, a person of established character for learning, and particularly knowledge in divinity, created a Doctor in Divinity.'

The Protestant Universities on the Continent followed the same course of development as the Scotch. They were democratic like the Scotch, and in the process of time they opened their gates to all students, and Scotch students continually resorted to them, many going to Leyden, some to Heidelberg, and others to various other universities. In this way there has been continual intercourse between Scotch and foreign universities. At the same time it has to be noticed that happily a nation is rarely or never an absolutely harmonious combination of individuals of the same mind, that for the general benefit diversities of opinions and tendencies arise, and that this was the case both in Scotland and England. While the great masses of the English people were excluded from the English Universities, and agreed much more nearly in sentiment with the Scotch than with their aristocratic fellow-countrymen, and while some in the English Universities, especially Cambridge, were warm friends of liberty and the people, there was also in Scotland a considerable number who entirely sympathized with the High Church, Divine right, aristocratic and exclusive tendencies, and they found a ready welcome and a congenial home in the cloisters of Cambridge and Oxford. But these thereby lost their influence on the Scotch nation, and events took their course in Scotland irrespective of them.

This short survey shows that the development of the Scotch university system ran much more in the line of continental universities than in that of the English. This subject requires a few words of exposition. Universities were founded at first for the training of teachers. This is implied in the stamp which they put on their students. They became *magistri artium*, masters or teachers of the liberal arts; *doctores medicinae*, teachers of medicine; *doctores legum*, teachers of law; *doctores theologiae*, teachers of theology. So essential a feature was this in the training of students that a graduate had not merely the right to teach, but was bound to teach for a certain period. This mode of supplying the universities with teaching proved unsatisfactory, and accordingly endowments were set apart for teachers expressly appointed to the work, who should teach their special subjects to the students for nothing. The students at first lived in lodgings in the various towns, but the custom set in of students clubbing together and living in common, electing some one as the head of the house. Benevolent men, taking an interest in the poor students, founded halls specially for their benefit, where they could live free of expense. And, of course, when religious bodies sent students from their monasteries, the students dwelt in the monasteries or religious houses. But this practice of common halls never became universal in any universities but those of England; except in these, there was always a considerable number of students in private lodgings and gradually the practice of living together fell into desuetude, and in the end of the last century colleges and halls were unknown except in the English Universities. The process of the change in Aberdeen is thus stated by Orem, the historian of Old Aberdeen.

‘Likewise the said Bishop Elphinston built the common school and common hall of the said college, in which hall there are two folding tables for the masters and gentlemen’s sons to dine and sup at; and six long old-fashioned tables for the use of the bursars to dine and sup at. But the bursars complained some years ago that they were not well entertained in the said college, therefore they got liberty to board themselves, where they pleased in the town of Old Aberdeen.’

Professor Thomas Reid, the great Scotch metaphysician,

has recorded his opinion of the change in his account of Glasgow University.

‘This change in the mode of living has been attended with much comfort and satisfaction to all the members of the University, by superseding many strict regulations, and of course rigorous penalties, which in the former situation had been thought necessary; neither has it produced any bad effect upon the manners and behaviour of the students.’

And he adds further on:—

‘A complicated and rigorous discipline, extending to innumerable frivolous observances, can hardly fail, in this age, to become contemptible; and, if students are treated like *children*, it is not to be expected that they will behave like *men*.’

This change was accompanied by other changes, but the exact record of them we can nowhere discover. At the end of last century, a great literary and scientific movement took place in the Universities of Scotland. Eminent men occupied the chairs, and their brilliant lectures and their important scientific discoveries attracted students from all parts. This popularity drew attention to the constitution of Scottish Universities, and then it was found that the power of management, except in Edinburgh, rested entirely with the Senatus, or body of Professors, that the Masters of Arts had no longer the right of teaching, that fees were exacted for every class, and that attendance upon certain classes was compulsory for the attainment of the degree of M.A. It is easy to account for the introduction of these changes. The graduates had allowed their privilege of teaching to fall into abeyance. The endowments of the universities were small, and if there was to be any hope of filling the chairs with good men, it was necessary that the endowment should be largely supplemented by fees. To secure a steady supply of fees it was necessary that the classes should be obligatory. Since that time no great change has taken place in our universities. Within this century something has been done for them, but there has been no complete overhauling of the system and the adaptation of it to modern wants. It is to Germany we have to go in order to see what the unfettered application of the wisdom of this

century can do for the highest or university education. In the end of last century Germany also underwent a great intellectual revival, and this revival gave an impulse to education and found a large sphere of action in the universities. But this revival might have ended in its influence on German universities, where it ended in its influence on the Scottish universities, had not events of momentous consequence happened in Germany which led her ablest statesmen to grapple with the question of education. The Germans were trampled on by Napoleon, the iron passed into their souls, and they felt their weakness. What means was most likely to make them a united and strong nation? This was the question that they asked themselves, and the answer that Stein and other statesmen gave was that it was, above all things, by a thoroughly organized system of education embracing all stages from the lowest to the highest. Accordingly a system of education was established which organized in the most effective manner the primary, secondary and university education, placed them in harmonious relation with each other, and opened them all up to the entire nation. We have here to deal only with the university system, and we are quite sure that no one can challenge the statement that this system has had the most striking success, and that it has been the model of all the recent constitutions of universities which have been framed on a national basis. This system is merely an expansion of the Scotch but with a restitution of some of the old privileges of universities and with the application of the national resources to the adequate carrying out of the scheme. Where national resources cannot be or have not been fully applied, the universities established have been, to a large extent, imitations of the Scotch, and this is notably the case in regard to the London and Victoria Universities, the Irish Queen's Colleges, and the various colleges established lately in England and Wales.

In the English Universities no development took place, but a result totally different. The colleges swallowed up the universities. To explain this result we must go back to what was said about halls and colleges. We mentioned that

benevolent men left large sums of money to furnish a common dwelling and maintenance for poor students. Such eleemosynary institutions were named colleges. Nowhere were such endowments anything so great as in England, and in the progress of time the endowments increased in value and now produce an enormous annual income. Gradually the funds left for poor students were diverted. A custom had prevailed from very early times of allowing a graduate in theology to remain in the college after his student period was over, until he should get some appointment in the church, and these theological graduates along with the students, were the *socii* or partners in the endowments. But gradually the entire management of the funds fell into the hands of the head of the college and these elder *socii*, and the parts of the endowments assigned to poor students became less until finally no really poor students were admitted at all. The head of the college and the fellows formed the managing body of the endowments, and they disposed of them as seemed good to them. Naturally in this state of affairs they took the endowments to themselves, and they were favoured in this process by the mode in which elections were made. The Fellows elected the head and the head and the fellows supplied any vacancies that might occur in the fellowships. Each college became a rich and exclusive guild. Circumstances strengthened this peculiar feature of university life. For by a constitution of Laud the heads of houses received the entire control of the universities, and no student was allowed to attend the university without becoming a member of a college. The heads of houses thus had the entire manipulation of the universities, and it was natural that they should extinguish their independence and activity. If there were to be an active body of professors and university officials, they might not consult the repose of the heads of houses, they might raise questions as to the use of the funds and they might broach new ideas calculated to disturb the stillness which prevailed. Accordingly the heads of houses came to the resolution that attendance on the lectures of professors should count for nothing, in fact that the professors need not lecture at all but simply pocket

their very small salaries, and that they themselves would furnish such teaching as might be requisite within their own walls. And thus at the beginning of this century there existed a large number of colleges forming select societies with ample means. They were exceedingly careful as to whom they should admit. They canvassed the characters, social and pecuniary, of the students before they admitted them, they took great care of their opinions, disturbed them with no innovation, and enjoyed a pleasant and easy life. Professor Thorold Rogers says of them, 'They were monasteries without devotion, learning, activity or utility.' A great change is now taking place to which we shall allude afterwards, but this change belongs only to the last thirty years. Yet even at this moment the colleges are predominant, and the university system has not yet succeeded in establishing itself. It is thus that Oxford and Cambridge are the only surviving institutions of the kind in the world. They are therefore of no use in guiding Scotsmen to the best mode of organizing universities.

It is to the German universities that we must turn, and we shall now draw attention to their most prominent characteristics.

The first point is that they are national. The State considers it its duty to make them as perfect as possible. The State can exercise control over them, if it should be necessary; it considers them an essential element in the system of government, and it therefore takes care that they be well supplied with all that is necessary for their full equipment. On the contrary the English Colleges claimed to be private, independent corporations. At an early stage of agitation for educational reform in England they refused, in some cases, to comply with the Government demands, and Professor Huber and many others maintained that Government could not interfere with them, could not alter the terms of admission laid down by the heads, that interference would annihilate them,—in fact, that they were private and their funds private property. Government, however, has interfered. Government has appointed commissions, and done much to alter the practice of the colleges in regard to their endowments, but the attitude of Go-

vernment is not that of complete control, and it would be very difficult to justify the amount of action that has been taken without implying that Government ought to have gone much further. Scotland stands with Germany in this phase of University system. From the time of the Reformation our State took control of the Universities. A large portion of their endowments had disappeared during these troublous times, and accordingly our Government felt bound to look after the welfare of learned institutions. The provision made for them is thus described by Mr. Hill Burton in his *History of Scotland*:—

‘The revenues drawn within towns by monastic establishments, whether in the shape of rents of property, or in the more invidious form of local taxes or privileges, were specially designed for the entertaining of “schools and colleges” and other like uses; and it was at the same time recommended that, as “nothing is more commodious” for such uses than the friaries and other edifices which had belonged to the monastic bodies, such of them as had not been demolished should be kept up for these uses.’

From that time to this the Scottish Government has been responsible for the efficiency of these institutions.

This is an aspect of the case that Englishmen of the Oxford and Cambridge type cannot understand. The English Universities have never asked for money, and have never asked for Government interference. The English had not the semblance of a system of national primary education till 1870, and it is not thoroughly national yet. And hence when they come to deal with Scotch University affairs, or with Scotch education in any form, they act contrary to the spirit of our nation. In the Universities’ Bill of last year there was a clause giving the Scottish Universities an annual sum to be fixed for ever, and granting the State power at any time to commute the payment of that annual sum for one single sum. That was purely an English idea, and from the English point of view the provision was a very generous one. Probably every member of the Cabinet held as a political principle that the Treasury ought not to be burdened with the support of secondary and university education, that nothing ought to be given out of the public purse to aid these objects, and that both secondary and

university education should be managed by bodies that stand in no connection with the Government. It is surprising in these circumstances not that so little but that so much was offered by the Treasury. But the Scotch feeling is entirely different from the English on this point. The Scotch people do not wish to see their universities independent of the State, and they believe with the Germans that it is the duty of the State to render them as complete as they can be made. It is absurd, therefore, to propose to buy off Scotch Universities. Full justice is not done to the Scotch idea unless the first injunction to the University Commission be to inquire how the Universities shall best discharge their duties to the entire community, and to guarantee that whatever sums are necessary for this great purpose will be cheerfully voted. A Scotch Parliament would unquestionably have done this in the light of the demands of the present day. If this was done, ample provision would be made whereby Scotland could rear her own scholars to the highest point.

In the new German system the principle was placed in the greatest prominence that science and its teaching is free, 'Die Wissenschaft und ihre Lehre ist frei,' and by science is to be meant investigation into every department of human knowledge, including theology. It was to be free in two senses. First, it was to be free from all trammels. The professor was to do his best to ascertain the truth, and there was to be no hindrance to his exposition of it, provided he was loyal to the existing Government. No tests of any kind were to be imposed on professor or student. This perhaps might not have been possible, had it not been that the system restored the right of teaching practically to every graduate. Every one who could prove his competency must be allowed to have an opportunity of upholding and expounding his own opinions. And the method by which the system obviated the evils that might arise from it was simple. The State appointed men of eminence to be ordinary professors, with salaries sufficient to maintain them in comfort, sometimes when they were very eminent, with very high salaries. But this position was not to be reached at a leap. The graduate who felt

an inclination to pursue a career of study, research, and exposition, claimed the right to teach, and received permission. He did so at his own risk, but he thereby gained an opportunity of showing what powers were in him. If he proved a man of ability, diligence, and success as a teacher or investigator, he was promoted to be Professor Extraordinarius with a comparatively small salary, and if in this new capacity he did his work well, he became ordinary Professor with a competence. There is thus afforded by the number and the freedom of teachers ample room for expounding quite different sets of opinions, and as the students have been attested as ripe for the university, they are ready to judge for themselves, and receive great stimulus from the conflict of opinions and arguments. In our Scotch Universities till 1853, every Professor had to sign the Confession of Faith, but somehow or other Episcopalians had no difficulty in finding their way into the chairs. Students were absolutely free, and all the honours and rewards of the University were open to all. Complete freedom is promised to all in the Universities' Bill of last year. In the English Universities every one, teacher and student, had to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, and none but a strict Episcopalian could gain admission or compete for any of the honours or rewards. Changes have taken place within the last thirty years. First, in 1854 the bonds were relaxed so that students of all creeds could be admitted, and after a time they were further relaxed so that students of all creeds could compete for the honours and prizes. What the result of this new state of affairs will be, it is impossible to conjecture. But there is as yet nothing like the freedom of the Universities of Germany. The teaching is still in the hands of the Colleges, and the Colleges have enormous powers to forge what fetters they like.

Science was to be free in another sense. The lectures of the ordinary professor in German Universities are open to all who are competent without payment of a fee, except a sum varying from threepence to sixpence for the maintenance of the classrooms. The student pays a matriculation fee, but even this fee is remitted if the student can prove his poverty to the offi-

cials of the University. The Professors also give lectures, as it is called *privatissime*, and for these they are entitled to charge a fee. But the most valuable lectures are open to all who are declared competent. And thus the poorest student enjoys the benefits of the University. It was totally different with the English Universities. The poor were expressly excluded. The Colleges were select, and did not want those who did not belong to the highest social circles. A change is taking place in this respect; but even in the present day the annual lowest expense at a College in an English University is reckoned at about £200, and that is a sum which excludes a very large portion of the population, however clever they may be, and what are called the unattached students labour under great disadvantages. In Scotland we used to pride ourselves on our Universities being accessible to all, but we rendered them accessible partly by lowering the standard of education. There is no need for this in a thoroughly national and complete system of education. In Germany a poor boy gets his primary education for nothing in some districts, or for a very small sum in others. If he shows ability, he can go to a secondary school without cost. The Government has provided ten vacant places for every hundred for the benefit of the clever poor. And if he proves his ability in the Gymnasium, his attendance at the University will cost him nothing. At whatever stage the ability of the poor boy is discovered, the door of education suitable to that stage is open. With us, on the other hand, it is often impossible for a clever poor boy to get admission to a secondary school, or even to get secondary education, and he has to struggle on himself in the hope of obtaining a bursary, and commencing his public higher education at the University.

The next point which we shall notice is one that deserves special attention in this country. In Germany there is no stimulation by prizes. The men who framed the system believed that knowledge is attractive in itself, that if you procure good teachers, the instruction will interest, that at the period of student life the only valuable work is voluntary work, and that the real way to find out whether a student is likely to continue

his intellectual efforts after leaving the University is to see what he will do under no inducement but that of self-impulse and of his prospects in life. They supply him with the greatest stimulus to intellectual exertion by providing him with lectures from the best men of the day, but after that they leave him very much to himself. If he fails to work, he deserves to disappear from the rank of intellectual leaders: if he is earnest in his work, he will show it by his investigations, which, embodied in his thesis, will reveal to the professors and dispensers of promotion the kind of man that each one is, and according to the fitness and energy of the man will be provided a sphere for his future intellectual activity.

It is totally different in the English Universities. They have enormous endowments. They have upwards of 800 fellowships worth between £200 to £400 each annually. They have thus upwards of £200,000 prize-money annually under their control. This money was left for the poor, but it was left under the control of heads of houses and the fellows, and they took it for themselves. For generations a fellow was elected for no other reason than that the head and fellows of a college wished to bestow the place on him. He had nothing to do for this life-endowment. There was no qualification requisite but that he should be fit for and agreeable to his fellows, that in fact, he should hold the same religious and political opinions and be of the same social rank.* But with the gaze of the nineteenth century directed on the fellowships, some note had to be taken of merit. This is now practically done in Cambridge, and fellowships are definitely settled by examination in Oxford. But here note the difference between the work in Germany and

* 'Wordsworth spoke much of Hartley Coleridge, the poet's son, and said that he was a man of high genius, and a fellow of Oriel, till he was obliged to relinquish it in consequence of his peculiarities or irregularities. It seemed that the fellows of Oriel were very aristocratical and objected to H.C. among other things, because he had bought apples at a stall, and had eaten them as he walked along the High Street. However he gave most offence by the unrestrained freedom of his speech, and by threats to introduce all sorts of changes into the college.' Extracts from *An Old Man's Diary* by Mr. Payne Collier, given in *Athenæum*, Sept. 29, 1883, p. 401.

that in Oxford or Cambridge.* The German student has an unlimited choice and is asked to show his ability in any way he likes, provided it is of the nature of original work, and any original work is rewarded only by promotion in life to such positions as will enable him to extend his investigations and make his knowledge bear on his fellow men. The Oxford student on the other hand is not incited to investigate or produce any original work. Certain subjects are prescribed, and he has to master or cram them to the best of his ability, and according to his power of cram or receptivity, he receives a reward of £200 or £300 annually for life. The intensity of the exertion is much greater than that of the German student, but the result often is, as is attested by the most trustworthy witnesses from Cambridge and Oxford, that after the student has gained his fellowship or whatever other reward it may be, he turns with weariness from the studies by which he has gained it, and is delighted to live at ease or to devote himself to quite different subjects of interest.

It would be curious to trace how this want of faith in man's love of knowledge and this belief in the need of money and honours to stimulate him has arisen. It would not be difficult to show that it is closely connected with the fact that there is no systematic organisation of English education and no approach to a national system. And it is for this reason that there are such endless examinations and competitions in England. There is indeed no country in the world except China that has such faith in competitive examinations, and we may add that we in Scotland have had to suffer from this craze. We do not know that one friendly nation ever inflicted a more disastrous blow on another unintentionally than did the English when they forced upon us their Code system in primary education, against the loud and strong protests of nearly every Scottish teacher from the Principals of our universities to the schoolmasters in the humblest village schools.

This want of faith in young men is also seen in the arguments that are urged for a life in college, and for tutorial

* The German method has been adopted to some extent in Cambridge.

superintendence. It is supposed that a young man will not work unless he is catechized every day, unless lessons are minutely prescribed for him, and unless he gets a large share of personal attention. And it is supposed that his morals are sure to give way, unless he is shut up within walls at nine o'clock and his every action carefully watched over by a tutor. We do not wish here to discuss the question of morals, but we shall say this that a monastic or semi-monastic life never can be so good as family life, unless the family is wicked, and that in the case of young men self-control and self-guidance are alone valuable, and all other guidance and control valuable only as they transform themselves into self-guidance and self-control. But as to studies it seems to us plain that this minute watching is appropriate to schoolboys, that as the great object of all education is to create a love of knowledge and enquiry, so even the schoolmaster at the higher stages must try to develop the voluntary element in boys, and when a boy becomes a student, he should be left to do the greatest part of the work himself, assimilating after his own fashion what is given, and striking out in all directions on his own account. And that this is the better way is clearly proved by the most convincing testimony. The minutes of the evidence taken by the Oxford University Commission and published in 1881, contain much on this head, and we should refer especially to the testimony of Mr. Macan, who studied at Oxford, Jena, and Zürich. We content ourselves here with making a short extract from the evidence of Prof. Max Müller :—

'The great difference to me between the German and English Universities, is that I see that the three years of his academic life are to a German student years of intense enjoyment and pleasure ; he rushes to the lectures ; he is drawn by curiosity ; he wants to hear the best Professors. I do not mean to say that he always works very hard, but whatever he does, he does of his own free will, and he enjoys it. He is not always told at eight o'clock you must do this, at nine o'clock you must read that book, at ten o'clock you must go to that tutor, and at eleven you must produce that essay.

'When he works, it is a pleasure to him to work. Now I must confess from my experience at Oxford that almost every young man I know complains and grumbles ; he hates his work ; he knows he must do it, and if he has a sense of responsibility he does it, and he takes a good class in the examin-

ation. But when he has done that he is so dissatisfied, not to say disgusted, with the work which he has been doing during the three years at Oxford that he never thinks of it again, except with dissatisfaction.'

Perhaps we ought in fairness to add that it might be argued that a large portion of the Oxford students are not fit to be trusted for voluntary work, because they are at the school stage of knowledge. Mr. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, said in his remarkably able work on '*Academical Organization with special reference to Oxford*' (1868)—

'We must not close our eyes to the fact that the honour-students are the only students who are undergoing any educational process which it can be considered as a function of a University either to impart or to exact; the only students who are at all within the scope of the scientific apparatus and arrangements of an academical body. This class of students cannot be estimated at more than 30 per cent. of the whole number frequenting the University.'

'The remaining 70 per cent not only furnish from among them all the idleness and extravagance which is become a byword throughout the country, but cannot be considered to be even nominally pursuing any course of University studies at all. For the pass-man, the University is but an unmeaning repetition of the school. Sent up here at nineteen, not having learned what he might have learned by sixteen, we have the option of teaching him nothing at all, or of teaching him over again what he has already been five or six years in not learning. The attempt even to do this is often vain, owing to a habit of dunce-hood which has been acquired by the passive resistance of the mind to the reiteration of the same matter.'

There is one feature of this prize system which strikes a Scotsman as singular. Unquestionably the £200,000 annual income was left for the poor student; but no Englishman, however rich he be, seems to hesitate to take the money. Indeed so inwoven is the appropriation of the money with English practice, that it is deemed impossible to gain the honours without taking the money, as witness this extract from an article by Bishop Wordsworth:—

'Charles Baring, late Bishop of Durham, Benjamin Harrison, now Archdeacon and Canon of Canterbury, Charles Canning, James Bruce, afterwards Earl of Elgin, and Canning's successor as Viceroy of India, Henry Liddell, now Dean of Christ Church, Robert Scott, now Dean of Rochester, Liddell's lexicographical colleague, gained the Ireland scholarship and a classical first class in 1833.'

'Such is a specimen of the way in which the old system worked during my own residence. Nor is it fair to say that the studentships were thrown away upon men of wealth. To several of the above, and not least to those of aristocratic connections, the emoluments received, and received early were in the truest sense of the word, a *benefaction*. Moreover, in the case of a studentship it was not merely the stipend, the value of which was small for many years, and never amounted to that of an ordinary fellowship at any other College, that made it desirable, but the dignity, and the fact that it was the only way of admission at Christ Church to the office of a public tutor.'

There appears something sublime in the suggestion that the late Earl of Elgin required eleemosynary aid to complete his education. But this is characteristic of all classes of the English. It is said that many of the English voters in the humbler ranks have no other conception of what a vote is than that it is worth five or ten pounds; and they are utterly astonished that any one should object to their taking the money. The Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Endowed Schools of England makes the most astounding revelations of a similar nature. These endowments were left for the education of the poor, but many gentlemen were found who not only appropriated these endowments, but did their best to get rid of the pupils whom they were bound to teach, and were surprised that any one should suppose that they had done wrong in so acting. And [the English Public Schools and the English Universities have enormous endowments left for the poor, and they are devoted to a large extent to the education and enjoyment of the richest. In Scotland we have been more regardful of the interests of the poor, and we have not readily confessed it when we were not, but the English feeling is creeping in amongst us, and has already had considerable effect in changing the objects of endowments and also in creating by reaction an antagonistic party who interpret the term poverty too narrowly, and exclude from the benefits of endowments those for whom they were expressly left by the donor.

We come lastly to the subject-matter of instruction in the

* *A Chapter of Autobiography.* By the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews.

German and English Universities, and we confine ourselves here to scholarship. We believe the true aim and object of scholarship to be to penetrate into the life of the ancients, and by a thorough knowledge of antiquity to widen our view of the work and aspirations of the present life.* In this matter the Germans have been the leaders of European thought, and have achieved the greatest success.

Totally different was the conception of education in the English Universities, if we may call it a conception. Professor Huber defines the aim of English University education in the last century thus: 'The desire and resolve of the English Universities is to form at all events gentlemen, but most of all Tory gentlemen.' We doubt if there was any deliberate resolve. It rather arose from those circumstances of selectness and exclusiveness of which we have already spoken, and it is in these circumstances that we are to seek the explanation of the peculiar turn which education took. You have the head of the house and the Fellows enjoying a comfortable existence. Students come to them all gentlemen. None else are admitted. What is to be done with them? There is no belief in the power of education. It is denied to the lower classes as unfitting them for their work: it is of little use to the rich who can get on well without it. Those young gentlemen are sure to grow up into middle age gentlemen and old gentlemen, even if they are not educated at all. Intercourse with their fellows and traditional habits will inevitably effect this. The problem of education is therefore how to keep these young gentlemen occupied without troubling the Fellows very much. The subject in the first place must be a useless one. It must not be directed to vulgar practical ends, else it would not be gentlemanly. It must not make demands on the time of the Fellows. The lads must be occupied in thumbing dictionaries, but there must be no ideas or the suggestion of thought. It will be an advantage if it becomes ornamental and distinctive. Latin verse and committing larger passages of the

* The subject is fully discussed in *Culture and Scholarship*. Introductory Lecture by James Donaldson, LL.D. Aberdeen: Wyllie & Son.

classics to memory answered these demands and so as Professor Newman puts it, the nation came to suffer from the blunder 'of imagining that to quote Horace and write elegant Latin verses are three-quarters of the education of a statesman.' The peculiar feature of this training is that every boy was compelled to devote a large portion of his early life to Latin verse. He began at the first stage with nonsense verses, and a very large number worked for years at these and never got beyond nonsense. And then the exercise was cast aside for ever. It would have been quite different, if they had incited only boys with a real taste for the subject to devote some time to it, though even this must be regarded as a mere amusement and certainly not any indication or part of the work of real scholarship. Real scholarship penetrates into the life of the ancients. Latin verse is simply a rendering of what, if it is good poetry, must be maltreated in the transference, and if all the Latin translations of English verse were thrown into the sea to-morrow, the world would not miss a single element of its enlightenment and civilization. On the other hand the writing of original Latin verses is a delightful amusement for a man who has poetical sympathies, but no original poetical faculty. It is a great mistake for a man who has originality, for he buries his genius in an obscure tongue, as is wisely remarked by the last biographer of the Rev. John Skinner. 'Had this ode,' he says justly, 'been written in English instead of Latin, it would have been widely read, and have greatly extended the author's reputation both as a poet and a man.'

This imposition of the task of verse-making on all boys has received emphatic condemnation from many of the most illustrious men who have been connected with the English Universities. Canon Farrar, in *Essays on a Liberal Education*, devoted an entire article, eloquent and convincing, to urge as a reform 'the immediate and total abandonment of Greek and Latin verse-making as a *necessary or general* element in liberal education, and the large diminution of the extravagant estimation in which this accomplishment has hitherto been held.' And he says in regard to verse-making—

'It has been condemned alike by the learned and by the ignorant, by men of letters and by men of science, by poets and by dullards, by the grave decision of philosophers and by the general voice of the public. Names of the most splendid eminence over a space of two centuries can be quoted in its condemnation; barely one single poor authority can be adduced in its favour. Cowley, Milton, Bacon, Locke, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Thirlwall, Ruskin, Mill,—some of our most learned poets, some of our most classical historians, some of our most brilliant scholars,—are unanimous in speaking of it with indifference, or with contempt. Few even of second-rate or mere professional eminence have ventured to uphold it. To this day many bewail the time they frittered away over it, while scarcely any one is found to express the faintest gratitude for any supposed benefit which he has acquired from its compulsory practice.'

Professor Rogers says—'As it is, the power of writing Greek and Latin verses is as fair and critical a test of the present and future capacities of the candidate, as dancing on the tight rope or playing a piano would be. The power is exceptional, and, except in those cases in which there is a far more ample and safe mode of forming an estimate, is wholly worthless.'

And Lord Salisbury, Chancellor of Oxford University, in distributing the prizes at King's College, London, July 3 of this year, said, as reported in the *Times*,—'In reference to the teaching of classics, I observe that while there is a prize for Latin prose, there is no prize for Latin verse, and that strikes me as a proof of the great educational superiority of the present age over the past. I have the greatest possible respect for the educational establishment in which I was brought up, but I never look back without a feeling of some bitterness to the many hours during which I was compelled to produce the most execrable Latin verse in the world. I believe that if a commission of distinguished men were appointed to discover what is the most perfectly useless accomplishment to which the human mind can be turned, a large majority would agree that versification in the dead languages was the accomplishment. On that account, I suppose, we were compelled in the last generation, whether we were fitted or not, to devote a considerable time to it, and if it is any compensation to you for the severe examinations you have to undergo, think of the agonies of unpoetical minds set to compose poetical effusions,

which you are happily spared.' And yet the Scotch student has to suffer in the Indian Civil and other examinations a serious life-penalty for not having spent a large portion of his time on this 'most perfectly useless accomplishment.'

The practice is also connected with an idea which is now prevalent in Cambridge and Oxford Universities, and which at the present moment is exerting a strongly prejudicial effect on the advance of real scholarship. A very high value is attached to prose and verse composition, and an extraordinary amount of time is devoted to it in the belief that it is a part of scholarship, and a peculiarly honourable part, as it constitutes what is called elegant scholarship. Nothing could be more absurd.* Composition in a language is good as helping to master the language, but it is a means to an end and nothing more, and it is not even an essential means. It is impossible for us now to think as Cicero thought. It is impossible to put the thoughts of the nineteenth century into the mould of the first before Christ. We can only distantly approximate. A man may with the materials and grammar of Latin construct a language in which he can think and when it is necessary to use Latin as a vehicle of thought, he may write with a clearness, an energy and a grace which show a genius for moulding and using language. There have been only a few such Latin writers of modern times, and they were far from using Ciceronian Latin. But the greatest mass of Latin compositions is mechanical patchwork, and when such compositions form part of traditional teaching, they become impregnated with peculiarities of the place, are highly lauded in their native regions and condemned everywhere else. Mozley tells us that Newman used to say of Copleston's Latin Prelections 'The Latin was very good but Coplestonian, not Ciceronian.' The same has often been said of Oxford Latin. It is in the language of Scaliger quoted by Sir William Hamilton,

* Das Schreiben in einer Sprache gehört nicht zum Begriffe des Studiums derselben. Man kann mit dem Alterthum bekannt sein und ist doch nicht in Stande zu Schreiben. Die grossen Kenner des Latein schreiben gewöhnlich schlecht.'—F. A. Wolf.

barbare et ab Oxonio, a patchwork of Ciceronian tags stitched with very conspicuously strong English thread which generally makes deep holes in the patches. This delusion about elegant scholarship which has been discarded from almost all universities but the English, seems to be fatal to the cultivation of real scholarship. At any rate, the Oxford Calendar for 1882 reveals a curious fact that needs explanation. There are some prizes that are given for real scholarship. There is the Conington prize of about £100, instituted in 1871, and adjudged every three years, for a dissertation in English or Latin on some subject appertaining to classical learning. The subject in 1875 was, 'At what times and from what causes did the principal writers of antiquity become lost?' For this there was no candidate. In 1878 the subject was the Greek dialects. For this there was no candidate. And the Conington prize has not yet been gained by any one. The Arnold Historical Essay Prize of £42 reveals the same poverty of real scholarship, and lack of interest in it. The subject for 1881 was 'The condition of women in Greece and Rome': an extremely interesting subject; but there was no candidate for it.

The other branch of instruction to which Professor Newman alludes, may be dismissed in a few words. It was usual to make the students commit large passages to memory. This was a very useful exercise. It stored the mind with valuable thoughts, and enabled the man to make quotations in society and in the House of Commons. But it did not bring the functions of the scholar into play. It was an exercise that the dullest boy could satisfactorily accomplish, if he got time and had inclination, and it required no scholarship and no educational faculty on the part of the teacher to hear him repeat the passages.

We have now gone over the main features of the two university systems—the university system of Germany and that of England, if we may so designate the last, in which there is neither a system nor a university. Can we have any hesitation in what direction we should go if we have to remodel our universities? Freedom of teaching, freedom of

research, freedom of attendance accorded to all who are proved competent to teach, competent to investigate, competent to make a good use of attendance, but strictly refused to all who are incompetent—these surely are not distinctively German principles, but principles of human nature, capable of adaptation to all spheres of higher intellectual life. And trust in human nature and a belief in the value of voluntary work need not be confined to Germans, but surely may have their abode in other human beings. Then this German system is a thoroughly conceived idea carefully carried out. But the university arrangements of Oxford and Cambridge belong already to the past. For good or for evil these universities are now in the hands of the reformer, to be tinkered, as is the usual way in Britain, or to be remodelled, as the German universities were, on definite conceptions of human nature and of the ideals that universities should strive after. Many of the old practices and the old institutions and the old ideas still remain, but new practices and new ideas are being laid upon them; a struggle is going on between them; and it is difficult to say what may be the issue. The university is still dormant, but wise and strong men are trying to rouse it into vigorous existence. When it rises to life, will it allow the colleges to exist or will it crush them, as all other universities have done? These colleges are still colleges only for the rich, but will a democratic government allow £200,000 of annual income left for poor students to be spent on the rich? Nay more it is scarcely possible for schools of law and medicine and of several departments of science to exist in Oxford and Cambridge. The inevitable tendencies of society are driving universities out of small into large towns. And is it likely that in England, the most practical country in the world, the universities are to remain in small towns, and London, the largest city in the world, is to have none? These are questions that are now pressing for settlement. And once again the Northern mind prevails. We in Scotland cannot but be thankful for the generosity with which the Scotch have been received in Oxford and Cambridge. The predominance of Northern names, many of them Celtic, among

those who are the brightest ornaments of Oxford and Cambridge is most striking. There are a Munro and a Monro, a Kennedy, a Campbell, a Grant, a Wright, a Reid, a Bryce, a Stuart, a Dewar, two Wallaces, an R. Claverhouse Jebb, a Sellar, a Ramsay and a Rutherford, all Celtic or Northern names. There may be others besides unknown to us. Here is a strong Northern element, and there is every reason to believe that that element will be stronger yet. But this very uncertainty as to the future of English Universities prevents them being of any use to us in our efforts to improve our Scottish Universities. We may imitate what is about to be abolished. But if any one has any hesitation in regard to the matter, he has only to turn to those who have tried and are trying to improve the English Universities. Let him read the articles of Sir W. Hamilton, the book of Professor Kirkpatrick, the works of Professor Rogers and of Mr. Mark Pattison. With one accord they point to the success of the German Universities.

Sir W. Hamilton says—'In fact, openly or occultly, honourably or dishonourably, the far greater part of the higher and lower philology published in this country is an importation—especially from Germany.' Professor Kirkpatrick repeats this from a wide experience of his own in even stronger language. Professor Rogers says—'Hitherto, it need hardly be said, we have no such labour in Oxford. Scholarship, philosophy, and history are borrowed from French and German authors. In scarce any of these has Oxford any native growth. Very little has been added to the stock of human learning out of the vast endowments of university and collegiate income—endowments equalling the incomes of many States. The most notable among Oxford authors have hated and despised the place of their education, or at least regretted that so vast a power of stimulating causes should have eventuated in such scanty results.' Mr. Pattison quotes Rénan, who says—

'Une université allemande de dernier ordre avec ses petites habitudes étroites, ses pauvres professeurs à la mine gauche et effarée, ses *privatdo-cent* [en] haves et faméliques fait plus pour l'esprit humain que l'aristocratique université d'Oxford avec ses millions de revenu, ses colléges splendides, ses riches traitemens, ses *fellows* paresseux.—(*Révue des Deux Mondes*, Mai 1864.)

And the evidence given before the Oxford Commission, and published in 1881, is saturated with what has been stigmatised as Germanism. One has only to select from those who were examined as witnesses the men who have done most for Oxford, and produced original and thorough work in their own department as, for instance, Professor Max Müller, or Professor Sayce, or Professor Ray Lankester, and testimony of the most decided character will present itself. We confine ourselves to two who have done first-rate work in the department of real scholarship. Mr. D. B. Monro, Vice-Provost of Oriel College, said,—‘Advanced scholarship, what is properly called philology, is carried on almost wholly in Germany, and to a very small extent comparatively in this country.’ Mr. Robinson Ellis said—‘The point upon which I feel rather strongly is that there is not at present a sufficient number of Englishmen who are distinguished in philological research whose names are known on the continent, and who cause the university to hold a respectable place in philology on the continent.’ And he says in his letter to the Commissioners,—‘The consequence is that continental and especially German scholars forestal the credit of discoveries which ought to be made by ourselves.’

Let us now take a brief glance at the case of Scottish Universities. The students of the English Universities are divided into pass men and honours men. As we have seen, the pass men are 70 out of the hundred. If we compare the work done by these with the work done by Scottish students and the method of training in both kinds of universities, it seems to us that the superiority belongs to the Scotch Universities. Scotch students do the work which they have to do on the whole with great diligence, zeal and success, and the attainments implied in the M.A. are on every hand acknowledged to be superior to those implied in the Oxford or Cambridge B.A. which becomes M.A. by mere lapse of time. And the Scottish method is generally regarded as broader and wiser. No one can doubt that the plan of Scotch Universities in demanding from all their graduates, a knowledge of one ancient language, of one physical science, and of mental science is a broad cul-

ture calculated to widen the sympathies and elevate the character of the man. The marked defect in this department is that Scotch Universities open their doors to all comers however deficient they may be, and that they may if they like, adapt their teaching to the stage of progress at which these defective students enter. Prof. Ramsay of Glasgow has brought this fact very prominently before the public. He has adduced statistics of a most startling character before two commissions which reveal the gross ignorance of a large portion of entrants to Glasgow University. The ignorance of these students is not due to the want of teachers. We wish to speak emphatically on this matter: for a false idea prevails in some quarters in regard to it. We have been in close connection with nearly every secondary school in Scotland, and we know that the teachers of the secondary schools are thoroughly able to prepare boys and young men for any demands that the universities may make on them. Our secondary schools are not well organized: but the teachers are thoroughly competent to perform the work which secondary schools should perform, and very many of them regret that their best and their worst pupils alike, go off to college when they approach the higher subjects which they would desire above all others to teach. The defect is not here. It is rather that poor boys cannot always afford to attend a secondary school, that there are no open places for them in these schools, and not a sufficient distribution of the bursaries which give access to them. But the experience of Aberdeen University is the most satisfactory proof that the difficulties in this matter can be easily overcome. The number of students coming to that university who would be declared unfit by the strictest test is exceedingly small, and the professors have no occasion to lower their teaching or to run a competition with the secondary schools. We think that it is a striking fact stated by Mr. Moir, the Rector of the Aberdeen Grammar School, that last year not a single student went from that school to the university who had not attended his highest classes. This result has been produced to a large extent by the influence of the bursary competition. But what may be done in one university, may be done in another. It is when

we come to the honours men that the deficiency of our Scottish Universities reveals itself. And here appears also the difference between the German Universities, the English, and our own. In the German Universities there are no classes corresponding to a large number of those in our universities. The work is done in the schools, and the German student, before entering the university, passes an examination in all the subjects of our curriculum, except the mental sciences higher than that requisite for our M.A. At the German University the studies are professional. The philological classes are for the man who is to make scholarship his life-work, the philosophical for the man who is to devote himself to philosophy, and so on. A student may, if he likes, devote himself to liberal culture, and he will find ample instruction in the universities—for any graduate may teach any subject he likes, provided he can prove competence, and accordingly lecturers appear who lecture on Shakspeare, or the Troubadours, or the History of the Nineteenth Century, and on many other such subjects foreign to our universities. But in such a case the student has to select his own course, and follow his own way. In Cambridge and Oxford, on the other hand, there was no preparation for any profession whatever, and in recent times feeble attempts have been made, much dependent for their success on the men who have made them, and not on the organization of the universities. Not even in Theology was professional training given, and, as we have seen, Oxford and Cambridge are not adapted for instruction in law or medicine. But Oxford and Cambridge have great prizes; at the Renaissance Cambridge and Oxford took heartily to the new learning, that is, a knowledge of the classics, and from that time till nearly the present day the great prizes have been bestowed, when they have been bestowed on merit, for merit in classical scholarship according to the English idea, and in Cambridge largely also for mathematics. It has also to be remembered that these honours led not merely to fellowships, but to the greatest preferments in the Church, and influenced the career at the bar and in Parliament. In Scotland we have neither the prizes, the preferments, nor professional training for all. We have the professional training for the theologian, but

his skill in theology will not help him much to obtain a church. We have good training for the medical man and the lawyer, but they do not need profound learning of the classical type, though the German medical men and lawyers are as far superior to ours in the knowledge of classical literature as they are surpassing us in medical and legal science. But we have no professional training for the secondary teacher or the professor. Our secondary schools are still in a disorganised state; no training of teachers for these schools is demanded, and so we have no men who pursue scholarship as a profession in our universities, either among our teachers or our theological students. The question then comes, What should our students do who wish to pursue their philosophical, their philological, their theological, or their mathematical studies to the highest point? They may go to Germany—and indeed they must go to Germany—for the highest theological, philological, philosophical studies, and there they will get the best that the theology, scholarship, or philosophy of the age can do for them. But they will not get there, the prizes with which Oxford and Cambridge can tempt them. The English Universities can do more than supply prizes; for if the student can gain admission into the exclusive set, they will praise him to the skies from an honest belief that nothing good is to be found outside these colleges where the greatest Latin and the greatest Greek scholar that ever appeared make their appearance every year. At the same time the student runs a risk. He may not get one of the prizes, he may not become a member of the exclusive set, and he may come back unfit for the practical hard work which the Scottish teacher has to undertake.

Indeed, in former times an English University education had often a very bad influence on a weak Scotsman, for he returned calling the Reformation a deformation, John Knox a prig, refusing to celebrate the anniversary of Burns because that bard was not a gentleman, and looking on his fellow countrymen as barbarous, barbarous in their brogue, barbarous in their church matters, and barbarous in their tastes, and such a man generally wasted his life in uncongenial work or congenial idleness. The state of affairs is now altering, and therefore it is

difficult to say what a Scotsman ought to do in these days. But this much must be regarded as quite certain, that if it is necessary for Scotch students to go to either Germany for higher learning, or England for greater leisure and higher prizes, the numbers will be few, and there will remain behind many students who might have profited greatly by the higher learning, and might have attained to great distinction had they had the opportunity in their own country. It is thus plain that neither the German nor English Universities can satisfy the wants of our nation. And so we must ask the question, Are there any insuperable obstacles to our cultivation of the higher scholarship in Scotland? There are none that we know of.

Let us look at what has to be accomplished, and we shall confine ourselves here to the training of scholars and theologians. At present the compulsory studies in which these have to stand examination embrace two ancient languages, English Literature, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Logic and Moral Philosophy, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews. In Aberdeen Natural History takes the place of English Literature. Now we do not think it likely that the Scottish people would wish to see the education at the University exclusively professional, nor are we sure that it would be absolutely the best plan, even if we could carry it out. But our present scheme is too wide, if the professional work is to be thorough, and it seems to us that all the demands of culture would be satisfied, if the scholar and the theologian in addition to English Literature, which should certainly form a part of the curriculum, and one class of Mathematics, were bound to study only one Physical Science and one course of Mental Science. They would then have ample time to devote to professional studies. Time, the first requisite, is thus procured. The second is that the student should have the right kind of teaching, and we see no way of accomplishing this but by giving the student freedom of selection. There must be various teachers or professors of his subjects as in Germany, and the student must learn to select for himself. The corner stone of this system is the full endowment, as in Germany, of the

ordinary professor. And this is really the one great difficulty which we have to face. It is the want of money. The German Universities receive their supplies from the State; the English Universities are by far the richest in the world owing to their endowments. We receive a pittance from the State, and we have some small endowments left us from the wreckage of the Reformation; but our income is totally inadequate to the full equipment of a University such as it is conceived by the Germans. And nearly all our difficulties in regard to reform arise from this poverty of resources. What is it, for instance, that creates a difficulty about instituting a strict entrance test of competency? It is the belief that in consequence of it the incomes of the Chairs would be diminished, and by this diminution the character of the professoriate would be permanently lowered. What, again, is the great obstacle to a variety of options for the degree? Again, it is the belief that the incomes of some Chairs would be so diminished that they would not attract able men, and, indeed, might be so diminished as to compel extinction. Everywhere this difficulty meets us. We believe, therefore, that the greatest good that a man could confer on the Arts Faculties of our universities would be the full endowment of all the compulsory Chairs, so that attendance on them should be free to all who are competent, or, at any rate, accessible on the payment of a third of the present charge, and free to all who have no means to pay. We believe this could be accomplished in the case of Aberdeen University by the bestowal on it of less than half the sum which Miss Baxter has bestowed on University College, Dundee. And the whole sum she has given would equip the Faculty in addition, with one or two extraordinary professors with moderate salaries for each subject, and would render possible, without ground of complaint on the part of any one, the restoration to the graduates of the right of teaching on proving their competency. If a like endowment were bestowed on the other Universities, then we should be bound, in order not to damage the secondary schools, to exact a certificate of competency for all claiming to be regular students of the Universities; and the exaction of this competency could not but be

followed by a healthier activity in our secondary schools, and the bettering of the positions of masters in these schools. And these positions and professorships are the real rewards of scholarship which are offered to the scholar in Germany, and ought to be the prizes to the scholars in Scotland. We are confident that there is no single act of generosity which would send such a healthful influence down to future generations, and is more pregnant with grand issues, than this act of endowing our ordinary chairs, and thus striking down the most formidable obstacle that exists to the improvement of our universities. And it seems to us that if private benevolence do not intervene, the British State should do for Scotsmen what the German State does for Germans. It is a grave State duty, and if the duty were fulfilled, scholarship along with other scientific pursuits would be fostered and Scotland would take its place among the foremost nations of the earth in the highest education as it now does in the primary.

In addition to this, but in all likelihood following from it, would be the removal of another and nearly the only other barrier. In certain matters we Scotch are dogmatic enough, but in certain other matters, such as music and the higher learning, we exercise no independent judgment. We may have amongst us a man of profound musical genius, but he receives no recognition from us—sometimes the very opposite treatment. He goes to England or abroad, he writes his symphony or his opera, the London or foreign audiences crowd to hear it, and then we hail him as one of our own, and show him every mark of respect. It is the same with scholarship. The Scotch do not believe in their own scholars or in the testimony of their own learned men. They want the scholar to be recognised in Oxford or Cambridge by a bishop or a don; they want him to seek his fame abroad; and then but not till then will they recognize him. A German scholar, if our wretched system of testimonials were to prevail in Germany, would scorn to ask a testimonial from any but his fellow-countrymen. He would not submit to the humiliation of believing that others could estimate his merits better than his fellow-countrymen, and his fellow-countrymen would not deem him a better

but a worse man for imagining that they could not ascertain his merits without help from England and Scotland. It is far otherwise with us at present—but we trust our countrymen may attain more self-respect and more worthy conceptions of their duty. And then the Scottish scholar may expect juster treatment at the hands of his fellow-countrymen. This will come unquestionably if we can provide for the fostering of higher scholarship at our own universities. And it appears to us that we in Scotland have peculiar national capacities for this work of scholarship. We are not fettered by educational traditions as in English Universities, we have a passionate interest in the life of men, we possess great adaptability, which means a power of transplanting ourselves into the life of other people quite different from us, and we think that the names of those who are either Scotch or of Scottish descent that we have mentioned as connected with Oxford and Cambridge, prove that there is no incapacity in Scotsmen such as would prevent them from taking a high place in scholarship, as they have done in so many departments of knowledge and activity. And if there were the opportunities, no one can doubt that our students would take advantage of them. Those who know the Scotch Universities best will be the readiest to assert that the energy, the diligence, and the perseverance of Scottish students, even under great difficulties, are beyond all praise. On all hands it is allowed that the material in our universities is exceedingly good. But the very excellence of this material lays the Scottish nation under the most solemn obligation to give every facility for its due improvement.

We do not urge to this national excellence in any narrow spirit, for we believe that, as strong individual character is the best basis for healthy activity in society and public life, so a strong national character is the best basis for a healthy intercourse with and influence on other nations. And great international good might be produced by placing our universities on a right footing. If the English Universities were open to all, without distinction of fortune, rank, or creed, if those of Ireland were made unsectarian and national, and if those of Scotland were levelled up a little, the student might pass from

one university to another with unbroken continuity of study, and with no loss of privilege, and such free intercourse would be beneficial, and bind nation more closely to nation than any forced assimilation of discordant systems. And we may well hope that such a state of matters would lead to a still greater freedom of choice, and that a student, by becoming the citizen of one university, would attain to the rights of citizenship in any university in the world, and the frequent interchange of professors, and the constant intercourse of young men of different nationalities, at a time when they are full of all generous impulses, would prove a potent element in lessening national misunderstandings, in cementing national friendships, and in bringing on a reign of righteousness and peace over the whole world.

ART. II.—THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

1. *A Concise Irish Grammar.* By ERNST WINDISCH. Translated from the German by NORMAN MOORE, M.D., St. Catharine's College. Cambridge, 1882.
2. *Compendium of Irish Grammar.* By ERNST WINDISCH, Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Leipsig. Translated from the German by Rev. JAMES P. M'SWINEY, S.J. Dublin, 1883.

MACAULAY, in his *History of England*, ch. vi., assigns, among other reasons for the strained relations between the indigenous Irish and the British settlers, the clinging of the former to their native tongue. 'There could be no equality,' observes the brilliant essayist, 'between men who lived in houses and men who lived in sties; between men who were fed upon bread and men who were fed upon potatoes; between men who spoke the noble tongue of great philosophers and poets, and men who, with a perverted pride, boasted that they could not writhe their mouths into chattering such a jargon as that in which the *Advancement of Learning* and the *Paradise Lost* were

written.' As regards the last count of this indictment, suffice it to observe that the English adventurers who settled in Ireland, were for the most part innocent of poetry and philosophy. They spoke their mother tongue with all those deflections from the literary standard of which the brogue, as it is called, contains so many survivals. We call attention to this diatribe, for that it expresses the common view of the mass of British *literati*, who, from the height of their superiority, look down on Celtic studies with a feeling somewhat akin to contempt. Whether this is to be ascribed to high philological attainments, or rather to the opposite, we care not to decide, yet must we own that their peremptory dogmatism has a ring about it which recalls the Italian adage—'Chi non sa niente, non dubita de niente.' We should not, however, forget that these studies have been discredited by the absurd theories of certain Gaelic scholars of a day now gone by. On the strength of a necessarily superficial acquaintance with antient history, with Celtic literature, combined with a school-boy smattering of Hebrew, the Gaelic tongue was, as a matter of course, affiliated to the Semitic group of languages; nay more, as it was taken for granted that the Hebrew of the Pentateuch, as far as it went, fairly represented the primitive language of the race of Adam, there were not wanting those who yielded to the fascination of the further inference that Celtic was the speech of Eden,* a distinction, by the way, which the very erudite and unwieldy Dryasdust, Goropius Becanust† claimed for his native Flemish! The common sense of mankind outraged by these absurdities, as might be expected, avenged itself by meeting even well grounded conclusions with a sneer, on the rare occasions when it deigned to humour them with a passing notice. Nor may we wonder that it is hardly more than a half-century since Celtic scholarship, when not wholly ignored, was looked upon as an archæological craze, fit only to be relegated to a common limbo with such bootless trifling as perpetual motion, the squaring of the circle, and the like laborious kill-times. The

* See Pezron, *Antiquité de la nation et de la langue des Celtes*.

† Goropius Becanus, *Origines Antuerpianæ*. Antwerp, 1569, pp. 53 et seqq.

most eminent continental scholars being wholly unacquainted with the Gaelic and its affinities, acted, it may be, prudently, in ignoring its existence, and leaving it unmentioned when treating of the languages of Europe.

‘Mais nous avons changé tout cela,’ as Moliere’s sham physician says concerning the position of the heart and other viscera in the human frame, and the credit of this change is to some extent due to Dr. Prichard and to the illustrious Genevan philologist, Adolphe Pictet. The former by his work on *The Eastern Origin of the Celtic Nations proved, by a comparison of their dialects with the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Teutonic Languages*,* was among the first to call attention to the true position of the Gaelic among the numerous languages still spoken in England, Holland, Denmark, Scandinavia, in France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, by the Slavonic races; in Greece and Albania; in Persia, Bokhara, and Armenia; in Hindustan, which may be proved to be the descendants of a smaller group of dialects, certainly related but now extinct, all of which point to one common source, and can be explained but as the offshoots of a single parent tongue, which, with its numerous progeny, is called ‘Indo-Germanic,’ ‘Indo-European,’ and ‘Aryan,’ which last designation is more likely than the others to obtain among us. The Gaelic revival was further helped on by Dr. O’Donovan, whose *Grammar of the Irish Language* appeared in 1845. Besides his knowledge of Gaelic literature, whether ancient or modern, this indefatigable scholar, by a good use of his opportunities on the Ordnance Survey, had attained a thorough acquaintance with the spoken language in all those local variations of idiom and pronunciation, which the absence of a contemporary literary dialect necessarily fosters. The movement thus initiated has wrought a wondrous change. Gaelic, which, alas! too many of those whose mother-tongue it was, were ashamed to speak, which, as many a school-boy has found to his cost, was sternly repressed within academic precincts by an unflinching application of Solomon’s recipe for the training up of childhood in the way it should walk, Gaelic is now no longer

* London, 1831.

shelved or ignored, it has attained in the estimation of philologists a position of such eminence that not a few of the *Coryphaei* of linguistic research are engaged in the study of its monuments, and that Gaelic publications are issuing in increasing numbers from the German, Italian, French, and even from the British press.

The credit of this unlooked for rehabilitation of a discarded study is mainly due to Johann Caspar Zeuss, whose monumental work, the *Grammatica Celtica*, first published in 1853-54, has since been re-issued in a revised and augmented edition,* by Professor Hermann Ebel. To the extant monuments of the several Celtic dialects, the Gaulish, Gaelic, Cymraeg, Cornish, and Breton, Zeuss applies that painstaking and conscientious analysis whereby German scholarship in its multifarious branches is so honourably distinguished, and enables us to view Sanskrit and Gaelic as the opposite poles of the wide-spread Aryan group of languages. On grounds intrinsic and historical, Zeuss groups together the several British and Gaulish dialects as merely local varieties of what, for convenience sake, we may call the Cymraeg or Welsh, the divergences of which were never so great as to bar intercourse between Gauls and Britons. The Irish and Scottish Gaelic and the all but extinct remnants of the Manx, which, if we but prescind from minor differences, may well be dealt with as one language, are traced by him to a stock common to all the Celtic dialects. Without venturing to assign the proximate date of the bi-furcation of this mother-tongue of the Celtic race, he infers from the phonetic and inflectional divergences exhibited by the earliest Gaelic and Cymraeg monuments, that it must have taken place some centuries before Cæsar's landing in Britain. This pre-historic identity of speech establishes the racial affinity of the Celts of these islands with those of the Gauls, Spain, and the Alpine districts, who are thus shown to be the all but earliest wave of that migration from the plateau of Central Asia which spent itself on these shores, the extreme boundary of the then known earth.

We may now account for the deep interest taken by the

* Berlin, 1871,

contemporary leaders of philological research in Celtic, and more especially in Gaelic studies. This preference the Gaelic owes to its freedom from that foreign alloy, which, though slight, still marks in the Cymraeg the influence of the four centuries of Roman domination in Britain. Its literary remains cannot, it is true, claim a higher antiquity than the earliest monuments of the Cymraeg branch of Celtic speech; but their greater abundance, their variety of subject-matter, the superior culture to which they bear witness, commend them rather than the others to the critical study of the comparative philologist.

To this archaic literature, technically designated 'Old Irish,' which ranges from the sixth to the tenth century of our era, Zeuss has rigorously applied that historical method of induction which has raised grammar to the dignity of a science, and has rendered at least possible a philosophy of language. Beginning with phonology, the all-importance of which the student of Sanskrit will readily appreciate, he traces its laws in the inflection, the derivation, and composition of words, thus displaying the orderly sequence of organic growth in what at first blush seems the sphere of a blind and arbitrary spontaneity. Not to mention other valuable results of this monumental work, it has attracted attention to the value of Gaelic as a 'moment,' as the Germans have it, or stage of no slight importance in the growth and differentiation of the several branches of the Indo-European family of languages. The materials of which Zeuss has made such good use in his *Grammatica Celtica* are mainly interlinear or marginal glosses on books of the Divine Scriptures, and grammatical commentaries carried to the Continent from the Irish schools as the equipment of those monastic colonies, which in the first fervour of Ireland's conversion, swarmed from their fair Motherland to scatter broad-cast even to the uttermost ends of Europe the seeds of godly knowledge and life, and of solid culture. Others were, it may be, penned by the members of these communities in their adopted home, or have been snatched by fugitives from the conflagration lighted by the torch of the Norse invader. Preserved in monastic, cathedral, university or municipal libraries, while witnessing

to the enlightened and laborious zeal of the early Irish missionaries, they present to the philologist in all their original purity the oldest monuments of the Gaelic tongue. A brief description of these earliest specimens of Gaelic culture will not be out of place here.

The *Codex Prisciani of St. Gall*, one of the MSS. preserved in the library of that famous Swiss monastery,* contains the Grammar of Priscian, copiously glossed by three divers hands, both in Latin and Gaelic, down to the end of book xiv., the remaining pages (222-249) being more sparingly commented upon. On intrinsic grounds, Zeuss refers it to the eighth century. Where it was written, whether in Ireland, or in one of the Irish monasteries on the continent, how, or whence it came into the possession of St. Gall, he professes himself unable to decide.† Of far greater value, on account of the number and copiousness of its Gaelic glosses is the *Codex Paulinus*, containing a Latin version of the Pauline Epistles, and of the Epistle to the Hebrews, differing in some few readings from the Vulgate. It formerly belonged to the Cathedral of Würzburg, but is now kept in the University Library of that city. The Sacred Text down to Hebrews, vii. 9, is accompanied by a running commentary, we might almost say, continuous translation, in Gaelic. As is well known, the Church of Würzburg was founded by the Irish Martyr-Bishop St. Kilian. By reason of its conformity in idiom and the style of handwriting with the St. Gall and Milan *Codices*, Zeuss refers it to the eighth century. The *Milan Codex* presented A.D. 1606, to the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and lately published by G. J. Ascoli (in *Archivio Glottologico Italiano*, vol. v.), formerly belonged to the celebrated monastery of Bobbio, founded by St. Columbanus. It contains a Latin commentary on the Psalter, accompanied by Gaelic glosses. The text was formerly attributed to St. Jerome, but Muratori's view ascribing it to the pen of St. Columbanus is now adopted by all competent critics. This

* The bishopric of St. Gall remains, the Abbey is now a suite of Government offices.

† Cavaliere C. Nigra, in his *Reliquie Celtiche*, is of opinion that this MS. was compiled in Ireland. Turin, 1872.

Codex dates from the close of the eighth, or the beginning of the ninth century, as may be gathered from certain chronological notes at p. 15a. The *Codex Prisciani* of the Public Library of Carlsruhe, formerly belonged to the Irish monastery of Reichenau, on the Lake of Constance. It is in part a repetition of the glosses already noticed in the St. Gall Codex, which indicates a somewhat later origin. The library of St. Gall also contains a collection of spells or incantations in Gaelic, copied into a repertory, of which Zeuss has availed himself in his chapter on poetic structure. The *Codex Cambracensis* or of Cambrai, besides the canons of an Irish Synod, holden A.D. 684, contains a considerable fragment of a Gaelic homily on self-denial. An entry at the end enables us to fix the date of this MS. somewhere between A.D. 763 and 790. As will be seen further on, this enumeration by no means exhausts the list of the Gaelic literature still extant in continental libraries. It may be deemed hardly creditable to native scholarship, which yet may boast of such names as Whitley Stokes, second to none but Zeuss, W. M. Hennessy, the Todd Professor of Irish, of Professor B. O'Looney, of the late Eugene O'Curry, that we should be indebted to Germany for such a boon as the *Grammatica Celtica*. But strange, though true, Zeuss could hardly have compiled in Ireland or Scotland the Gaelic portion of his *chef d'œuvre*, or have brought to the knowledge of the learned, the oldest forms of the oldest living Aryan language. We mean not by this to deny that there are ancient compositions in the national institutions of Dublin and Edinburgh, but they have undergone at the pen of ready writers, a process which reminds one of that our architects, with grim irony, call 'restoration'! The spelling has been modernised in the course of transcription, and those who have but glanced at the excerpts from old Irish MSS. at the end of Zeuss' *Grammatica Celtica*, or better still, collated in Windisch's *Gaelic Chrestomathia*, entitled *Irische Texte*, the parallel editions of the same tale or poem, will know what *that* implies; the ancient forms have disappeared, and though more intelligible to the reader, their value to the student of philology is greatly diminished. On the other hand, the MSS. of which Zeuss has given

such good account, forgotten for ages, have providentially escaped the manipulation of well-intentioned Philistines.

Since the *Grammatica Celtica* appeared, other Gaelic glosses besides those mentioned above, have been brought under notice, or published, a work entailing no slight labour. Of these may be noticed the *Codex Bernensis*, an ancient manuscript now in the public library of Berne, which dates from the beginning of the ninth century. It is chiefly valued as containing the purest copy yet discovered of Horace, but it has a few Irish glosses at fol. 117a. The Gaelic MS. of the monastery of St. Paul in Carinthia, is the fragment of a common-place book belonging to some Irish monk of the eighth century, whose studies seemed to have ranged over Latin, Greek, and astronomy. The Irish poems it contains have been published in the first edition of Wh. Stoke's *Goidelica*, and in the *Irische Texte*. Further discoveries may be expected to reward the labours of the school of Gaelic students to which Zeuss has given rise. Besides those already introduced to the reader, we may name H. d'Arbois de Jubainville, whose *Cours de Littérature Celtique* has recently been published, of which a notice will be found on a subsequent page, the Cavaliere C. Nigra, a name well known in diplomatic circles, whose proficiency in Gaelic scholarship is proved by his edition of the Irish glosses contained in the Turin Codex,* since republished in *Goidelica*,† H. Zimmer, the contributor of 'Celtic Studies' to the *Zeitschrift, or Journal of Comparative Philology*, and Professor E. Windisch.

To state it in his own words, the object of Professor Windisch in compiling his *Concise Irish Grammar* was to facilitate and spread the study of the highly interesting language and literature of ancient Ireland. He applies to his subject-matter the method of modern philology, and with a brevity shown throughout to be quite compatible with fullness and clearness of statement, gives us a complete view of the knowledge of Old Irish as it stands after the labours of Zeuss, Wh. Stokes, Hennessy, Ascoli, Ebel, Nigra, and his own. The Grammar begins with a full exposition of Gaelic Phonology

* Paris, 1869.

† 2nd Edition, London, 1872.

treated by the comparative method. At the very outset he gives its *quietus* to the petty controversy of 'Irish' *versus* Roman type, on which so much time and temper have been wasted, by the incidental observation that the so-called Irish type of letters is a form common to many MSS. of the Merovingian epoch,* whence the obvious inference that to cling to it as an assertion of nationality, despite its inconvenience financial and other, is just as reasonable as it were for other countries to insist on keeping to the old black letter which printers in most places soon discarded for the 'antiqua' or Roman book-hand, *i.e.*, our usual type. We next pass to the vowel-scales, to the intensification or lengthening, and attenuation of vowels. The classification of vowels into 'broad' (*a, o, u*) and 'slender' (*e, i*), (not to be confounded with the familiar division into 'longs' and 'shorts'), prepares us for the enunciation of the well known orthographical canon formulated by O'Molloy,† *Caol le caol, agus leathan le leathan*—(a slender vowel must be preceded or followed by a slender vowel, and a broad by a broad vowel), a rule by which, as Zeuss‡ observes none too severely, 'the modern spelling of Irish and Scottish Gaelic is so defiled (*inquinata*) as to cause a foreigner, or any one who cares for pure spelling, to shudder.' Leaving out of account the genesis, affinities, and traditional spelling of words, it blindly, because indiscriminately, extends to all cases, with hardly an exception, the occasional action of a vowel on that of the neighbouring (more

* It is plain that the cursive script of Southern Gaul supplies unmistakable prototypes for all the Irish test forms. Ocular demonstration hereof is furnished by a MS. treatise against the Arians, by St. Hilary of Poitiers, collated and revised A.D. 509, and now kept in the archives of St. Peter's, Rome. In nine cases out of ten it exhibits the Irish test forms. See also a copy of the Homilies of St. Severianus in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, ascribed to the sixth century, and the fifteen sheets of papyrus now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, containing letters and Homilies of St. Avitus, Archbishop of Vienne, circ. A.D. 520. The most likely explanation of this is that St. Patrick, who was educated in Gaul, introduced thence into Ireland a fully formed book-hand, evolved most probably in Southern Gaul from the local fifth century cursive.

† *Grammatica Latino-Ibernica, nunc compendiata*, Auctore Rev. P. Fr. Francisco O'Molloy Ord. Min. Strict. Observant, &c., &c. Romae, 1677.

‡ Ebel's Edition, p. 9.

commonly the preceding) syllable. No matter if the facts of the case bar the application of the rule, *tant pis pour les faits*, letters must be foisted into the refractory word, to bring it within the purview of this grammatical 'Categorical imperative,' thus *rígan* (*regina*, a queen) becomes *ríogan*, *lethan* (=broad), which, in its primitive form, helps us to guess the meaning of the '*Silva Litana*,' a forest of Cis-alpine Gaul mentioned by Livy, is transformed into *leathan*, with the lamentable result that in Gaelic-speaking districts the percentage of those who can *read* their mother-tongue reaches no very high figure. Passing to the consonants, we observe that as few really Saxon, and no Gothic words (unless foreign), begin with *p*; so in Gaelic, initial *p* has wholly disappeared: hence, *athair*, father, cf. Sanskrit *pitar*; *làr*, floor; *lànn*, full, cf. Latin *plenus*. The loan-words in which it appears are evidently importations of the first missionaries, and in some of the earliest of these, *c* takes the place of *p*; thus, *corcur*, purple, Lat. *purpureus*, *Casc*, *Pascha*, Easter. The Semitic student will be reminded of the total absence of *p* in Arabic, in which *b* or the spirant *f* is its substitute, and also in Hebrew, if we defer to the authority of St. Jerome, who in the Vulgate invariably represents the Hebrew *Pe* in proper names by *ph* (*Pharan* for *Paran*). In no case does Gaelic *p* correspond to Indo-European *p*. The interchange of *s* and *f* in the beginning of such words as *siur*, *fiur*, sister—Skrit. *svasar*, *sollus*, *follus*, clear—Skr. root, *svar*, is due to the original initial *sv*.

We next come to that *bête noire* of the incipient Gaelic scholar, 'aspiration,' as the transition of *b*, *c*, *d*, *f*, *g*, *m*, *p*, *s*, *t*, into spirants is technically designated. Its law may be thus briefly formulated: the consonants given above are thus affected when they stand, or originally stood, between two vowels. The several instances thereof which occur in inflection and construction are accounted for by this rule, as these combinations (*e.g.*, of article and noun, of noun and adjective, &c.) coalesce into a word-system,—form, so to speak, an organic unity. Hence, the early scribes following herein, unwittingly, it may be, the precedent of the old Latin inscriptions in which the preposition and noun it determines are graven as if one word, have written them close

together into one word, to the no slight exercise of the scholiasts of these venerable remains, as *Cavaliere Nigra*, in his preface to his edition of the *Turin Glosses*, feelingly remarks.

This affection, or to keep to Zeussian terminology, this 'infection' of the aspirable consonants is in middle* and modern Irish MSS. and books marked by the superposition of the old Greek sign for the rough breathing (ʰ), or by dotting the infected letter, to which, in Scottish publications, *h* is invariably suffixed. In the earlier MSS., aspirated *c*, *p*, *t* appear as *ch*, *ph*, *th*. In the case of *f* and *s*, a dot, the *punctum delens* used by mediæval scribes to cancel a letter, shows that they mark but a 'soft breathing,' or practically, their total suppression in pronunciation,† which accounts for their occasional omission in writing; the change of *b*, *d*, *g*, and, with some few exceptions, of *m*, is noted but in the later MSS. It may hence be taken as probable, that in the earlier language these consonants retained their original articulation. If this be admitted, a valid reason may be given why Gaelic should not adopt the 'Fonetik Nuz' system of the modern Welsh, and may we not add, of the Romance languages? The aspirated letters, though as often as not slurred over, or dropped in the spoken language, besides preventing the confusion of like-sounding words, by preserving the primary forms, enable us to trace the affinities of words in cognate languages, and to register the action of the unconscious and destructive principle in language, phonetic decay, the outcome of lax or lazy articulation. In a word, without contending for the absolute perfection of Gaelic orthography, we plead that it records a process in nowise confined to the Celtic dialects; for to take the first instances that occur to us in Romaic or modern Greek, beta (*b*) is invariably pronounced *v* (one of the sounds of the aspirated Gaelic *b*); gamma (*g*),‡ like Gaelic *gh* in certain positions, frequently sinks to the spirant *y* (in *York*). To come nearer home, a cursory glance at the Romance or Romanic lan-

* Middle Irish, i.e., from the twelfth to the fifteenth century.

† In modern Gaelic infected *s* is equivalent to *h* aspirate.

‡ In Persian *Gaf* (= *g*) between two vowels is often sounded like *y*, *éger* like *éyer*.

guages, the comparison of Lat. *bibere* with Ital. *bevere*, French *boire*; of *pauper*, *povero* and *pauvre*; of *frigidus*, *freddo*, *froid*; of French *père*, *mère*, *évêque* (whilom *evesque*), *carême* (or *careme*) with *pater*, *mater*, *episcopus*, *quadragesima* will show that aspiration, in the sense set forth above, is not a Celtic peculiarity. Pass we to 'Eclipsis,' as another of our phonetic changes is somewhat fancifully called. As in Sanskrit so in the Celtic dialects, the influence of consonants on each other is not confined to cases of derivation and composition, but words merely in sequence affect each other in the change of termination, and of initial letters. When a word ends, or ended originally, in *n*, the nasal is drawn on to the following word, and is variously modified by its initial consonant. Before an initial vowel, *d* or *g*, it remains *n*; it becomes *m* before *b*, is assimilated to a following *n*, *m*, *r*, *l*; and either dropped, or not improbably, assimilated before *c*, *f*, *s*, *t*. The final *n* of the foregoing word is said to eclipse (*sic*) in pronunciation the initial consonant of the word following; thus *na m-bàrd*=*na n-bàrd*, of the bards, is pronounced *na màrd*. This is what Zeuss terms 'nasal eclipsis,' to distinguish it from a somewhat similar change, with which, however, it has no direct connexion. In modern Irish, but not in Scottish Gaelic, which in this point has kept to the primitive tradition of the language, the sharp mutes, *c*, *p*, *t*, and the spirant *f* are in certain sequences weakened into their corresponding sonants or flats, *g*, *b*, *d*; to *f* is prefixed *bh* (= *v* or *w*). This descent is in no wise confined to initial consonants, but is illustrated by the formula of Grimm's Law, which shows the several stages of the *Lautverschiebung*, or displacement of consonants in roots and words common to the several members of the Indo-European group—Lat. *tu*, Engl. *thou*, Germ. *du*; *frater*, *brother*, *bruder*, &c., or better still, it is identical with that lowering of consonants medial, final as well as initial, which mark the several stages of the Gaelic tongue, by which *cét* becomes *cèad*, a hundred; *co(t)*, *co(n)*, *go*, *go(n)*, to, with; *espoc*, *easbog*, a bishop; *scribim* (*scribo*, I write) *sgriobhaim* *èc*, death, cf. *nex*, *necis*, *èug*, &c., &c.

Chapter II. treats of the declensions, which are classed according to the final letter, whether surviving, or original of the

stem or base, which may be roughly defined as that which remains of a word when stripped of its inflections. This gives us vowel-stems in *a-(o-)* with a sub-division *ia-(=e-)*, answering to the 1st, 2nd, and 5th Lat. declensions; consonant-stems ending in consonants, or the semi-vowels *i-(=j-)* and *u-(=v-)* which in Latin comprise the 3rd and 4th declensions. By arguing backwards from the inflections here given, and collating them with the scanty indications afforded by the O. Gaul. and Ogham inscriptions, Zeuss deduces the following Paradigms* of the primitive Celtic declensions:—

* Decl. Masc. & Neut.

Sing.	Pl.
Nom.— <i>os</i>	Nom.— <i>oi</i> , Fem. & Neut. mostly.— <i>a</i> .
Gen. & Locat.— <i>i</i>	Gen.— <i>on</i>
Dat.— <i>u</i> .	Dat. Abl. & Locat.— <i>abos</i>
Acc.— <i>on</i> .	Acc. & Voc.— <i>as</i>
Voc.— <i>e</i>	

Consonant Stems.

Sing.	Pl.
Nom.— <i>s, -r</i>	— <i>es</i> (— <i>is</i> ?) Neut.— <i>a</i> .
Gen.— <i>as</i> , Gaul.— <i>os</i>	— <i>an</i> , Gaul.— <i>on</i>
Dat.— <i>i</i>	— <i>bias</i> , Gaul.— <i>bos</i>
Acc.— <i>en</i> (— <i>in</i> ?)	— <i>as</i> Neut.— <i>a</i> .

The ending *-aibh, -ibh* of the Dat. Ablat. and Locative Plur. and Dual, recalls to us our first steps in the flowery paths of learning. It can be traced to the Sanskrit—*bhyams* (Dat. & Abl. Pl.), later *-bhyas*, through the Lat. *-bios, -bius*, later *-bos, -bus* (cf. *reg-i-bus*). With the Teutonic languages, and the Romance derivatives from Latin, Gaelic has retained the distinction of gender, abandoned in English, save as a sexual distinction, and wholly lost in modern Persian, which, except in a few words, is reduced to such shifts as 'he-goat,' 'she-goat,' &c. We hardly need add that like the Romance languages, modern Gaelic has dropped the neuter gender. The dual survives in the spoken language, though ignored by our later grammarians, who unconscious of the glaring absurdity of the rule they must needs lay down, confound with the Dative Singular the internal inflection of feminine nouns in the direct, and most of the oblique cases,

when determined by the dual numeral! The article derives from an original stem, *sind*, (=sanda), this initial *s* reappears in combinations of the article with prepositions ending in a consonant. Modern Gaelic is reduced to almost the same shifts as the Romance languages in expressing comparison. In its earlier development it had the formative suffixes *-ther*, *-thir*, **-iu*, *-u*, † for comparative, *-em*, *-am* for superlative. The ending *-ith*, *-id* of certain adverbs, of which, according to Stewart (*Gaelic Grammar*), some few are still in use in the Scottish Highlands, is a survival of the O. Latin ending of the Ablative still to be found on inscriptions, ‡ and used as an adverbial termination. The forms of the affixed pronouns in such combinations as *agam*, *agat*, with me, *-thee*, *iad-san*, § they themselves and of the interrogative, are the same as in modern Persian. The theory of the Gaelic verb, as is plain from Windisch, still needs full elaboration, it is in *fieri*, *im Werden*, not *im Sein*, or *in facto esse*. We confine ourselves to a brief summary of the results hitherto obtained. O. Gaelic has three conjugations ('series,' as Zeuss calls them), corresponding with the 3rd, 1st, and 4th conjugation of the Latin verbs; thus no Gaelic verb-stem ends in *è*, the terminal vowel of verb-stems of the 2nd conjugation. From the reflexive or 'middle' inflections of verbs, by a venerable ὁσπερ, ὁ πρότερον, termed 'Deponent', || it has developed

* *-Ther*, *-thir*=Greek—*τερος*=Persian comparat. suffix, *-tar*, *-ter*; thus, *bih*, good, *bih-ter*, better, from an original *-tara*.

† *-iu*=O. Lat. *-ios*, split into *-ior*, *-ios*=*ius*, which were at first used indifferently for all genders. As to superlative, *Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub iudice lis est*, holds good of modern philologists.

‡ We find in the epitaphs of the Scipios (B.C. 259—150), and in the *Senatus consultum de Bacchanalibus* (B.C. 186), *senatud*, *sententiad*, *couentinoid*, *gnaivod*, for *senatu*, *sententia*, *contione*, *Gnaeo*, with the adverbs, *suprad*, *extrad*, *facilumed*, Cf. Oscan *amprumfi-d* (=Middle Irish, *amprom*), *improbe*, wickedly. This final *-d*=*t* of Skrit. ablative in masc. and neut. *a*-stems, it becomes *s* in the Greek adverbial suffix—*ως*.

§ Affixed pronouns in modern Persian: *am*, me, mine, *at* from *tu*, thou, *shan*, them, their. Interrog. pronoun. *kih*, who? Gaelic, *cia*, *ce*, *ci*, who, what?

|| 'Deponent' verbs, so mis-called as if they had retained the Passive form, while laying aside (*deponere*) the passive meaning. They are rather

what the Latin ever lacked, to wit, Passive forms, limited indeed in the historic stage of the language, by a unipersonal or impersonal inflection, to the 3rd person sing. and plural. The divergences of the modern from the earlier verb-endings, is due mostly to the intrusion of Deponent forms into the Active, the primary tense-endings of which are to be met with in the modern Persian.* For the reduplicated Future, the B- and S- Futures, the T—and S—Preterites, which now for the first time appear in a grammar suited to the native Gaelic student, we refer the reader to Windisch's work. The verb substantive is referred to the four roots; 1. *as* met with in *es-se*, in the assertive *am, is* common to Gaelic and English; 2. *stā*, the root of *tá, thà*; 3. *vel*, which appears in *fuil*, and Scot. Gaelic *beil, bheil, -eil*; 4. *bhā*, the *fu* of Latin *fu-i* (*f=bh*); *-bam, -bo*, the endings of the Latin Imperfect and Future are traced to this root, *fu-am, fu-o*. To the Grammar are appended extracts from the glosses mentioned above, from the Codex of St. Gall, and from the principal Middle Irish MSS., followed by that *sine qua non*, a short but complete vocabulary. The translation published by Messrs. Gill & Co., Dublin, further contains a brief *Conspectus* of modern Gaelic (both Irish and Scottish) Grammar, which shows that the analytical tendency, *i.e.*, that of dropping inflections and substituting separate words for each part of a conception, is far more developed in the Scottish than in the literary Irish; we say 'literary,' as in both countries the colloquial dialects are very much on a par in this respect.

No more need be said to show that the translation of this valuable adjunct to the apparatus of Celtic scholarship synchronises, most happily with the revival of Gaelic studies among the

a survival of an earlier stage of the language prior to the superseding of the reflexive by the *later* Passive signification of these inflections.

* The Persian verb consists of a root in combination with several participial affixes, and the auxiliary verb 'to be,' of which the simplest form is the affixed substantive verb: *am, (I) am, im, (we) are, i (thou) art, id, (you) ,, ad, (he) is=ast* (when separate) *and* (they) ,,

Cf. O. Irish. Present Indicat., *car-imm, I love, Pl. 1. car-mme, (char-am).*

2. *car-i,*

2. *car-the (char-id).*

3. *car-id,*

3. *car-it (char-at)-it.*

Gaelic-speaking race. Besides other good service it cannot fail to awaken attention to a lamentable deficiency, viz., to that of a good Lexicon. Not but that we gratefully remember the help afforded to our study of the ancestral tongue by the truly excellent works of this class which have issued from the Scottish press. But in Ireland, M'Curtin and others being out of print, our sole resource is *O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary*, of which we can say only that it is better than none. Re-edited,* with a Supplement by the late J. O'Donovan, it holds out on its frontispiece promises of careful revision and correction, which, as Ebel observes, still await their fulfilment. A beginning, however, has been made by the Vocabulary Professor Windisch has appended to his *Irische Texte*, by Güterbock, and Thurneysen's *Indices of Irish Words and Glosses illustrated in Zeuss*,† and we are credibly informed that the Professor of Sanskrit in Trinity College, Dublin, is devoting his labours to the compilation of a Gaelic Dictionary.

Those who forget that, as history no less than the Oracles of God attests, neither man nor the races of men 'live by bread alone,' whose colossal ignorance, by reason of its very dimensions, supplies them with a handy standard to measure the world withal, and all that therein is, may view this revival of Celtic studies with a contempt that is not always silent, in that it finds utterance by the pen of publicists whose dread of 'Particularism' blinds them to the important part played in the later history of the 'Great Empire' by the nationalities it has linked to its destinies. When they condescend to argument, their major premiss is—No language is worth preserving, unless it enshrine a literature; *Atqui*, the Gaelic, etc.,...*Argal*...Q. E. D. The minor is contradicted by facts, which least of all those who maintain this conclusion may ignore. As we care not to rouse sleeping dogs, we waive all mention of the Ossianic Saga-cycle, of the rich and varied stores housed in the Burgundian library at Brussels, and in the several Dublin collections, mere remnants, be it recollected, spared by time, and rescued from the havoc marking the track of conflicts embittered by the clashing of

* Dublin, 1864.

† Leipzig, 1881.

creeds and nationalities, the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh is more accessible to our readers. Among its MSS. are several in Gaelic dating mostly from the fourteenth and fifteenth century. Not to mention those which may be, or are transcripts of Irish chronicles, of hagiological or homiletic works, we find a certain number containing medical treatises, and dissertations on other branches of general knowledge, penned by Scottish physicians. To take but one class, which for brevity sake, we will style the Bethune,* or Beaton MSS., in one we find copious extracts from Aristotle, from Jacques de Forli, an eminent physician and astrologer of Padua, from Ibn Sina, better known as Avicenna, 'the Prince of Physicians,' from Averrhoes (Ibn Roshd), of Cordova, his western rival. Like others in the same category, it displays an amount of culture in the Gaelic fitting it to serve as a medium of scientific thought. Some of these Gaelic MSS. still extant deal with metaphysical and mathematical speculations. As a specimen, we find in one of this class the sublime simile credited to the genius of Pascal,† which flashes upon the mind the intuition, so to speak, of the Divine Immensity—'God is a perfect sphere, whose centre is everywhere, and its circumference nowhere.'‡ This is followed by mathematical definitions which leave nothing to be desired, by quotations from the schoolmen on the continent, and the com-

* Beaton, or Bethune (M'Beth, or M'Veagh), a family in which, for at least 350 years, the medical profession was hereditary. As may be shown from the Brehon laws, among the antient Gaels as with the early Hindus, each school, medical, legal, or bardic, was at the outset an actual family, and even when outsiders were admitted, the tendency was to shape it on the model of the family. The Brehon tracts expressly lay down that the relation of teacher to pupil creates the same *Patria Potestas* as actual fatherhood, the *aite*, or *oide* (foster-father, instructor), has a claim through life on the property of his *dalta* or scholar. The oft-recurring expression, 'sons of the prophets' (=disciples, or schools of the prophets), 'my son,' addressed to the reader by the inspired sage in Proverbs, the later Syriac, 'sons of Bardesanes' (=disciples of B.) show that this conception was not foreign to the Semitic races.

† It occurs in his *Pensées*.

‡ 'Is sphaera comhlán Dia aig a fuil a shentrum anns gach aon ionad agus a cheithir thimchioll gun bhi an ionad idir.'

ments of the scribe himself. What then? The inference is obvious; at a time when throughout Europe Latin was the all but sole vehicle of cultured thought, even before the dawn of Italian literature, which dates from Dante, the scholarship of the 'sea-divided Gael' could discuss in the vernacular scientific subjects requiring deep and exact thought with definiteness of expression, in a way not unworthy of the cotemporary science of the time. True, the *langue d'oc* or Provençal had, in the eleventh to the fourteenth century, given birth to a rich literature, but bating this exception, the Celts may boast of having had a vernacular literature before any other of the nations of modern Europe, a literature whose full development has been arrested by causes to which, under present circumstances, we apply the verse of the immortal Florentine—

'Non ragioniam di lor' ma guarda e passa.'

ART. III.—M. RENAN'S SOUVENIRS.

Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse. Par ERNEST RENAN.
Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1883.

THE fact that the copy of this book which lies before us is of the eighth edition invests it with several points of interest which would have been wanting to the first. We know that we can now have no such thing as pages hurriedly prepared for the press, but the expression of the writer's thought in the form in which his deliberate judgment offers it again and again to the public. The most interesting point, however, is the testimony borne to the wide popularity of the work. It must be regarded, altogether apart from its own merits, as a remarkable indication of public taste and feeling, and the tone of thought which extensively prevails. This we must ascribe either merely to the interest which attaches to it as, in a sense, the *Apologia pro vitâ suâ* of an eminent writer who has renounced Christianity, or to its merely literary merit, although the latter alone certainly

places it in a very high rank. The extraordinary grace and elegance of the language charm the reader perhaps even more than the limpid clearness with which the ideas are expressed, and which is calculated to cause them to appeal to the mind with peculiar force and incisiveness.* It is the success of this appeal among his own countrymen which invests the work with its main interest.

It may be surmised that if M. Renan had been a German or a Scotchman, he would not have attained the position of literary distinction which he actually occupies. His mind is one of the German cast, and it is to the rarity of this phenomenon among Frenchmen that we venture to think his success is largely due. The characteristics of the German mind, which we desire to indicate, may be described as a genius for patient investigation and minute accuracy, combined with a remarkable power of thoughtful generalization, passing into forms of philosophical speculation which, to our own temperament, may sometimes even appear wild, but characterised as a rule by a profound instinct of religious emotion. There are thus two sides, the practical and the imaginative, albeit closely associated. Of these two sides M. Renan possesses French imitations, far more distinct from one another. He points it out himself, more than once, and at considerable length, attributing it (p. 141) to the Gascon and the Breton blood combined in his veins,—‘There are two men in

* The same praise cannot be bestowed upon the authorised English translation (*‘Recollections of my Youth. By Ernest Renan. Translated from the original French by C. B. Pitman, and revised by Madame Renan. London: Chapman and Hall, 1883.’*) This paraphrase is untrustworthy, both as regards idiomatic correctness and fidelity. A good instance is the striking anecdote related on p. 213 (*Recollections*, p. 189)—‘One day, one of the young men read to the superior, M. Duclaux, part of the report of a Parliamentary debate, which seemed to him shockingly violent. The old Priest, half absorbed into the Nirvana (à moitié plongé dans le Nirvana), had scarcely heard him. At last he roused himself and pressed the lad’s hand. ‘My friend,’ he said, ‘it is easy to see those men never make a meditation’ (ne font pas oraison). The passages which we have italicised are respectively rendered by ‘wrapped up in his own reflections’ and ‘say their orisons.’ Another and graver instance is referred to farther on.

in me' (p. 145). 'But,' he says, speaking of the same subject (p. 122), 'since I possess the faculty of a sound judgment, I perceive that the ideal and the real have nothing to do in common.' The point in which his idealism mainly differs from that of a German would appear to be a natural incapacity not only for religious feeling, but for deep and thoughtful feeling of any kind. No man of really deep feeling would, for instance, have mentioned the worship of Aphrodité and Adonis, in the way he has done, when dedicating a work (the *Vie de Jésus*) to the memory of his sister. Of the imaginative or ideal side of his character the *Souvenirs* offers a remarkable exhibition, in the shape of the prayer offered by him at Athens, and elsewhere, to some instances of which we shall draw the reader's attention. Of his ~~realism~~ we must speak a word or two. It differs from the higher German type for the same reason as his idealism. He tells us (p. 328) that the late M. Gratry 'must have found my precision to be utterly earth to earth.' If such were indeed the judgment of the distinguished writer, we are not inclined to dispute it. It is truly of the earth, earthy. His investigations are like those of the man with the muck rake in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. In short, what in an higher mind of the German type is the union of scientific accuracy with profound feeling, becomes in M. Renan the collocation of earthiness with sentimentality.

But it is not here that our complaint against M. Renan's divergence from German scrupulousness, in the treatment of the real must end. The first and lightest charge which we have to bring against him, in this particular, is a careless inaccuracy as to facts, when the truth can easily be verified. These are not, it is true, matters of moment, but they are straws which show how the wind blows. A graver point is the inconsistency of phraseology into which he seems carelessly to fall. In more than one place, he uses expressions reconcilable only with Theism, as where (pp. 276, 7), looking forward to his own death, he speaks of a death 'precious in the sight of the Eternal,' and proceeds, 'God's will be done,' whereas we learn elsewhere that 'an immeasurable wave of forgetfulness bears us along into a gulf without a name, O Abyss, there is no God but thou alone'

(p. 72), and 'no free will superior to that of man acts appreciably in the universe' (p. 337). Greater consistency of language than this we think we might justly have expected. But the most serious complaint we have to make on this point is that of avowed and intentional inaccuracy. He tells us (p. 363), that, in the earlier part of his life, he lied often enough ('je mentais assez souvent.') This period seems to cover the whole with which the present work deals, and to which the original letters embodied in it belong, for he proceeds to say that his sister placed before him the inconvenience ('les inconvénients') of this practice, and that since 1851 he does not think he has told a lie ('je ne crois pas avoir fait un seul mensonge'), with certain exceptions. These exceptions include, not only such things as conventional phrases of politeness, but also 'the little literary falsehoods' ('les petits faux-fuyants littéraires') 'demanded, in view of an higher truth, by the necessity of balancing a phrase,' or not causing pain. The instance he cites—that of an author asking your opinion of his works—must belong to the latter class, but even the former hardly covers the principle on which the present work has been avowedly composed, and which is stated in the preface (p. iv). Of course, alterations of name, or even of place or date, to save pain to individuals, may be regarded as lawful enough, as long as no intrinsic importance attaches to them. But what are we to say to the following? 'What is a necessary quality in history would have been a fault here; everything in this little book is true, but not of that kind of truth which is required from a Biographical Dictionary. Many things have been put in for the sake of raising a smile; if custom had allowed, I ought more than once to have written in the margin: *cum grano salis*.' In other words, this autobiography consists to some extent of intentional untruths, and the unfortunate reader is left to find out for himself where he is to apply the needed grain of salt. M. Renan then instances two portions of the work, one as true; the other he has discovered to be false—however, he has left it as it is. Perhaps some might be inclined to regard this last admission as characteristic,—he had written it, and, therefore, it is too good to lose, though discovered to be a mistake.

The view, indeed, which M. Renan takes of himself is, as may be imagined, higher than that which we have ventured to express as created in our own mind by the perusal of this work. The reader, however, may not be prepared for the perfect frankness with which he describes himself. As his opinion of himself, and his own intellectual power, really seems the key to his history, we will place it before the reader in his own words, though it is, of course, only possible to cite a very few of the many passages in which he enunciates it.

'An imperative duty obliged me, during the years of my youth, to solve for myself the highest problems of philosophy and religion' (p. 57). 'That great observer, Challemeil-Lacour, has admirably said [of me] "He thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child"' (p. 74). 'From my race comes my inability to be ill-natured, or even to seem to be so' (p. 90). 'I have been so formed for goodness and truth that it would have been impossible for me to have followed any career not dedicated to the things of the soul' (p. 135). 'I alone in the present century have been able to understand Jesus and Francis of Assisi' (p. 148). 'The first time my fellow-students heard me argue in Latin, they were astonished. They then well perceived that I belonged to a race other than theirs, and that I should advance after they had come to their stand-still' (p. 187). '[M. Gosselin] perceived the honesty of my nature, the purity of my morality, and the straightforwardness of my intellect' (p. 233). 'I owe the brilliancy of my intellect, and in especial a certain ableness in the art of analyzation (a capital art, one of the conditions of that of writing,) to the exercises, &c.' (p. 246). 'I may well say that my extreme ardour for the vital sciences causes me to believe that, if I had steadily pursued them, I should have arrived at many of the results of Darwin, which I partially perceived' (p. 263). 'I see clearly nearly the whole of that amount of truth which the intellect of man, in its present stage of development, is capable of perceiving' (p. 377).

The fourth section of the last division of the work is, in fact, dedicated to the special exposition of four of his own virtues in particular, to each of which a separate disquisition is accorded, occupying twenty pages in all. The four special virtues signalized are disinterestedness, modesty, courtesy, and chastity.*

* For dwelling upon this last subject, or rather, upon its contradictory, M. Renan appears to have a great natural taste, which he shows no shyness in indulging. The tribute which he pays, as far as a wide knowledge

The review of the second contains the words (p. 353)—‘Ah! in spite of everything, and if I may be forgiven pardonable faults—yes—I have been modest.’ But in beginning the fifth section, he asks his reader’s pardon for a fault into which he may have fallen:—‘The danger in such a case is, by unconscious self-deception, to accuse one’s self, with a humility of but little value, of trivial and altogether external faults, so as to claim great qualities by implication. Ah! what a subtle demon is that of vanity! Is it possible that, by accident, he may have made me his dupe?’

It was not until he was at Athens in 1865 that M. Renan began to consider his preceding career. Overwhelmed with remorse at not having always been a heathen, he sought the goddess Athené in prayer, and began to examine his conscience with a view to confession. The account of the whole episode is intensely characteristic. With his emotion at beholding Athens we could sympathise more heartily, were it not for the ‘high-falutin’ tone of the language employed. The implicit declaration that this is a far more interesting spot than Jerusalem, we ought, we suppose, to be prepared for. He appears to have realised that the goddess Athené is to be regarded as the embodiment of the idea of Wisdom—an abstraction, in fact, somewhat like the goddess of Reason of the Revolution. A mind of deeper thoughtfulness would have been led by this to the contemplation of the Divine Khachmoth, and recognized an instinctive feeling after the doctrine of the

and experience enables him to judge, to the irreproachable morality of the French clergy, will be read with profound pleasure, and to have paid it is a credit to himself. But the book is sprinkled with allusions which are perfectly gratuitous and are the more offensive for being conveyed with a kind of grin. The warnings addressed to the young against this vice are termed (p. 14), ‘*saintes inepties*,’ and we are informed (p. 359), that ‘*je reconnais, en particulier, que la nature ne tient pas du tout à ce que l’homme soit chaste.*’ He himself claims freedom to speak, on the ground that ‘*l’immaculé a le droit d’être indulgent,*’ (p. 150), and that he has always been irreproachable in this respect. It is hard for a believer to contrast such a protestation and such writing without recalling, with a melancholy force, those words of the Book which M. Renan has rejected: ‘*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*’

Logos; indeed, there is a passage which looks as if he had just missed this reflection, for he parodies Christian theology sufficiently to say, 'Thou that dwellest in thy father, entirely united to his essence; thou that art his companion and his self-consciousness; energy of Zeus, etc., etc., etc.' He addressed a prayer to the goddess, which occupies ten pages (62-72). He begins by an apology for having arrived so late; but 'I was born, O goddess with blue eyes! of barbarian parents, among the good and virtuous Cimmerians, &c., &c.' He asks pardon for some lingering feelings of tenderness in connection with the rites of 'the Priests of a foreign worship, come from the Syrians of Palestine,' who had 'taught me long stories about Cronos, who had created the world, and about his son, who had, they said, performed a journey upon earth.' He bewails the degeneracy of the age, amid which Lord Elgin appears as 'that Caledonian, who, fifty years ago, broke thy temple with hammer-strokes, to carry it off to Thulé.' The suppliant himself, however, has written—

'According to some of the rules thou lovest, O Theonós, the life of the young god whom I served in my childhood.' 'Dost thou remember the day, in the archonship of Dionysodorus, when an ugly little Jew, who spoke Syrian Greek, came here, passed through thy courts without understanding thee, misread thine inscriptions, and thought that he found within thine enclosure an altar dedicated *To the Unknown God*? Ah! well, that little Jew has had the best of it. For a thousand years they have treated thee as if thou hadst been an idol, O Truth! For a thousand years the world has been a desert wherein no flowers sprang up. During all this while thou wast silent, O Salpinx, clarion of thought! Goddess of order! Image of the permanence of the heavens! it was made a crime to love thee. . . . Thou only art young, O Cora! Thou alone art pure, O Virgin! Thou alone art hale, O Hygeia! Thou alone art strong, O Victory! Thou art the keeper of cities, O Promachos! Thou hast all that is needful of Mars, O Area!'

And so on through a sort of Litany. 'The world will only be saved by returning to thee.' He prays her to preserve him from the scepticism which makes him doubt the people; from restlessness of spirit, which makes him continue to search for truth; from fancifulness, which prevents his feeling at rest. And he winds up—

'Thou art true, pure, perfect. Thy marble is spotless. But the temple of Hagia Sophia, which is at Byzantium, also produces a divine effect with bricks and plaster. It is the image of the vault of heaven. It will crumble away. But if thy cella had had to be large enough to contain a multitude, it would crumble away too. An immeasurable wave of forgetfulness bears us along into a gulph without a name. O abyss, there is no God but thou alone ! The tears of all the peoples are true tears ; the dreams of all the sages contain a portion of truth. Nothing here below is anything but a symbol and a dream. Gods pass away like men, and it would not be good if they were eternal. The faith one has held ought never to be a chain. It has no longer any claim upon one, when one has carefully wrapped it in the purple shroud where sleep dead gods.'

The confessions which were thus generated compose the present volume. It commences with a preface which seems to show that the prayer for confidence in the people was only, imperfectly heard. The author bemoans the absence of real liberty in France (xvi.), and dreads the crushing effect of democracy upon the development of culture and learning. The work itself is then divided, in accordance with its title, into two almost equal halves, of 200 pages each. The first half, on his childhood, presents, as he ingenuously remarks, (p. vii.), 'nothing but impressions of a feeling childhood, of candour, of innocence, and of love.' Each half contains three chapters, but they are divided into sections, and the second contains twelve separate pieces. There is an Appendix consisting of several original letters, in addition to those contained in the text.

The first part (the Childhood) is by far the most varied in contents, and much the least able, interesting, and important. The first chapter is called the 'Flax-Beater' (*Broyeur de lin*), and consists mainly of a very unwholesome narrative of erotic passion, complicated by mental weakness. This wretched story has nothing to do with M. Renan's own history. He declares that it is true, except the names. This relieves him of the discredit of having invented it, but not of that of having written and published it. The second chapter contains seven separate pieces. The first of these is the Prayer to Athené, with its introduction. The second is on certain features of the Breton race, especially with regard to religion. The third gives

a gay and unflinching account of the weaknesses of his father's brother Peter, who was ultimately found lying dead at the side of a road. The fourth is upon certain local reminiscences connected with the Revolution; and the fifth upon a local personage believed to have been connected with it, but as to whom the preface mentions that these beliefs were at least in part incorrect. The sixth is founded on the fact that 'very early, the taste for young girls was lively in me,' (p. 113), and is a tribute to the memory of one of them, named Noémi, who excited in him so tender a remembrance that 'when God gave me a daughter, I called her Noémi.' The seventh contains further local recollections and reflections. Of these, the most interesting are the second and fourth. The third chapter is upon the school to which the young Renan was first sent at Paris, and which was presided over by M. Dupanloup (the late Bishop of Orleans) under the name of the Little Seminary of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet; but the first section of this chapter (pp. 129, 158) still deals with his boyhood in Brittany, and it is in this section, and the two first of the 'Flaxbeater,' that most of the facts regarding it are to be found.

The descriptions of the Bretons, though light, are, as has been remarked, very interesting, especially as showing the extraordinary identity of modes of thought, and even of legends, existing between them and the other branches of the Cymro-Celtic family. The name Renan itself is a form of Ronan, so familiar to the Scottish ear, though we fear a reference to St. Ronan's Well (les eaux de St. Ronan) in Wales must be relegated to the limbo of inaccuracies of which we have occasionally to complain—it is not a proper object for a grain of salt, as it seems to be evidently serious. He believes himself to be sprung 'of the clan of the Ronans, a fine race who came from Cardigan, under the leadership of Fragan, about the year 480. They lived obscurely for thirteen centuries, piling up a treasure of thought and feeling, the accumulated capital of which has devolved upon me' (p. 90).

It is to be regretted that the account of the scenes of his childhood seem to call, in an especial manner, for the application of salt, for it is difficult to believe, for example, that

nature had endowed the juvenile population with such liveliness of imagination, that when they were blind-folded on Maundy Thursday, they thought they saw bells flying through the air (p. 8, 9), or that his father's recovery from fever was sought by setting up a smith's forge in a church, and threatening to shoo the wooden image of the saint invoked (p. 86).

The young Renan was brought up under clerical masters, whose personal character inspired and inspires him with the highest esteem. Their strongest point seems to have been mathematics, for which he developed a strong predilection, although a grain of salt may perhaps be applicable when we learn that he so differed from the generality of pupils as to continue discussions on mathematical science after school-hours, and to chalk up diagrams and sums upon the doors (p. 17).

His native place, Tréguier, was a little town which had been the site of an Episcopal See before the Revolution, and which preserved, in a corpse-like form, a good many of the features by which cathedral towns are characterized. The clergy appear to have enjoyed an almost exclusive monopoly both of intellectual culture and of social superiority. It is not difficult to perceive in this circumstance the explanation of the otherwise inexplicable fact, that a man of M. Renan's natural disposition ever came to be intended, and to intend himself, to take Holy Orders. In contemplation of such a society, Ernest Renan, with his opinions of his own capacity, grew up without the idea that he could be anything else but a priest. Whether the Supreme Being called him to be thus His peculiar servant; whether his heart was fitted for the constant and almost exclusive association with holy things; whether he was himself likely to be found a suitable minister of the Word and Sacraments,—no such ideas as these ever crossed his brain. 'This thought was not the result of reflection, impulse, or reason. It came as it were without speaking. The possibility of a worldly career never entered my mind' (p. 140). 'Thus,' he says (pp. 156, 157), 'everything destined me for a modest ecclesiastical career in Brittany. I should have been a very good priest—indulgent, fatherly, charitable, irreproachable in morals. I should have been as a priest what I have been as

the father of a family, deeply beloved by my flock, as little troublesome as possible in the exercise of my authority.' But at this time the Abbé Dupanloup was presiding over the Petit Séminaire de St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, where he associated in a course of studies mostly classical a number of lay boys of opulent family with a class of others, destined for the Church, and in whom his main desire was to obtain talent. Thither, on account of his intellectual abilities, was Ernest Renan sent. The new atmosphere was extremely uncongenial to him. As, however, we shall have occasion to notice farther on his view of M. Dupanloup, we need only here add that, after a time, he passed on to the most celebrated establishment for ecclesiastical education which exists in France—St. Sulpice.

Down to a comparatively late period, ecclesiastics were trained in houses attached to the episcopal residence, or in the public schools. We do not, of course, speak of those who were members of religious communities, but of the secular clergy. The system referred to was open to grave inconvenience. It was found that young men often entered the ecclesiastical state without sufficient preparatory training in doctrine and morals. It was to remedy this defect that St. Sulpice was founded, in accordance with the regulations of the Council of Trent. The founder of the congregation of St. Sulpice was Jean-Jacques Olier, who was born at Paris in 1608. M. Renan truly describes him as a man of great virtue, although he naturally considers that his doctrine and practice savoured too much of mysticism and severity. He remarks that the name of Olier has not become very widely known, 'for renown seldom goes to seek those who shun glory, and whose predominant characteristic is modesty' (p. 200). The same may be said of his followers. 'The rule of the Sulpicians is to publish nothing, unless under an anonymous veil' (p. 218). This remark is not absolutely correct, but it shows the spirit of St. Sulpice. The Sulpicians have the direction of a considerable number of seminaries in France, and of a few in Canada and in the United States. Although not bound by monastic vows, they live in community, and lead most self-denying lives.

It was to their house at Issy, and, subsequently, to the head

house of the Congregation in Paris, that M. Renan went on leaving St. Nicholas du Chardonnet. We unite the two periods, because, as M. Renan himself remarks, the two houses form but one whole. This is the most interesting part of his career. It was here that he lost his faith, and yet, from his surroundings, one would have expected a different result. There is perhaps no more pleasing feature of his book than the manner in which, as a rule, he speaks of his former *directors*, the designation by which the professors at St. Sulpice are known. He describes them as men of ability and learning, with 'virtue sufficient to govern a world' (p. 221.)

In treating of St. Sulpice there are two things which naturally have to be considered—the discipline and the nature of the intellectual and moral training. In educational establishments on the Continent, the system of discipline is different from what we are accustomed to at home. It is more strict, and generally accompanied by a system of 'espionage' much objected to in this country. At St. Sulpice discipline is strict, but enforced by moral means alone. M. Renan says (p. 228), 'The relations of the directors of St. Sulpice with the students are of an open and staid character. Assuredly, there is not in the world an establishment in which the students are more free.' He makes a similar statement, although, of course, not to the same extent, about St. Nicholas du Chardonnet. He adds (pp. 228-9), 'The routine of the house is supposed to go on of itself. The directors lead exactly the same lives as the students, and interfere with them as little as possible.' What he says of St. Nicholas (p. 179), is, *a fortiori*, true of St. Sulpice:—'There is no punishment in the house.' Unless in cases of serious misdemeanour, there is no expulsion properly so called. When either through want of talent, or for other reasons, a student is unfit for the ecclesiastical state, he is quietly taken aside and told: 'You are a good young man, but your particular gifts do not suit us; let us part good friends' (p. 183).

Of the intellectual and moral condition of St. Sulpice, M. Renan says (p. 221), 'In our time, St. Sulpice has, as a theologian, M. Carrière, whose immense work is, on certain points,

remarkably profound; as men of erudition, M. Gosselin and M. Faillon, who have given us researches so painstaking; as philologists, M. Garnier, and, above all, M. Le Hir, the only eminent masters the Catholic school has produced in the field of sacred criticism.' But he remarks that these pious educators do not wish to be praised for their learning, and adds, 'St. Sulpice is above all a school of virtue.'

'M. Garnier was a learned orientalist, and unequalled in France in Biblical exegesis, as it was taught amongst Catholics an hundred years ago. His Sulpician modesty would not allow him to give anything to the public. The result of his studies was an immense work in manuscript, representing a complete course of Holy Scripture according to the ideas prevalent among Catholics and Protestants at the end of the eighteenth century. . . . His erudition was profound, and his linguistic knowledge very solid. . . . His glory is to have formed M. Le Hir, who, falling heir to his vast knowledge, united to it that of modern works' (pp. 269, 70).

Of M. Le Hir he says:—

'M. Le Hir was a learned man and a saint; he was both in an eminent degree. . . . The superiority of M. Le Hir consisted chiefly in his profound knowledge of exegesis, and of German theology. . . . In grammar . . . he had no superior. . . . To his immense knowledge M. Le Hir united a solid style of writing. He would have been witty, had he cared to develop that talent' (pp. 273, *et seqq.*).

It was under these men of learning and virtue, whom we have described in his own words, that M. Renan studied. It is owing to his modesty, perhaps, that we know little of his progress in virtue during his residence at St. Sulpice. The style of piety there does not seem to have suited his taste. We have no prayer offered to God, like that which, later, he offered to Athené. But he applied himself to study, with considerable success. At Issy, he says (p. 222), 'I found myself, as it were, in my element. Whilst the majority of my fellow-students, weakened by the somewhat insipid humanism of M. Dupanloup, could not take to Scholasticism; at the very outset, I had a wonderful liking for its bitter flavour. I loved it as a monkey does its nut.' He seems to have considered

himself the observed of all observers. 'M. Gottofrey,'* he says (p. 259), 'watched me closely with great curiosity. My arguments in Latin, given with firmness and emphasis, surprised and disturbed him. Sometimes I reasoned too well; at other times, I pointed out the weakness of reasons that were considered solid.' In similar passages throughout the work, M. Renan points out the esteem, and even sort of dread, in which he was held. We fear that he has over-estimated his own importance at Issy and St. Sulpice. The truth is that, with the exception of certain eccentricities of manner, he there created no surprise. It was known that he had good parts, and, for a student, a good, even a remarkable knowledge of Hebrew—*voilà tout*.

His favourite study in the seminary at Paris was philology. The book before us shows that his knowledge of theology is very shallow. He admits this himself, when he says (p. 288), 'Whatever learning I may have, I owe to M. Le Hir. I even sometimes think that I know nothing well but what he taught me.' The opinion of a professor, or of a theological writer, seems to have been for him a dogma of the Catholic Church. Hence, as we shall see later on, he fails to understand the distinction between what is *de fide*, and what is merely current theological opinion.

After passing two years at Issy and two in Paris, it was seen—and he was now himself conscious of the fact—that the attitude of his mind towards revelation was such as to render it impossible for him to remain any longer an ecclesiastical student. Before leaving St. Sulpice, he had an interview with M. Dupanloup. In other parts of his work, he speaks of this distinguished ecclesiastic in terms of dispraise, the motives of which we cannot understand. But here he has done him full justice. Speaking of this interview, he says (p. 323)—

'I found in M. Dupanloup that high and warm appreciation of things of the soul which constituted his superiority, . . . What a great, good,

* M. Gottofrey, M. Renan tells us, was the first to perceive that his faith was gone. He describes to us the terror he felt when M. Gottofrey, in a tone of excitement, said to him, 'You are not a Christian' (p. 260).

and noble heart ! I have before me a note signed with his own hand : "Do you need money ? It is natural you should, in your position. My small purse is at your disposal. I wish I could offer you something more precious. . . My offer, I trust, simple as it is, will cause you no pain." . . Thus I descended the steps of St. Sulpice, never more to ascend them in a cassock, on the 6th Oct., 1845' (p. 324).

During the vacation of 1845, he ceased to receive the Sacraments, and re-entered St. Sulpice in September only to say farewell. The rest of his career, as regards belief in revelation, was short. He formed a friendship with M. Berthelot. 'When our intimacy began, I still had a tender attachment for Christianity. Berthelot also still retained from his father some remains of Christian belief. A few months were enough to consign these relics of faith to that region of the mind which is devoted to memories of the past' (p. 337).

Before leaving this part of the subject, we cannot help referring to a peculiarity of M. Renan's character, as revealed in his book—his likes and dislikes. We have already seen the terms of respect in which he speaks of the directors of St. Sulpice, especially of those with whom he came more immediately into contact, and who devoted themselves to studies which were congenial to his tastes. There is one exception to this rule, M. Pinault, who was professor of Natural Philosophy at Issy. To him he does but scant justice. This is the more remarkable, as no professor ever endeared himself to his pupils more than M. Pinault; and there are few names more worthy of respect. M. Pinault's dress and general appearance are correctly and graphically described by M. Renan. He puts before us his huge, padded skull-cap, which covered nearly the whole head; his body twisted into strange shapes by rheumatism; and his utter neglect of personal appearance. There is, however, one feature he has overlooked—his bright, piercing eyes, which seemed to read the inmost recesses of the soul, and which made us forget the distortion of his body. He was 'eloquent, impassioned, strange, ironical at times, witty, incisive' (p. 237). Before entering St. Sulpice, M. Pinault had been a distinguished student of the Ecole Polytechnique, and afterwards professor of the University.

He was an able mathematician, and well versed in the physical sciences. 'He (M. Pinault) was a saint,' says M. Renan (p. 237). This was certainly the only excellence to which he aspired. He had frequently on his lips the expression—'Le rien de toutes choses,' which may be paraphrased—'All is vanity;' but it is difficult to see how M. Renan can reconcile his virtue with what he says of him later (p. 241), 'He did not conceal his contempt for the sciences which he taught, and for the human intellect in general. Sometimes he almost went to sleep during his classes. He entirely discouraged his adepts from study.' No doubt M. Pinault was thoroughly impressed with the idea that all worldly things are vain as compared with spiritual things. But his piety, instead of interfering with his teaching, made him more conscientious, and consequently more painstaking. His desire of making himself useful, and his devotion to duty, were such that it was only when utterly disabled by bodily weakness that he consented to give up his classes. M. Renan represents him as sharing with 'Père' Hanique, the porter at Issy, the honours of mysticism, and as being the leader of the mystics at Issy. 'This was a separate coterie, a kind of school from which the profane were excluded. . . . All this made a serious division in the house. The mystics lived in a state of tension so extraordinary, that some of them died' (p. 240). Mysticism is differently understood by different persons. There is a true and a false mysticism, the one leading to the most exalted virtue, the other to superstition. If by mysticism is meant true, genuine piety, and a playful disposition, which renders its possessor happy, and communicates his happiness to others, then M. Pinault was a mystic. He was the life of the house, a general favourite, and not the centre of a coterie. He was generally known by the name of 'le bon, le cher, Père Pinault.'

We knew M. Pinault; but to make sure we have consulted two of his old pupils, who were at Issy about the time M. Renan was there. They both emphatically deny the charges made against M. Pinault. One of them writes:—

'I was at Issy all the time M. Renan was there, and assisted at all the

classes at which he was present, and never once saw Père Pinault half-asleep when lecturing. On the contrary, he showed much zeal for their (the students') scientific progress; often said in my presence, that scientific knowledge would be of much use to them in the world; often mentioned with admiration and approval the ardour with which he witnessed such studies prosecuted in Government Schools when he was professor there. . . . He was in constant correspondence with the most renowned physicists of France, . . . Ampère especially. He was never tired of speaking of Laplace whom he knew, and whose genius he much admired. I often entered his room, where I found him engaged in reading the "*Mécanique Céleste*." When P. Pinault entered the congregation of St. Sulpice, he was a young man, but had been previously a professor in the *Ecole Normale*, and I think, but am not sure, in the *Ecole Polytechnique* as well. . . . P. Pinault never originated a coterie of mystics. M. Olier's spiritual works were much read and admired in all the Sulpician houses. They inculcate very exalted views of sacerdotal perfection. M. Pinault was a warm admirer of these works. . . . In acting as he did [he] was not singular; the other directors acted in a similar manner; and such was the way since the foundation of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. That high spirituality . . . M. Renan could neither understand nor appreciate. It has been the distinctive character of St. Sulpice and its branch houses, and forms what is justly called "*l'esprit de la maison*." That exalted spirituality has been productive of many saints and holy priests. I lived for five years at St. Sulpice, but never knew a single student to die of mysticism. . . . There was no division among the inmates of the seminary.'

The other gentleman corroborates the foregoing, and adds: 'Je mentais assez souvent—à la bonne heure; but why does he make Père Pinault the *corpus vile* to try his experiments on him?'

The following incident is of value as showing the character of M. Pinault, and the manner in which reproof is given at St. Sulpice. M. Renan was reading, when he should have been at recreation with his fellow-students. M. Pinault came up to him and said (p. 242), 'O! the dear little treasure!

*The gentlemen who kindly supplied us with the above information knew M. Pinault better than M. Renan did. They were often in his company, and assisted him with his experiments. We may add that both of them have largely profited by the advice really given by M. Pinault as to the study of the sciences; and neither of them is a mystic in the sense of M. Renan.

. . . He will always be the same. . . . He will study, study on unceasingly; when the care of poor souls demands his attention, he will be still at his studies.' . . . I was moved, but not convinced.' Fearing he had hurt his feelings, M. Pinault took him by the hand, and said in a tone of playful irony: 'You will be a little Gosselin,' and allowed him to go on with his reading.

Besides the mystics, real or supposed, there is another class of men to whom M. Renan frequently takes an opportunity of showing his dislike—the modern school of Christian apologists. No one who has read his book can fail to be surprised at his treatment, we mean his disparagement, of M. Dupanloup, and of the other leading representatives of this school. He says (p. 166), that M. Dupanloup—

'Neither possessed the brilliant imagination of Lacordaire and of Montalembert, which secures for some of their works a durable value, nor the deep passion of de Lammenais.' . . . 'The theological studies of these men (Archbishop de Quelen and M. Dupanloup) had been very shallow' (p. 166). 'They (the Sulpicians) had no sympathy with the dreamy theology of Lacordaire and Montalembert. The ignorance, as regards doctrine, and the extreme weakness of this school in logic, shocked them' (p. 214). 'St. Sulpice is an excellent school for style, for the leading rule for style is to have solely in view the thought that one wishes to express, and consequently to have a thought. This was better than the shallow rhetorical flourishes of M. Dupanloup, and the high-sounding platitudes of the neo-Catholic school' (p. 220).

The above extracts show the opinion M. Renan has of some of the most illustrious names of modern France. He more than insinuates that his views in these respects were shared by the directors of St. Sulpice. No doubt, the style and method of M. Dupanloup, and of the others he mentions, were different from those of St. Sulpice; but their aims were different. M. Renan seems to forget that, in the Christian system, there are diversities of gifts as well as of graces. The style of language suitable for St. Sulpice would by no means be so well adapted for addressing men living in the world, whose training and education are so different. But their faith was really the same, although M. Renan appears to doubt it, and their ultimate object was the same. The Sulpicians were

too wise not to appreciate the labours of others, because their methods were necessarily different from their own. And we know that they welcomed them as brothers in arms, fighting against the same enemies, the infidelity and immorality so prevalent in France. Indeed, we are not sure but that here M. Renan shows his usual inconsistency. In several passages, he seems to blame the Sulpicians for their contempt of literature, the use of which he condemns in others.

But he has other charges against St. Sulpice, which are more serious. They discourage talent (p. 215). They encourage mediocrity (p. 218). If one has a desire for study, he may indulge his bent; if not, he may do nothing (p. 229). The examinations are almost *nil* (p. 229). All this, no doubt, is a tribute to their modesty, but at the expense of their intelligence, and, we may add, at the expense of truth. One of their maxims, as regards ecclesiastics, is—'Piety, by itself, is little; learning, by itself, nothing; both combined, perfection.' And yet, understanding, as they do, the importance of having a learned priesthood, they allow young men to go out to the world without any guarantee that they have even the amount of knowledge absolutely necessary. So says M. Renan, at least by implication. But nothing can be farther from the truth. The students are free, no doubt; but not to such an extent as to exclude supervision. The directors are constantly with the students, and it is impossible they can be ignorant of their dispositions, and of the progress they make in their studies. There are, besides, the half-yearly examinations, which are much the same as other examinations at home and abroad; and a searching examination is made before one is admitted to Orders.

In contemplating the process by which M. Renan has reached his present position, it is well that a Protestant should not forget the difference of the starting-points from which he and M. Renan must respectively approach the critical study of the Bible. Protestantism says:—'The Bible says so-and-so, and therefore you are to believe it.' And the question immediately arises, 'Why am I to believe the Bible?' Catholicism says:—'The Church teaches you this and that, and, therefore, you are

to believe it; and, in particular, she teaches you so-and-so regarding the Bible, and, therefore, you are to believe that.' And the questions immediately arise, 'Why am I to believe the Church? and, if I do, what is it that she teaches me about the Bible?' In a case such as M. Renan's, the second part of this last query might have been expected to arise first. With many, the few points which are the subject of dogmatic definition would have been accepted as *data*, like other *data*, in the pursuit of Biblical study, and all would have ended there. If a question were to arise regarding the truth of these defined points, there would then arise, *in limine*, two questions, in themselves of an extent and complication with which few men could really hold themselves able to grapple, viz.—'Are the words which puzzle me really part of the sacred text by which I am to be bound? and, if they are so, do I, personally, really know what they mean?' And there would at least have been a most profound and anxious study before the results independently arrived at were regarded as so clear in themselves, and so clearly at variance with the Church's teaching, as to necessitate an investigation into her claims to teach, with the view of either bowing the judgment to her authority, or of rejecting that authority altogether. It would hardly appear that the question of the Church's teaching-power ever occurred to M. Renan at all, though it is difficult to conceive how he can have been brought up as he was without being penetrated by a sense of her infallibility to such a degree as to require a kind of intellectual revolution before discarding it. But there is no trace of any such revolution, or of the attitude of mind which would render such a revolution necessary. The idea is even repudiated. 'In this great struggle between my reason and my beliefs,' he says (pp. 297-98),

'I carefully avoided any argument touching abstract philosophy. The method of the physical and natural sciences, which had appeared to me at Issy to be the law of truth, made me hold myself jealously aloof from any system. I never felt a moment's hesitation over such *dogmata* as the Trinity and the Incarnation, viewed in themselves. . . . Nothing which might be the subject of criticism in the politics or spirit of the Church, either in the past or the present, made the least impression upon me. . . .

My reasons were all of the philological and critical kind; they had nothing whatever to do with metaphysics, with politics, or with morals. These orders of ideas seem to me hardly palpable, and capable of almost any explanation. But the question as to whether there are contradictions between the fourth Gospel and the Synoptics, is one whereof one can get a firm grip. I see these contradictions with such absolute certainty, that I would stake my life, and, consequently, my eternal salvation, upon the fact of their existence, without one moment's hesitation.'

In fact, the order of reasoning seems to have been something like this:—(a) I am such a great man that not only my judgments but my impressions are necessarily true; (b) I think such and such things about the Bible; therefore, the fact must be so; (c) but I have an impression that the Church says something else; therefore, she must be wrong, and her claims to infallibility go by the board; but (d) I have an impression that she is the only possible form of Theism, therefore, Theism must be false. The postulates *a* and *b* it is unnecessary to discuss. Indeed, they scarcely admit of discussion. The treatment of *c* and *d* is very peculiar. He does not seem to have ever cared to enquire what are the limits of Catholic Orthodoxy as regards the subject of Biblical criticism. Even if it be admitted (and here we are not called upon to discuss the question), that these limits are transcended by the preposition that there are contradictions between John and the Synoptics, or (p. 294), that the sacred text contains formal errors in matters other than those of faith or morals, it does not make it less phenomenal that he actually propounds (p. 293), the following positions as being of those, by affirming *any one of which*, the affirmer ceases *ipso facto* to be a Catholic.—(1.) The book of Isaiah is by two authors. (2.) The book of Daniel was composed circa B.C. 169, 170. (3.) The book of Judith is not historical in the strict sense.* (4.) The Pentateuch, as we have it, is not the work of Moses; and (5) some parts of Genesis, such as the Garden of Eden, the Forbidden Fruit, and

* At least as far as this work goes, M. Renan indicates no knowledge of a line having ever been drawn between the Deutero-canonical books and the others.

Noah's Ark, are mythic.* The remark on these is even more astonishing, viz., What becomes of Bossuet's argument as to Cyrus, or of the LXX weeks? As if Christianity taught as an essential dogma that Bossuet was infallible, or as if the prophecy of the weeks would be less striking if it were written down 170 instead of 460 years before its fulfilment. As a farther specimen of accuracy, on page 294 we read:—'Orthodoxy obliges the belief that the books of Scripture are the work of those to whom the titles attribute them.' It is difficult to understand even what this means—Hebrews? Joshua? Ruth? Ecclesiastes? That such a statement could have been ventured, supposes a strange state of information to be assumed in the mind of the public to whom it is addressed. And this:—'The Christian dogma, like everything else, has developed itself slowly, little by little, by a sort of inner power of vegetation. Theology, by pretending the contrary, raises against itself mountains of objections, and is obliged to reject all criticism' (pp. 283-84.) Is it conceivable that M. Renan has never heard of Newman's *Essay on Doctrinal Development*?

If, however, Catholicism were to be abandoned, there remained Protestantism. It is quite true that the same arguments which had rendered Catholicism impossible, would have closed to him many forms of Protestant thought; but the Liberal school of French Presbyterianism, and some other forms of Continental Protestantism, certainly would have survived them. Not so. The whole volume before us contains perhaps nothing more extraordinary than the words (p. 311), 'I was a Protestant for about two months.' This has at any rate the advantage of such perfect clearness as to enable the reader to gauge at a glance the character and weight of a writer who professes to have disposed in two months of the whole Protestant fabric of Christian belief. That he did not belong to the school of thought which holds that if the belief in the Church's infallibility goes, all belief in revelation must go with it, is evident

* 'This is not, as might be supposed, a misprint for *mystic*. But the authorized English translation actually so represents it.' (*Recollections of my Youth*, p. 256, line 18).

from the very fact of the two months. After this, it is not perhaps necessary to proceed any farther. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism exhausts Christianity; nor do the three religions which agree in accepting the Divine mission of Moses—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—exhaust Theism.

But there is another aspect in which a career like M. Renan's must necessarily be regarded. These changes are matters which affect the heart at least as much as the head, the soul and conscience as well as the intellect. It is here that there is an almost absolute blank. The shield of faith, in the world of the soul, lies in three things. They are—experience, the will, and prayer. The first of these is a personal Christian experience, which draws nearer to sight than to faith, and renders all external arguments unnecessary. 'I know,' says St. Paul, 'Whom I have believed.' There is but one passage in this book in which this thing seems to be even alluded to, and it is there described as a phenomenon by one who does not even understand what it means, as though a man were, by force of correct ear, to give a just interpretation of the sound of a strange language which he does not know. Speaking of the servant of God, M. Le Hir, M. Renan says:—

'There was nothing wanting in him except what would have made him cease to be a Catholic, namely, the critical faculty. But no,—I express myself wrongly. He possessed and used the critical faculty in an eminent degree in everything which does not touch faith; but faith had for him something which was equal to certainty, and which nothing could outweigh. His piety was like the pearls spoken of by Francois de Sales, "which live in the sea without absorbing a drop of salt water." His knowledge of error was that of a thing looked at from without; an impenetrable shield prevented any drop of modern ideas from oozing into the reserved sanctuary of his heart; there, all beside the petroleum, there burnt a little lamp of gentle piety, a lamp which never went out, and never ceased to reign utterly supreme. As I, for my part, had my mind unprovided with any impenetrable shields of the above character, the conjunction of contrary elements, which, in M. Le Hir, produced deep inner peace, ended in me in startling explosions' (pp. 276, 7).

The will, while recognizing the duty of relinquishing the ecclesiastical state, for which he was by nature so obviously unfitted, might have gone far to compel internal silence, even

without the reawakening of the danger by its mention in prayer. But there was either no will, or it failed so far. As for prayer, there is not a word of such a thing, except a few graceful phrases in those original letters, which, as we are reminded on p. 363, were written during that period of his life when 'I lied often enough, not from interest, but from goodness and condescension, under the mistaken idea which inclines me always to put things to everyone in the way in which he can understand them.'*

When all was done and ended, there might at least have remained the beneficence of silence. Granted that Theism is a delusion, why seek to destroy the delusion, which ennobles so many lives, which alone brightens and renders bearable so many sorrows, and alone blunts the natural sting of any death? Truthfulness here has no longer a voice, for with the disappearance of Him of one of Whose Absolute Perfections truthfulness is an imperfect worship, truth ceases to be anything but a social convenience, and loses all moral obligation. The only answer to the question must be found in M. Renan's estimate of himself; as atheism is one of his attributes, morality, &c. demands imitation.

'At bottom,' says M. Renan, p. 73, 'when I consider myself, I have changed very little.' This would appear to be a just conclusion on his part. He seems to be very much what nature made him from the beginning; how far he may have been morally responsible for yielding to his proclivities is a question not to be discussed here. The present book certainly conveys a lower idea of its author than any of his other works, except, perhaps, the *Vie de Jésus*. But it is at least in its eighth edition, and must certainly, therefore, appeal to a wide

* His opinion of prayer, as well as the taste with which he expresses it, may be read on p. 20. 'All the afternoon the cathedral was full of a nasal murmuring. This was the praying of the idiot Brian, and which was certainly quite as good as any other.' (Probably it was, before the Searcher of hearts—but that is a meaning above M. Renan's reach). 'People had enough good taste and good sense to let him be, and not to set up frivolous distinctions between the simple and the humble, who come to kneel before God.'

circle of French readers. It is stated to have affected many minds. This, we venture to think, can only be owing to the extraordinary difference between the minds of Frenchmen and those of other people; and these *Souvenirs* and their success must, therefore, be regarded as a phenomenon whose interest is ethnical, rather than psychical. It was from this point of view that we began these pages, and in the same spirit we end them by a quotation, which M. Renan-himself uses of his book—

‘Claudite jam rivos, pueri; sat prata biberunt.’

Satis.

ART. IV.—A STUDY FROM TURGÉNIEFF.

[THE number of works by the late Ivan Turgénieff which have hitherto been translated into English is so exceedingly small, that we have great pleasure in here publishing, as a tribute to his memory, the whole of one of his lesser compositions which has never, as far as we are aware, appeared in our own language. The melancholy although religious tone, so characteristic of his writings, is here very fully developed, and harmonises sadly with the feelings inspired by his recent death. This little paper describes itself as an unedited fragment from the *Sportsman's Notes*, and shares to the full the thoroughly Russian local colouring which distinguishes the collection of similar papers of which that beautiful work consists.]

THERE is a French proverb to the effect that a wet shooter is as unhappy as a dry fisher. I never cared about fishing, and so I am not able to appreciate the melancholy feelings which inspire a fisherman at the sight of radiant sunshine, nor to judge how far a good day's sport in the rain makes up for the discomfort of being drenched to the skin. But, for a shooter, a rainy day is certainly a real calamity.

This was the calamity which befell myself and my faithful Ermolai, one day when we were out in search of black-game, in the district of Bélef.* The rain fell without cessation from day-break onwards. We did everything we could to make the best

* Bélef is a circle in the province of Tula, on the left bank of the Oká.

of it. We pulled our water-proofs over our heads, and we took shelter under the trees. But our so-called water-proofs, besides being inconvenient to the last degree if we had wanted to take a shot, seemed quite shameless as to letting the rain in; under the trees we were fairly dry for a little while, but after this all the rain which had gathered in the leaves suddenly came down in a sort of torrent, every branch turned into a spout, and favoured us with a cold stream which soaked under our neckerchiefs and ran down our spines. It was all up, as Ermolai used to say.

‘No, Peter Petrovich,’ he cried at last, ‘it is no use going on. We cannot shoot to-day. The dogs cannot scent, and the guns will miss fire. It’s bad luck.’

I asked him what he had better do.

‘We had better go to Alexeievka. Perhaps you never heard of it. It is a little village which belongs to your mother, about eight versts from here. We will pass the night there, and to-morrow—’

‘To-morrow we will come back here?’

‘No, not here. I know other places on the other side of Alexeievka, much better for black-game than this.’ I abstained from enquiring from my faithful companion why he had not begun by taking me to those other places first, and we went to the little village. As a matter of fact, although it belonged to my mother, I had never heard of it before. There was a very small manor-house, extremely old, but inhabited, and therefore clean, and there I passed a pretty good night.

The next morning, I woke very early. The sun had just risen. There was not a cloud in the sky. Everything around was shining in the combined splendour of the young summer’s-day and of the freshness left by the heavy rain. While my carriage was being harnessed, I went out to take a turn in a little garden, once a sort of orchard, but which had now gone wild, and which surrounded the house with a kind of thicket, breathing freshness and sweetness. It was very pleasant to walk there in the free open air. In the clear firmament above one could see the larks soaring in their quivering flight, and their clear and sonorous notes seemed to fall from that great height like silver

pearls. One might have imagined that they had borne up some of the dew of the morning upon their wings, and that its joyous freshness had entered into their songs. I took off my hat, and luxuriated in the pleasure of simply inhaling the atmosphere.

I saw a stand of bee-hives on the slope of a little glen close to the hedge, and a narrow path leading to it between nettles and docks, amid which a few plants of hemp, which had got there Heaven knows how, raised their dark points. I walked along this path as far as the hives. Close beside them there was one of those little huts, made of branches, which are called *yamchaniks*, and in which the hives are put by during the winter. The door was half-open, and, as I passed by, I glanced into the inside; it was dark and still, and the dry atmosphere was redolent of mint and balm. In one corner lay upon a sort of bed of planks a small figure wrapped up in a coverlet. I was turning away when I heard a voice say:—

‘Oh, sir! sir! Peter Petrovich.’

The voice was very weak, drawling, and hoarse, almost like the groaning of rushes in a marsh, rubbing against one another in the wind.

‘Peter Petrovich! Please, come here!’ repeated the voice, issuing from the corner of the little hut.

I went in, and experienced a shock of astonishment. There was indeed a living creature lying before me, a human being, but not like other human beings. The face seemed quite dried up, and had a brown colour like bronze, which reminded me of the complexions of the old Byzantine pictures. The nose was sharp like the blade of a knife; the lips seemed to have shrunk away to nothing; the whites of the eyes and the teeth shone by contrast against the darkness of the face. An handkerchief, ill tied round the head, allowed a few locks of yellow hair to stray over the brow. The counterpane was gathered up under the chin, and upon one of its folds rested two small shrivelled hands, of the same colour as the face, and whose bony fingers were twitching convulsively.

I gazed at the object. There was nothing repellant about the face; on the contrary, it was in a sense beautiful, but it was

weird and startling. And it startled me all the more when I saw that this wooden bust was struggling, although in vain, to produce the imitation of a smile.

‘You do not know me again, sir,’ whispered the voice, which seemed to pass like a breath between lips that were almost motionless; ‘but how could any one expect you to know me again? It is Lukeria.* Do you remember me? Lukeria that used to lead off the dancing at Spassk, at your mother’s? Do you remember? And I used to lead the glees too.’

I cried out, ‘Lukeria! It cannot be you!’

‘Yes sir,’ said the voice, ‘it is me. I am Lukeria.’

I looked, with a sort of stupefaction and without knowing what to say, at this face from which two clear eyes were fixed upon me, but which was itself dark and stiff like the face of a corpse. Could it really be she? Was this mummy the same person as Lukeria, she who was the best looking of our country girls, who was so strong and healthy, so pink and white, and so merry,—who was such a good singer and such a good dancer,—the handsome Lukeria, to whom all our lads paid attentions, and who had caused some secret sighs to myself when I was a boy of sixteen?

At last I said, ‘My poor Lukeria, what has happened to you?’

‘A misfortune came upon me. But do not turn away from my affliction. Sit down on this little pail close to me. You could not hear me else. You hear what a voice I have now. I am very happy to see you. How did you come to Alexeievka?’

She spoke very slowly and in a very low voice, but without breaking down.

‘Ermolai, my shooting servant, brought me here. But tell me—’

‘Do you want to hear about my misfortune? Just as you like, sir. It was a long time ago. Six or seven years ago. It was just after I was engaged to be married to Basil Poliakov. Do you remember him? Such a fine handsome lad, with curly hair, that used to wait at your mother’s sideboard. But you were gone

* This is a provincial form of Lucy. The ordinary forms are Lioutsia and Lukiya. The diminutive is as below, Lousha.

away before that. You were gone to college at Moscow. He and me were very fond of each other. He was never out of my head. It was in the spring time. It was one night, just a little bit before the day broke. I could not sleep. There was a nightingale in the garden, singing, oh, so wonderfully. I could not stay in. So I got up and went out on to the steps to listen to him. Oh, how his voice shook; oh, but how it shook! All of a sudden I thought I heard somebody call me—somebody that had a voice like Basil.* He just said so gently—"Lousha,"—just like that. So I turned my head round. And no doubt but I must have been half asleep, for I tumbled off the steps and down to the ground. I did not think that I had hurt myself much, for I got up again at once and went back to my room. Only one would have said that something had broken inside of me here—in my chest. Just let me take breath for a minute.'

Lukeria paused. What amazed me more than anything else was the air with which she told her story. She seemed almost gay over it. She made no kind of complaint. She never sighed, or groaned, or seemed to seek for compassion. Presently she went on—

'Ever since that accident, I seemed to wither up. I pined away. I got quite dark. At first I found it getting hard to walk. Then I could not use my legs at all. Then it got that way that I could not stand or sit any more. I had always to be lying down. I had no fancy for meat or drink. I got just worse and worse. Your mother was very kind, and got doctors to see me, and sent me to the hospital. But it did not do me any good. None of the doctors could tell me even what was the matter with me. God knows what they made me suffer there. They burnt my back with a hot iron, and they put me in pounded ice. But it did not do me any good. At last I became stiff like a bit of wood. Then the gentlemen found it was no use working with me any more. I would only be in the way in the house. So they sent me here because I have got relations here. And I live just as you see.'

* A subsequent passage makes it probable that we are here to understand the voice of Christ calling her to perfection through suffering.

She stopped, and struggled a second time to smile.

'But you are wretched here,' I cried, and, not knowing what to say, I asked her what Basil did. It was very stupid of me. Lukeria turned her eyes away a little, and answered—

'Poliakof? He was very sorry. He married another girl. She was a daughter of Glinnoïé. You know Glinnoïé? It is not far from our place. Her name is Agrafena. He was very fond of me, but, you see, he was a young man, and you could not expect him not to marry. And what sort of companion would I have been to him? He has got a very good wife—and she is very pretty. They have got little children. He is an overseer at a place near here. Your mother gave him leave. He is very happy. Thanks be to God.'

'And you,' I said, 'do you always lie here? Always?'

'Yes, always, sir,' she replied. 'It will soon be seven years. In the summer time I lie here, in this little house; when it begins to get cold, they take me into the entrance-hall of the bath-house, and I lie there.'

'Who looks after you? Who takes care of you?'

'Oh, there are good people here. I am not left alone. Besides, I do not need much looking after. As for food, I really eat next to nothing. And as for water—you see I have it there, in that jug. I have it always fresh, the beautiful water from the spring. I can stretch to get the jug myself. I can move one of my arms still. And then there is a little girl here, an orphan. She comes to see me now and then. God repay it to her. She was here only just now. Did not you meet her? She is such a pretty little girl—she has got such a white skin. She brings me flowers. I am so fond of flowers. There are no garden flowers here. There used to be, but there are not any more now. But the wild ones are just as pretty. And they smell better even than the garden ones. There is nothing that smells any better than the lilies-of-the-valley.'

'My poor Lukeria,' I said, 'do not you get weary? or do not you get frightened?'

'Why should I? However, I will not tell you an untruth; just at the beginning, I used to feel it very much. But now

that I have got used to it, I have learned patience. There are plenty people much worse off than me.'

'What do you mean?'

'There are plenty of people without a roof over their heads. And there are plenty of people blind or deaf. I thank God that I can see everything and hear everything. Yes, really everything. If there is a mole making its hole, I hear it. And I can smell anything. Nobody needs to come to tell me that the buck-wheat is in flower in the fields, or the lime-trees in the garden. I smell it at once, if the wind is that way. Oh no, one must not forget to be thankful to God. There are plenty people much worse off than me. Even if there was only that—one that is in health can sin so easily. So many sins are kept quite away from me. The other day when Father Alexis—that is the Priest—was here to give me the Communion, he said, "You need not confess—what evil can you do in the state that you are in?" I said, "but, my father, there are the sins of thought, the sins that one commits in his mind." But he just smiled and said, "They are not very heavy, those."'

'However,' she went on, 'I do not think that I have committed very many of those either, for I have got into a way of not thinking about anything*—and what is better still, not remembering about anything. The time goes by so quick.'

I confess that this last remark astonished me. I said—

'But you are always alone, Lukeria; and how can you help thoughts coming into your head? Do you sleep all the time?'

'Oh no, sir,' she answered. 'I cannot always get to sleep. I have no great pain to speak of. But I have a pain inside—there—and I have a pain in my bones. And I do not sleep like I ought to. I feel that I am alive, and I breathe. That is all. I just look and listen. The bees hum round about the hives. Sometimes a pigeon comes and sits upon the roof, and coos. Or one of the hens comes in with her chickens, to pick up the crumbs. Then sometimes a sparrow or a butterfly flies in. All

* It is perhaps as well to remember the value which some Eastern ascetic writers have ascribed—especially since the controversy as to the Uncreated Light—to a state of profound quiescence.

these things make me so happy. The year before last there were some swallows came and made their nest in the corner, and brought up their little ones. Oh, it was such a pleasure to watch them. One swallow used to fly in and perch on the nest, and give what he had in his beak to the little ones, and then fly away again. And when I looked a little bit afterwards, then it was another one. Sometimes, one flew by outside the open door without coming in. And then all the little ones would open their little beaks and cry. I was looking for them the next year, but they told me that a sportsman near here had shot them. What good could they be to him? A swallow does not weigh more than a cockchafer. You shooting gentlemen are very cruel.'

'I never shoot swallows,' I exclaimed vehemently.

Lukeria went on—

'Once there was such a funny thing happened. A hare came in here to hide. Yes, I assure you, really a hare! I think the dogs were hunting him. He shot in at the door like an arrow, and sat down close beside me. He stopped there quite a little time;—he twitched his nose and his moustaches, just like a real army officer. And he stared at me. Of course he understood that I would not wish to do him any harm. And at last he got up and hopped to the door. There he stood, looking to the right and to the left. And then, good-bye! Was not it funny?'

She looked at me.

'Does not it make you laugh?'

I made a pretence of laughing in order to please her. She licked her shrunken lips to moisten them, and then went on speaking—

'You understand, in winter I am not quite so well off. It is dark. It would only be waste to light a candle. And what good would it be? I know how to read and write, and it is not that I would not like to read. But what is there for me to read? There are no books here; and, even if there were, how am I to hold a book? Father Alexis brought me an almanack to amuse me; but he saw that it was no use, so he took it away again. The dark does not prevent me hearing. I hear the crickets chirp, and sometimes a mouse scratches. But that is when it is best to be able not to think about anything.'

Presently she sighed gently, and continued—

‘And then, I have my prayers which I say; only, there are very few prayers that I know. Besides that, why should I want to trouble God? What is there that I should ask him for? He knows much better than me what is good for me. He has sent me my cross, and that means that He loves me. We are taught to understand these things that way. I say the Lord’s Prayer, and the Salutation, and the Acathiston, and the Prayer of the Afflicted,* and then I just rest lying there, and the time passes away.’

She became silent, and two minutes passed by without either of us speaking. I sat motionless on the pail which served me for a chair. This still living creature, in whom the lamp of life was still unextinguished, and who was lying before my eyes, seemed to infect me with some of her own fearful immobility. I felt as if I, too, were petrified.

‘Lukeria,’ I said at last, ‘listen to me, and to the proposal which I make you. Would you like me to arrange for you to go to an hospital—to a really good hospital in some city? Who knows but what it may still be possible to do something to cure you? And, at any rate, you would not be alone.’

I noticed a movement, almost imperceptible, in her eyebrows.

‘No, sir,’ she said anxiously, ‘do not put me into an hospital. Let me be where I am. I should suffer a little more there. That would be all. How could they cure me? Look here. One day a doctor came here. He wanted to examine me. I begged him not. I said, “for Christ’s name’s sake, do not torment me.” He would not listen to me. He set to to knead my arms and my legs. He said “I am doing this in order to learn. I am doing it for the sake of science, for which I am employed by the Government. You ought not to stand in my way, for I have

* The Salutation used in the Greek Church is as follows :—‘Hail, Mary, Virgin Mother of God, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, for thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls.’ The Acathiston is an hymn to the Blessed Virgin, which occupies seventeen pages of the Greek Horologion. The Prayer of the Afflicted is the ‘Consolatory Canon to the Mother of God’ which follows the Acathiston. It has a longer and a shorter form, of which the shorter is the more common.

had a ribbon given me already on account of my investigations, and it is for the good of you stupids that I make them." He turned me over, back and front, again and again, and he told me the name of my illness—that doctor did. It was a long difficult name. And he went away. And I had more pain in my poor bones all the week after.

'You say that I am alone, always alone. But I am not always alone. People come to see me. The country girls come in, and they laugh and talk. Then the pilgrims, as they pass by, come in to see me; and they tell me about Jerusalem and Kieff, the Holy Cities. Besides, I am not afraid to be alone. The real truth is, I like it. Please, sir, leave me here. Do not send me to an hospital. You are very kind. I thank you very much. But I ask you to leave me here.'

'Just as you like, Lukeria, just as you like. I was only thinking for your own good.'

'I know it was only for my good. But, my kind gentleman, how can any one really help another one? How can any one get into another one's mind? Every one must help himself. You would not think what happens to me sometimes—sometimes when I am lying here all alone. It seems to me as if there was nobody else in the world, nobody else but me. And then it is like as if something came down upon me, and spread out over me, and my mind gets so curious.*

'What happens to your mind then?'

She was silent for a moment before she answered.

'Oh, sir, it is things that one cannot say, things that one is not able to explain. And, besides, I do not remember what has happened, after that it is passed away. It is something like a cloud coming and rain falling. And afterwards I feel how that it is very good, and how that it refreshes me. But I do not understand just what it is. Only, I say to myself, "If there were people about me, it would not have happened. I should have felt nothing but my affliction."'

She drew a long breath with some difficulty, for her lungs

* This passage seems intended to convey the idea of supernatural trances or ecstasies.

obeyed her little better than the rest of her body. Then she continued.

‘I see quite well, sir, that you are very sorry for me. Do not be sorry for me too much. You would really make quite a mistake. Look here—it is just the same with me still. You remember—do not you?—what a merry girl I used to be. Well, but I sing still.’

‘You sing?’

‘Oh yes, sir,—all sorts of songs,—old songs, and glees, and carols, and hymns,—all sorts of songs. I used to know a great many, and I have not forgot them. The only thing I do not sing now, I never sing dancing tunes. It would not suit me as I am.’

‘How do you sing them? Just in your own mind?’

‘Just in my own mind, and with my voice too. I cannot sing very loud, as you see; but one can hear me. Look here. I told you that there is a girl that comes to see me. She is an orphan; and therefore she has grown up sharp. I have taught her four songs already. She knows them by heart. Perhaps you do not believe me? Wait a moment, and I will sing you one.’

She took breath. The idea that this being who was scarcely alive was getting herself ready to sing for me, caused me a kind of involuntary shudder, but, before I had time to say anything, I heard her utter a prolonged note, almost imperceptible, but perfectly true and correct. Then came another, and then a third. Lukeria sang, *Out in the Fields*. As she sang, none of the traits of her paralysed face changed, and her eyes remained fixed. But there was an expression unspeakably touching about this poor weak voice, which seemed to rise and waver like a thin curl of smoke. It was evident that the singer’s whole soul was being poured forth in her music. I was cut to the heart. It was a shudder no longer, but a feeling of pity which I cannot express.

‘I cannot go on any more,’ she said suddenly, ‘I am not strong enough. It is the pleasure of seeing you that has made me no use.’

And she shut her eyes. I laid one of my hands upon her small chill fingers. She looked at me, and then her dark eye-lids with their auburn lashes closed again. After a moment, I saw

through the gloom that something was glistening upon them. It was a tear. I remained motionless. Suddenly, and with more force than I could have expected, she cried, 'What on earth is the matter with me?' opened her eyes wide, and struggled to get rid of the tears by winking her eyelids quickly. 'What foolishness this is!' she said, 'what can be the matter with me? Nothing like this has happened to me for a long time—not since Poliakof—Basil—came to see me—last spring. While he was there talking to me, it was all right. But when he was gone away, and I was all alone, I cried. How foolish I am, to be sure! Please, sir, you have got a pocket-handkerchief, have not you? Do not be disgusted at me. Would you mind wiping my eyes, if you please?'

I hastened to do as she asked me, and left her the handkerchief. She would not have it at first. 'Why should she have a present given her like that?' It was quite a common handkerchief, but at any rate it was white and clean. At last she took it and closed her hands upon it, without opening them again. My eyes were now becoming accustomed to the semi-darkness of the place, and I could distinctly see her features, and even a slight flush of red in the bronze-like tint of her cheeks. I thought I could even recognise in her face some traces of her former beauty.

'Sir,' she resumed, 'you asked me if I slept? Indeed, it is not very often that I sleep. But when I sleep, I dream. Such beautiful dreams. In my dreams, I never seem to be ill. I am always young and strong. The worst is, when I wake up again. I want to stretch myself out, and then I feel that I am like loaded with chains. Once I had a very curious dream. Would you like me to tell you about it? Well, then, listen to me. I thought I was out in the country, in the middle of a wheat-field. The wheat was all ripe. The stalks were very tall, and the ears were yellow, just like gold. There was a great big red dog with me, and he was very savage. He was always wanting to bite me. There was a sickle in my hand, but it was not a sickle. It was the moon, like she is when she is like a sickle. And I was to cut down every stalk of the wheat, with the moon. But it was so hot that I felt quite useless, and the brightness of the

moon blinded me, and I was idle. There were great blue corn-flowers growing all round about—very big ones. And they all turned their heads to me. And I said to myself, "I will pull some of the cornflowers—Basil has promised to meet me—and I will make myself a crown with the flowers; and as for the wheat, I shall have plenty of time to cut it." So I began to pull the corn-flowers. But it was no use. They melted away in my hands. I was not able to make myself a crown. Then I heard that somebody had got quite close to me without me knowing it. And he was calling me—"Lousha! Lousha!" And so I said to myself, "Bad luck! I have not got time to do it. But it does not matter." So, for want of the corn-flowers, I put the moon on my head like a *kakochnik*. Then I became all bright, and the light lighted up all the fields round about. Then I looked, and there was somebody coming to me very quick, along over the tops of the corn—but it was not Basil—it was the Lord JESUS Himself. I cannot tell you how I knew that it was the Lord. He was not like what they make Him in the pictures. But it was Him Himself. He was very young, and He had not got any beard. He was very tall. He was dressed all in white, with a golden girdle. And He put out His hand to me, and said to me, "Do not fear Me, O My beautiful bride! do not fear Me! Come with Me unto My heavenly kingdom. Thou shalt sing and dance in heaven." So I just ran to Him and gripped hold of His hand. And the dog flew at me—but He pulled me up off the earth. He flew on before. He had great white wings like a stork's wings, and they stretched all across the sky. And I followed after Him. And the dog was left behind. And it was only then that I understood that the dog was my infirmity, and that in the kingdom of heaven there will be no place for him.*

* It is possible that in this allegorical dream the corn is intended to represent the ordinary duties, and the corn-flowers the innocent joys of life. The crown of the latter suggests the nuptial crowns placed on or over the heads of the bride and bridegroom at an Eastern marriage. The crescent moon from which the crosses on Russian churches often spring is regarded as a type of the Blessed Virgin, and may perhaps be meant here to suggest the idea of her intercession, with the help of which Lukeria had looked to fulfil the ordinary duties of life, but through which the crown of an earthly bridal is changed into an aureola of heavenly glory, like those represented on the heads of Saints in the sacred icons.

She remained silent for a little while, and then continued—

‘There was another very curious dream that I had. It seemed more like a vision almost—I do not know. I thought I was lying just as I am now. And my dead father and my dead mother came in. They bowed themselves down to me, but they did not say anything. And I said, “Father, Mother, why should you bow down to me?” And they said, “Because thy trial is so sore in this world, that thou dost not deliver thine own soul only, but thou hast also taken a great burden off from us, and in the other world thou dost mightily help us. Thou hast already paid for all thine own sins, and now thou dost pay for ours.” And when my father and mother had said that to me, they bowed down again, and vanished away; and I saw nothing in front of me but the wall again. I did not know what it was that had happened to me. I told the Priest about it when I was confessing. But he does not think that it was a vision, because visions very seldom come except to priests, and monks, and nuns.

‘There was another dream that I had,’ continued Lukeria. ‘I thought that I was sitting at the side of a great road, underneath a willow tree. I had a stick in my hand, and a wallet on my back, and my head wrapped up in a handkerchief, just like pilgrims have. I was going on a pilgrimage somewhere, a long, long way off. All the pilgrims passed on in front of me. They went very slow, as if they did not want to go; and they all went the same way. They all looked sad, and one of them was just like another. And I saw a woman running to and fro among them. She was a head taller than any of them. Her clothes were not Russian clothes, and she had not a Russian face. She had a thin, hard face. Everybody got out of her way. All of a sudden she turned and came running to me, and she stopped and looked at me. She had yellow eyes, like a hawk’s eyes, big, and very clear. I said, “Who are you?” And she said, “I am thy death.” Instead of that frightening me, it made me feel so happy, and I crossed myself for joy. Then she that was my death said to me, “My poor Lukeria, I am sorry I cannot take thee with me. Fare thee well.” I felt such a disappointment, and I said to her, “Oh do take me with thee, oh my sweet friend! oh my little dove!” So she turned back to me, and explained to

me. I knew that she was telling me when my hour would be, but it was not clear: I could not understand it. She said, "after St. Peter's Lent."* And then I woke up. See what curious dreams I have.'

Lukeria looked upwards, and remained thinking for a little.

'Do you know,' she said after a time, 'a thing that troubles me? Sometimes I cannot get to sleep for a whole week together. Last year a lady that was travelling passed by here. She came to see me, and she gave me a little bottle of stuff to make me sleep. She told me to take ten drops every time. It did me a great deal of good, and I got sleep. But the bottle was done a long time ago. Do you think you can tell me what stuff it was, and how I could get any more?'

What the lady had given Lukeria was evidently opium. I promised the poor creature to get her another bottle of the same medicine, but I could not help expressing again my admiration for her extraordinary patience.

'Oh, sir,' she answered, 'what are you saying now? What patience do you see in me? There was Simon Stylites, if you like. He was very patient. He waited thirty years on the top of a pillar. Then there was another saint. He had himself buried up to the neck. The ants ate his face. And listen. There was another story I heard from some one that read books. There was a country that the Hagarenes made war against. They tormented the people and killed them. They had no way to escape. So a holy virgin appeared among the people, and took a great sword, and put on a breast plate that weighed eighty pounds, and marched against the Hagarenes, and drove them away across the sea. When she had done that, she said to them, "Take me and burn me, for I promised to die by fire for my country." So the Hagarenes took her and burnt her, and her country has been free ever since. That was very deserving if you like. But what have I done?'

I own that the transmogrification which the history of Jeanne d'Arc had undergone in penetrating to Alexeievka caused me

* A fast observed in the Eastern Church between the second Monday after Pentecost and the Martyrdom of the Apostles Peter and Paul (June 29).

some astonishment. After a moment's silence, I asked Lukeria how old she was.

'Twenty-eight or twenty-nine; not thirty anyways. But what is the use of counting the years? Look here, I will tell you—'

But here she was seized with a fit of hoarse coughing, which was followed by a groan.

'You talk too much,' I said quickly; 'you may do yourself harm.'

'Yes, sir,' she whispered, in a voice which was little more than a low hiss, 'our talk is done. When you are away, I shall be quite still. But I have opened my heart a little.'

I bade her farewell, repeating my promise to send her the medicine, and begged her to think once more whether there was not anything which I could do for her. To reply cost her a violent effort, but her voice was grateful.

'I have no need of anything. Thanks be to God. I have nothing to wish for. God grant health to every one. Sir! do you know what you must do? The people here are very poor. Ask your mother to lower their rents a little. They have not got enough land. They have not got wood. They will pray to God for you. As for me—I have no need of anything—I have nothing to wish for.'

I gave her my word that I would do as she wished, and was going to the door, when she called me back.

'Sir,' she said—and an expression which I am not able to describe passed for an instant over her eyes and lips—'do you remember what beautiful long hair I used to have? Do you remember? It came down to my knees. I was a long time before I did it—it was such pretty hair. But how could I clean it? So I had it cut off. Yes. Well, sir, good-bye—I cannot talk any more.'

The same day, before I started for my shooting, I had a conversation about Lukeria with the head man of the village. He told me that the people in the village called her 'The Live Relics.'* He said that she never gave any trouble to anyone,

* It is from this that this paper takes its original title. The reference is to the

and that she had never been heard to utter such a thing as a murmur or a complaint. "She never asks for anything. She is grateful for the least thing. She is very good. Since God has been pleased to smite her, no doubt it must be for her sins. But that is no business of ours. We do not judge her."

Some weeks afterwards, I heard that Lukeria had left this world. Death came to take her 'after St. Peter's Lent.' They told me that all the day that she died, she heard bells ringing, although Alexeievka is five versts from the church, and the day was not a Sunday. However, Lukeria said the bells did not come from the church, but from "over her." Probably she did not dare to say "from Heaven."

ART. V.—MARTIN LUTHER.

Luther's Leben. Von JULIUS KÖSTLIN. Leipzig: 1883.

Growth of the Spirit of Christianity. By the Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: 1877.

'ON the 10th of November, 1483, was born to a young married couple, Hans and Margaret Luder, in Eisleben, where the former earned his livelihood as a miner, their first child, our Martin Luther.' We are glad to know that Herr Köstlin's *Life of Luther*, the opening sentence of which we have quoted, has made its appearance in English dress. Not only because it is full of most interesting details of the great Reformer's life, but because a large number of the good Protestants of this country, with whom it is a point of conscience to reverence and admire him, will be, we suspect, much advantaged by having such an opportunity given to them of providing themselves with sound reasons for the sentiments they entertain. A visit to his cell at Erfurt—prior,

mummied bodies of saints, lying in open coffins, which are to be found in some of the more illustrious Russian churches.

of course, to the year 1872—and a pilgrimage to the Wartburg, to inspect the scene of that famous encounter in which, with culpable disregard for furniture which did not belong to him, he selected a well-filled inkstand as a missile to hurl at the devil, have given Luther a distinct personality for many people who possess but a very hazy conception of the actual facts and general tenor of his life. We may, however, in passing, briefly note that Herr Köstlin dismisses the inkstand episode, in a few words, as an untrustworthy legend. It is not uncommon to find, among those who either through want of opportunity or inclination are but slenderly acquainted with history, an impression that until the time of Luther the whole of at least Western Europe lay prostrate in unresisting bondage beneath the Papal yoke. The prominence and importance rightly assigned to Martin Luther are probably the chief causes of the existence of such an impression. No student of history need be told how erroneous it is; how ever-recurring were the struggles to which the arrogant assumptions of the Papacy gave rise. In no work which we know of, suited for general readers, is this fact more clearly and lucidly, though briefly, set forth than in Mr. Matheson's *Growth of the Spirit of Christianity*.

A few instances, quoted from his pages, may suffice as illustration of the truth of what we have asserted, without dragging forward names and controversies known only to deep students of ecclesiastical history. Among the many illustrious names connected with the Papal Chair there are few, perhaps, which stand out so brightly as that of Gregory VII. (Hildebrand); and no other Roman Pontiff, probably, ever saw the dream of Papal supremacy so apparently fulfilled as he did, in what Mr. Matheson justly terms 'the most dramatic scene ever enacted in history,' when, in the eleventh century, the Emperor Henry IV., barefooted, and clad in a haircloth shirt, waited three days and nights, shivering in the winter snow, before the gates of the Castle of Canossa, until it should please the haughty Hildebrand to admit the penitent to humiliate himself before his spiritual lord. Truly then the Pontiff might have said his foot was on the neck of kings! Yet, even in that

moment of supreme triumph, what a change in the drama was silently preparing itself! A day came, ere long, when the humiliated Emperor entered Rome itself at the head of his victorious legions, and Hildebrand, closely besieged in the Castle of S. Angelo, absolutely experienced the pressure of famine. Rescued at the last moment from the degradation of a surrender, he yet fled from Rome, a broken-hearted, disappointed man, to die at length at Salerno, with the mournful declaration on his lips—'I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore I die an exile.' In the next century, Waldenses and Albigenses alike raised the banner of revolt against the power of Rome. The thirteenth century witnessed the attacks of Gerhard and Oliva, 'when for the first time the Papacy was attacked by literature.' Wickliffe, against whom alone five Papal bulls were fulminated without their hindering him from dying of an apoplectic seizure, belongs to the fourteenth century; Huss and Jerome of Prague to the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century. Thus, again and again, the flame of insurrection broke out, to be oft-times quenched in blood, but still to smoulder on and burst forth anew under the kindling breath of some fresh provocation. The question naturally suggests itself, why Luther's bold onslaught on the Papal power should have produced results, both in magnitude and durability, so far surpassing those of any previous attack? The cause is surely not very far to seek. In the course of the hundred years, or thereabout, which intervened between the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome and Luther's first attack on the sale of indulgences, an event had occurred which was destined to revolutionize the whole civilized world, and sound the death-knell of all those conditions of life which rendered possible Papal supremacy, feudal oppression, or kingly tyranny. Somewhere about the year 1452, Guttenberg got his first printing-press to work in Mainz. Without the intervention of the printing-press, it is hard to conceive but that Leo X. (Giovanni de' Medici) would have conquered in his strife with the insignificant monk whom, in the first instance, he seems to have thoroughly despised.

Of Luther's childhood, Herr Köstlin draws no inviting pic-

ture. It was certainly no life in which the moral fibre was likely to be enervated by luxury and idleness. Those were hard times for the poor, and Martin Luther was the eldest of at least seven children. It was not alone outward circumstances, however, which rendered Luther's childhood anything but a sunny one. His father and mother were stern even to cruelty, on principle. He has left it on record that he was once beaten by his mother until blood flowed, for merely having taken a nut. To this record he adds that the schoolmasters of his time were tyrants and executioners, the schools dungeons and hells. The severity at home was nevertheless a matter of principle, not of temper,—a difference children are quick to appreciate; and though Luther was conscious of its injurious effects, and condemned strongly in after life such treatment of children, it did not prevent his cherishing a sincere affection for his parents. One result therefrom certainly suggests it in the light of a part of the Providential guidance which was moulding the great Reformer for his future work. Luther himself traces to it a certain extreme sensitiveness of conscience which he regards as one of the main causes of his ultimate determination, in spite of his parents' disapproval, to enter the cloister.

Of the many important consequences which accrued to Luther from that momentous step, none was, probably, more important than the fact of his being thereby brought, at the early age of twenty-two years, under the monastic regulations and personal influence of the learned, excellent, and judicious Johann von Staupitz, the Vicar-General of the Augustinian monasteries in Germany. If Luther was the mine which exploded in the midst of the Papal tranquillity, Staupitz was the man who laid the train. Believers in Divine Providence will hardly regard it as an accident that Luther's entrance into the Erfurt monastery was coincident with an injunction from Staupitz that throughout his jurisdiction devout, earnest, and constant study of the Holy Scriptures should be an obligation.

Into the study of the Scriptures, and of theology also, Luther plunged eagerly, but with results, in the first instance, of which he ever afterwards retained a bitter recollection.

How shall man be counted righteous before God? was the one great question which absorbed his whole soul, and to which he could find no satisfactory answer. During some two years he suffered mental conflicts and tortures which 'no tongue could express, no pen describe.' From these conflicts and tortures he first found relief through the counsels and instructions of Staupitz, whose keen eye and deep experience of human nature soon detected in the young monk moral and intellectual gifts far beyond those of ordinary men, and whom Luther ever after regarded with grateful affection as his 'spiritual father,' thanking God for the relief of his mental sufferings obtained through the wise counsels of Staupitz. We can hardly doubt, as we read Luther's own remarks on his mental sufferings and deep searchings of heart during that period of his life, that, whensoever it may have been actually written, it is to that time of fiery trial we owe his wonderful *Introduction to the Study of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*.

For many people, we suspect, Luther remains always

'The solitary monk who shook the world.'

That he shook the world is unquestionable, but that he did so as a solitary monk is very far from the truth. His cloister life, though doubtless of immeasurable importance to his future work, was, in point of duration, a mere episode in his career. In the course of the winter during which he completed his twenty-fifth year, he was unexpectedly appointed by Staupitz to take an active part in the working of the newly-founded University of Wittenberg. Thenceforward his life was—with the exception of his brief period of seclusion in the Wartburg—one of unceasing toil and unbroken intercourse with men and women of every grade and station. And well it must have been—probably the deliberate design of the far-sighted Staupitz—that his active, energetic nature was not left much longer to feed upon itself in the quiet seclusion of cloister life.

Some three years after his removal to Wittenberg, the next important event of his life occurred, and again through the instrumentality of Staupitz. He received the order to undertake his ever-memorable journey to Rome. Of the results to

him of that visit, Luther ever retained a lively recollection. The ideal Rome, for which he set out with all the exalted enthusiasm of a devout pilgrim, was the Holy City, sanctified by the blood of the martyrs,—the sanctuary where dwelt the visible representative on earth of God Himself. The real Rome in which he arrived was that which, until about eight years previously, had been under the rule of Alexander VI., and to which, at that moment, Julius II., the then Holy Father of the Church, was returning from a campaign in which he had himself directed 'the bloody storming of a city'! What Luther saw and heard of blasphemy, hypocrisy, profligacy, and shameless vice, even among the most highly exalted ecclesiastics, need not be told. In after life he was wont to say—'I would not for a hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome. Otherwise I should have dreaded I had done the Pope injustice; but what we see, that we speak.'

Luther's teaching in Wittenberg from the first attracted much attention. The distinguished scholar Pollich, who did not live to see his prediction verified, prophesied that this monk would create a revolution in all the established methods of teaching. With his duties in Wittenberg Luther was fully occupied until 1517, the eventful year which saw the beginning of his direct conflict with Papal authority.

To Julius II. had succeeded Leo X., a genuine Medici in his munificent patronage of art and literature; the Pope for whom were executed the famous cartoons now at Hampton Court; and of whom a Roman catholic historian has left it on record that he would have been 'a perfect Pontiff' if to his many excellent qualities 'he had united some knowledge in matters of religion, and a greater inclination to piety, to neither of which he appeared to pay any great attention'; also the reputed author of the saying, 'How profitable has been the fable of Christ!' To such a man, the scheme of raising money to defray the cost of finishing the magnificent Church of St. Peter by a universal sale of indulgences would doubtless commend itself as a most laudable and excellent one. Moreover, he was not exactly a frugal man, and he found himself, to use a homely phrase, in straitened circumstances. He was not

called upon to furnish strict account either of receipt or expenditure of the sums thus poured into his coffers by the faithful ; so he saw his opportunity.

But there were others besides the Pope who saw their opportunity. Archbishop Albrecht of Mainz and Madgeburg, the brother of the Elector of Brandenburg, was, as Herr Köstlin narrates, also in straitened circumstances. The Holy Father did not grant episcopal honours and emoluments for nothing, and the Archbishop had been consequently obliged to borrow from the house of Fugger, in Augsburg, the sum of thirty thousand florins. This money had to be repaid, and the episcopal mind was harassed. He was appointed commissioner to manage the indulgence traffic for a large part of Germany, and contrived so to arrange matters with the Pope that he was allowed to retain one-half of the receipts in order to satisfy Fugger's claim. Hence the edifying spectacle was presented of an agent from that trading-house at Augsburg standing behind the preacher who urged on all good Christians the purchase of indulgences, in order to deduct Fugger's share of profits from the amount received.

But this indecency, coupled with many other disgraceful abuses, was too much. The godless men who had seized upon the power of the Church, and sought to use it as an engine for the accomplishment of their own selfish or profligate ends, had gone too far. Scandal and indignation were excited throughout Christendom. On the 31st of October, 1517, Luther, who had already spoken strongly from the pulpit, nailed his ninety-five theses to the door of the cathedral church of Wittenberg. In the act, though at the time all unconsciously, he drew the sword and threw away the scabbard. It was the scandalous abuse of the system which then roused his indignation, and timely concessions on the part of the Pope might possibly have indefinitely postponed the combat. Had Leo X. for a moment appreciated the importance of the crisis, such concessions would probably have been made ; but he appears, in the first instance, to have regarded the whole matter as trivial and unimportant, and when, at length, the Papal Court became thoroughly alarmed, it was too late.

It would far exceed our limits to trace, even briefly, the course of the struggle which followed. For more than twenty-five years Luther literally lived in daily peril of his life. In 1519, he held his public disputation with Eck in Leipzig. By that time his enemies had already fallen back upon calumny as a weapon against him. A silver ring which he wore was significant of some Satanic influences; a habit of carrying flowers and occasionally looking at and smelling them, betokened something mysterious; while a pious old woman in Leipzig, who had once been acquainted with Luther's mother, knew from her that her son Martin was the offspring of an intrigue with the devil.

In 1520 the bull of excommunication was issued. Luther promptly responded by burning the same publicly, in company with the canon law, decretals, &c. Of this act he said himself, that before its performance he had trembled and prayed, but that afterwards he rejoiced over it more than over any other act of his whole life. It is certainly noteworthy that whereas in the eleventh century a Papal bull of excommunication brought the Emperor of Germany himself in humble penitence to the Pontiff's feet, in the seventeenth century it failed to do any serious injury to the son of a German miner. It is difficult, nevertheless, to believe that Luther would have survived this bold defiance even long enough to appear in the spring of the following year before the Diet of Worms, had not the Reformation possessed a political as well as a moral side, and the intrepid monk been at that time a person of no small importance to various German princes. But the peril in which he stood was daily increasing, and the friendly Elector Frederick's adroit scheme to ensure his safety was doubtless prompted by his perception that if Luther remained much longer at large, all efforts to shield him would be in vain.

It was in May that Luther was forcibly conveyed to the Wartburg, and shortly after he wrote to Spalatin, 'I sit here the whole day idle, and read the Greek and Hebrew Bible.' 'His imperishable monument,' says a recent writer, 'is his translation of the Scriptures.' It was a pregnant idleness which was spent in studying with a view to the accomplish-

ment of that mighty work. No less an authority than Dr. Buchheim has remarked—the quotation is from memory—‘We tremble to think what the German language would have been without Luther’s translation of the Bible.’ Literature, therefore, as well as religion, had a lively interest in those hours of undisturbed study.

Luther’s seclusion was not long an undisturbed one. News from Wittenberg caused him the deepest anxiety. The temporary loss of the great leader brought less sagacious spirits to the front. Carlstadt and Zwillling were reforming there with more energy than discretion, and in Erfurt there were actual riots. By December Luther could bear it no more; he suddenly re-appeared in Wittenberg, only, however, to remain for a few days and then return to the Wartburg until the following spring, when he finally emerged from his seclusion and resumed that leadership of the German Reformation which he never afterwards relinquished until he relinquished it with his life.

Three years later, Luther took the step which more than any other action of his life has been criticized and disputed over. On the 13th of June, 1525, in the 42nd year of his age, he married Katharine von Bora. It was not the first clerical marriage which had taken place, but such a step on Luther’s part spread dismay and consternation among his friends and adherents. The opinion was widely entertained that ‘the great man had degraded himself.’ Even Melancthon, while admitting married life to be a holy estate, well pleasing to God, and in many respects peculiarly suitable to Luther’s circumstances, still regarded the step as a deplorable weakness, injurious to his credit just at the moment when Germany most urgently needed all his powers.

The remainder of Luther’s life—just twenty years and eight months—was, Herr Köstlin remarks, far less rich in dramatic incidents than the twenty-seven years which had passed since he nailed up his theses to the door of the Cathedral in Wittenberg. That he no longer lived in constant peril of his life might be inferred from the mere fact of his marriage, for when, prior to its taking place, the possibility of such a step had been

suggested to him, one of the reasons he assigned for refusing to entertain such an idea was that he lived in daily expectation of suffering death as a heretic. But if less rich in incident, his subsequent life must have been very full of cares, anxieties, and perplexities, not less, probably far more, harrassing than the personal perils of his earlier years. The initiation of the Reformation was, if a more perilous, a less arduous task than the guidance of its development. It was one of those changes which, however beneficial, must inevitably bring some disadvantages in their train. Even before Luther's marriage it had been abundantly apparent that the breaking of the old bonds had set free many spirits which were ill-fitted to make a good use of their freedom, and the disastrous Peasants' War had thrown discredit on the Reformation. To guide, persuade, rebuke, exhort, must have been the daily work of Luther's life, as well as often to mourn the failure of bright hopes, frustrated by the obstinacy or fanaticism of adherents whom he had not the power to control, even while, in a measure, held responsible for their actions. Small wonder that he declared his enemies had never injured him as his own party had done.

To these abundant sources of sorrow and anxiety were added also many trials and sorrows of a personal and social character, although under all such he had the consolation of a tranquil, happy domestic life. Not very long after his marriage the first symptoms appeared of the painful malady which ever afterward caused him at times intense suffering; nor were other signs wanting that the incessant strain and tension of his exciting life had told heavily upon his robust physical constitution. The dreaded plague, too, swept over the land, and he had to mourn the loss of loved friends, and to tremble for the safety of those dearest to him.

The political atmosphere also was often heavy with wars and rumours of wars; and in 1529 the Turks were at the gates of Vienna, and all Europe trembled for what was coming upon the earth. That successive Popes continued his unrelenting enemies need hardly be said; and of the Emperor he writes—'Emperor Charles threatens us even more terribly than the Turks.' Well might he have exclaimed with the Apostle,

'Without are fightings, within are fears.' But never did he falter or flinch. If ever man died in harness, it was Martin Luther. On the 14th of February, 1546, he preached his last sermon, and was forced to break off before concluding it because his strength failed. He grew rapidly worse, and on the 18th, between two and three o'clock in the morning, calmly yielded up his soul to the God he had served so faithfully.

One of the most interesting features of Herr Köstlin's *Life of Luther* is the frequent occurrence of quotations—often not more than a single sentence—from his private letters to friends or other writings. In these, far more than in his public actions, must we seek material from which to form a just estimate of his character. The man on whom is laid the task of guiding any great revolutionary movement, whether religious, social, or political, must often find himself guiding much in the sense in which a driver is guiding the horses that are running away with him, and which he can to some extent steady and direct, though he cannot stop them. The public actions, therefore, of such a man will never be a trustworthy guide to his real character, as they will often be rather the result of necessity than those his unfettered judgment would have approved.

Luther has been charged by his opponents with responsibility for some of the excesses which brought discredit on the cause of the Reformation—the disastrous Peasants' War among others; and, in the latter case, he can hardly perhaps be cleared from the charge of incautious expressions. Yet nothing can be more clearly shown than how steady, persistent, and frequent were his denunciations of all appeals to violence. Of the riots that took place in Erfurt, during his seclusion in the Wartburg, he wrote that he recognized therein the work of Satan, designing to bring shame and reproach on the Gospel. His hurried visit to Wittenberg, at the risk of his life, in December, 1521, had for its object the desire to check rash and intemperate action, and immediately on his return he issued his 'Faithful warning to all Christians to beware of tumult or revolt.' For his course of action with regard to the marriage of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, Luther must be held personally responsible,

and unquestionably much scandal and offence were thereby caused. Without pronouncing any opinion on the question, it is, however, well to bear in mind that it is very difficult for us, at the close of the nineteenth century, to grasp so vividly all the conditions of life in the first half of the sixteenth century, as to be able to give due weight to all the circumstances which Luther had to consider in arriving at his decision.

That in his public life Luther was stern and rugged in character, often rough and impetuous, no gentle, courteous antagonist, is very evident. How could it be otherwise? 'I was born,' he said, 'to fight with devils and storms, and hence it is that my writings are so boisterous and stormy.' He was the man for the emergency, and the moral and social atmosphere in which he lived was not exactly favourable to the growth of the virtues of mildness and gentleness. Deeds were daily rife such as make men stern, severe, gloomy, misanthropical, according to their natural bent, but not mild and gentle. Herr Köstlin's account of the cause of the final rupture between Luther and Archbishop Albrecht is worth pages of declamation against the 'wickedness in high places' which prevailed in the sixteenth century. The Archbishop's luxurious and magnificent style of living, to say nothing of indulgences of an expensive nature which were not paraded before the public, brought him often into sore straits for money. He had a confidential retainer, named Hans Schöniz, or Schanz, who managed for him all his financial transactions, both open and secret; and had even lent him large sums himself. Demands for subsidies, however, came too thick and fast. The Archbishop's House of Commons, so to speak, grew restive, especially as they were somewhat suspicious as to the expenditure of the same, no accounts being produced. Schöniz became alarmed respecting the private transactions he managed for the Archbishop, who however faithfully promised to protect him. But, alas, supplies were stopped until accounts were produced. What was to be done? There seemed but one way out of the embarrassment, of which, with much regret doubtless, the Archbishop forthwith availed himself. He allowed the hapless Schöniz to be arrested on charge

of fraud. In vain did the victim demand a public examination before impartial judges. In vain did even the Imperial Chamber issue edicts in his favour. To the second of these the Archbishop replied by having the prisoner, a burgher of Halle, and a member of a family of some position, brought before a tribunal of peasants, hastily collected from the neighbourhood of his prison, ostensibly to try a case of horse-stealing. Neither legal aid nor regular defence were allowed to the accused, confession was extorted by means of torture, sentence of death pronounced, and at once executed; and the culprit's property was confiscated by the Archbishop.

In Luther's domestic life all traces of sternness and harshness entirely disappears. He was a kind and loving husband, a tender, affectionate father. The letter to his little boy, so admirably translated by Mr. Froude in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*, is justly styled by him 'perhaps the prettiest letter ever addressed by a father to a child;' and nothing can be more touching than his mingled grief and resignation over the death of his little Lenchen.

For the cause of occasional inconsistencies, perhaps even contradictions, in Luther's character, we may look to a fact respecting him which we are very apt to forget. He is to all Protestants so absolutely the great Reformer, that we are perhaps inclined to forget that he was not to the manner born; that he was, at least until his momentous journey to Rome, in his twenty-eighth year, a sincere, zealous, and earnest Roman Catholic. How thoroughly and entirely so ever a man may change all his opinions or beliefs, after he has reached maturity, we doubt if the change will ever enable him entirely to throw off the habits of both thought and action, born of those beliefs or opinions which have grown up with him from childhood. Innumerable proverbs and wise sayings will occur to the mind of every reader, proving how widely recognised, in all ages of the world's history, has been the almost ineradicable force of habits once firmly established. To what other cause can we attribute such a really ludicrous fact as that mentioned by Herr Köstlin, that, for long after the beginning of his contest with the Papal power, Luther was in the habit of sometimes

when the presence of his multifarious occupations prevented him, during the week, from fulfilling all the personal obligations of his order, in the way of hours of devotion, &c., of giving up the whole of Sunday, including even the hours allowed for meals, to the task of making up the arrears; and this in spite of Melancthon's remonstrances on the absolute absurdity of supposing that if the neglect was a sin, such a childish retrieving of the neglect (*thorichtes nachholen*) could atone for the sin? How evidently in this case a remnant of the old leaven was still working!

But after all, the brightest gem in Luther's crown of fame is one which claims for him, as a man, the admiration of even those who most candidly disapprove his course of action. Unswerving determination to stand by the truth, or what is honestly believed to be the truth, regardless of self-interest, even of safety, is not too common a virtue in this world. The man who will dare affirm that his sentiments, judgments, or opinions have never been swayed by what the late James Hinton would have called 'self in the premiss,' is a bold one. Perchance that earnest, ardent love of truth, for truth's sake, which alone can give a man the courage always to follow steadily on where truth leads the way, is too sharp a crown of thorns to be endured by any ordinary mortal's brows. It cost Luther many a dark hour, when the dauntless spirit was almost too strong for the fainting flesh. For him, too, temptation to swerve somewhat must have come with insidious power. He was what in these days we should call 'a very rising man,' in a Church which had splendid prizes to bestow, and he could soon have shown that Church that he was well worth keeping. 'They that are of the truth hear my voice.' Martin Luther heard that voice, faithfully followed its guidance through storms and perils at which the stoutest heart might well have quailed, and died a simple German pastor. All Protestant Europe unite in honouring the four hundredth anniversary of his birth; while the name of many a prince and prelate who looked down with superb contempt upon, or condescendingly patronized, the gifted but eccentric son of the German miner, has been rescued from oblivion solely by the fact of its pos-

essor being brought into communication with the insignificant monk.

ART. VI.—THE THEOLOGY OF ST. PAUL.

1. *Paul: His Life and Works.* By F. C. BAUR. 2 Vols. London: 1873.
2. *Entwicklung des Paulinischen Lehrbegriffes.* Von LEONHARD USTERI. Zürich, 1851.
3. *Der Paulinismus.* Von O. PFLEIDERER. Leipzig, 1873.
4. *Paulinism.* By O. PFLEIDERER. Translated by E. Peters. 2 Vols. London, 1877.
5. *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans, with Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By the Rev. B. JOWETT, M.A. 2 Vols. London, 1859.
6. *Histoire de la Théologie Chrétienne au Siècle Apostolique.* Par E. REUSS. 2 Vols. Strasbourg et Paris, 1864.

THAT Luther had a high esteem for the Epistles of St. Paul and counted the Epistle of St. James no better than an Epistle of straw in comparison with them, is generally known; but it is not so generally known how high his esteem for them really was. Of the Epistle to the Romans he writes—‘Whoever has this Epistle well in his heart, has in him the light and power of the Old Testament,’ while of the principal doctrine both of this and of the Epistle to the Galatians he says—‘This doctrine can never be taught, urged, and repeated enough. If this doctrine be lost, then is also the doctrine of truth, life, and salvation, lost and gone. If this doctrine flourish, then all good things flourish, religion, the true service of God, the glory of God, the right knowledge of all things which are necessary for a Christian man to know.’ Luther, indeed, may be said to have re-discovered St. Paul; and such was the esteem in which he held his writings, and the zeal with which he laboured to promote the apprehension

and acceptance of their doctrines, that he gave them a prominence in the world's thought, which they had never had before, and made them the fundamental doctrines of the Protestant faith.

The present, therefore, seems a fitting moment for calling attention to the doctrines of the Apostle and for forming some general conception as to what they were. To many we are well aware the proposal may seem unnecessary, uncalled for, and partaking largely of the nature of a work of supererogation. We are not so sure, however, that they are right. It does not follow that because the doctrines of a great teacher are supposed to be known, they are really known; nor does it follow that because they have been long in the world their meaning is therefore exhausted or intelligently apprehended or applied. Doctrines usually run through a course of development, and not unfrequently the element of error they contain obscures or blots out the vision of their truth. In order to arrive at a clear apprehension of a doctrine, it is often necessary to revert to the statement or facts from which it was originally derived. 'It is but seldom borne in mind,' observed Professor Max Müller,* 'that without constant reformation, *i.e.*, without a constant return to its fountain-head, every religion, even the most perfect, nay the most perfect on account of its very perfection, more even than others, suffers from its contact with the world, as the purest air suffers from the mere fact of its being breathed.' The same is true of doctrines. They cannot be kept pure, they cannot be kept free from the accretions of error and misinterpretation which they inevitably gather as they pass from mind to mind, unless they be continually tested and revised. At all events, it is well now and again to exercise in our own person that right of 'private judgment which the Protestant faith has secured to us, and to inquire for ourselves, unprejudiced by the opinions of this or that prevailing school of theology, what meaning, judging by the best light we can bring to bear upon them, the Scriptures bear.

Luther's interpretation of St. Paul's writings we do not propose to touch. In the main, we believe he was right. His hold of the fundamental principles of the Apostle's teaching was

* *Chips*, I., 23.

for the most part clear and living ; but in some respects, clear as his insight was in others, and firmly as he believed himself to be right, we believe he was wrong. He lived too busy a life to understand the Apostle's teaching in all its varied bearings. He was unfortunate, too, in much of his terminology, and was too much under the dominion of words. Besides, what was new to him is to us old. And with the advantages of more than three centuries of Christian thought and experience, and the more perfect instrument of modern exegesis, it would simply be a reproach, if here in the nineteenth century, we are unable to form, in some respects at least, a larger and truer conception of what the Apostle taught than he did. What we propose, therefore, is to set forth as fully as our space will permit, what seem to us some of the fundamental principles taught by the Apostle himself. Before attempting this, however, one or two remarks of a preliminary nature appear to be requisite.

In connection with St. Paul's teaching, one of the most interesting and most important studies is the Apostle's use of language—the relation between his thought and his words, and the question whether he used his words always with the same fixed and definite meaning, or at times gave them a different signification, and used them to indicate ideas or realities which they do not usually represent. The latter part of the subject has already been discussed by Professor Jowett in an admirable essay in his volumes on the Epistles of St. Paul.* A thorough discussion of the whole subject is still needed ; but as the attempt would occupy more space than we can here command, and would lead us too far away from the purpose we have in hand, we shall content ourselves with setting down one or two of the points which our present purpose requires to be kept in mind.

St. Paul was a Hebrew—'a Hebrew of the Hebrews,' as he says. The language he used was Aryan. One of the most striking differences between the Hebrew or Semitic family of languages and the Aryan has been pointed out by Max Müller in the following terms:—'In the Semitic languages the roots of the predicates which were to serve as the proper names of any

* Vol. I., 125, *et seq.*

subjects, remained so distinct within the body of a word, that those who used the word were unable to forget its predicative meaning, and retained in most cases a distinct consciousness of its appellative power. In the Aryan languages, on the contrary, the significative element, or the root of a word, was apt to become so completely absorbed by the derivative elements, whether prefixes or suffixes, that most substantives ceased almost immediately to be appellative, and were changed into mere names or proper names.* For a philology which deals with language alone, or only with forms of speech, this explanation may suffice; but for philosophy, or for a scientific exegesis it is insufficient. It is requisite to point out what Professor Müller does not seem to have attached sufficient weight to, and what for the scientific apprehension of St. Paul's meaning and character as a writer is in our opinion of capital importance, viz.: that the differences existing between the Semitic and Aryan forms of speech indicate a difference in habit or type of mind. Consequently we have in the New Testament the singular spectacle of a number of writers, among whom the most voluminous and the most distinctly marked by peculiar characteristics is St. Paul, using as their instrument of expression a language which has been originated and elaborated in a type of mind different from their own. The bearing of this on the interpretation of St. Paul's writings is obvious. One of the most significant and inevitable inferences is, that in his writings we cannot look for the same exact use of language, or for the same precision of expression as we are entitled to expect in the writings of Plato or Aristotle, or of one to whom the Greek language or its Hellenistic idiom was native.

Further, St. Paul's position in regard to the language he employed was very much that of having to put new wine into old bottles. Like the Primitive Christian artist, he had to take the old forms and symbols, to empty them of their old significance, and then to infuse into them a new and higher meaning. The religious vocabulary at his disposal was extremely limited. The language he had to employ represented one world of ideas, and

* *Chips*, I., 356.

he had to use it in order to present and interpret another of a totally different order. Like Plato, Aristotle, and Kant, he had to create his own terminology. At the same time, and unlike these, he had to use his terms so as to make his ideas intelligible, not merely to an exclusively philosophical class of readers, but to those who were for the most part uneducated and illiterate. His language, therefore, like that of the rest of the evangelical writers, 'partakes largely of the plastic nature of that New Creation' which he was engaged in furthering. Moreover, as was almost inevitable, the comparative inaccuracy of spoken speech has passed over into his writings. Besides, though the form of instruction he has adopted is the dialectic, he does not always adhere to it. Very frequently he is carried away by a sudden access of emotion, and the result is that dialectics and sentiment, reasoning and emotion, are so mixed together, that it is difficult to separate the language of the one from the language of the other, or to obtain with precision the exact significance of either. To a reader possessed of a strictly 'logical mind,' St. Paul is at times sadly illogical; and it would not be difficult to show that the determination of theologians to interpret his writings by the strict rules of logic, have sometimes led them to put meanings into his words which they were in all probability never intended to have, and at the same time to miss the signification they were meant to bear.

Some words used by St. Paul demand from the students of his theology more than ordinary attention, and are often the cause of much perplexity. Though comparatively few in number, they are of frequent occurrence, and for the right understanding of his theological teaching, are of the first importance. Such words as life, death, resurrection, law, gospel, grace, righteousness, faith, the Apostle not unfrequently uses in a great variety of senses. In the same paragraph, and even in the same sentence he will often make them stand as the representatives of very different ideas or very different things. A similar practice has been pointed out in the writings of classical authors. 'Plato,' Sir Alexander Grant remarks,* 'dealt freely with language as he did with thought,

* *Ethics of Aristotle*, I., 219.

and never bound himself by fixed terms any more than by a fixed system.' Aristotle, on the other hand, strove hard to be final and 'to express his results in precise and permanent phraseology,' yet his efforts were not always successful. As Professor Jowett has remarked, 'the student of the Ethics of Aristotle has often been puzzled with the numerous senses of the words ἀρχή, τέλος, νόμος, ἀσθησις, σοφία, δύναμις, φύσις, σύνεσις, and others. He attempts in vain to introduce order and fixedness into the flux of meaning.'* A similar variation of meaning has been pointed out by Mr. J. S. Mill in the use of the English word 'nature,' and the group of words derived from it.† In St. Paul's writings this variation in the use of terms forms a marked feature, and as it has been discussed with considerable fulness and illustration by Professor Jowett in the essay ‡ to which we have already referred, we shall here cite one of the illustrations he employs. We do this with all the greater pleasure, inasmuch as we had ourselves arrived at substantially the same conclusions as Professor Jowett before we became acquainted with his essay. The passage selected is Rom. vii. 21—viii. 3.

'I find then a law, that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh, the law of sin. There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death. For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.'

'It would be impossible,' Professor Jowett observes, 'exactly to define all the modifications of meaning which the word law undergoes in this passage: in verse 21, according to the most probable explanation, it is used for

* *Epistles of St. Paul*, i. 127.

† *Three Essays on Religion*, p. 3.

‡ See also the essay 'On the Abstract Idea of the New Testament,' in the second volume.

a rule, or, as we should say, universal fact; in verses 22, 23, for the law of God, with an allusion to the law of Moses; also for the necessary force of evil; in verse 23, a distinction in its meaning is aimed at where it is hard to see a difference; in viii. 2, it is used for the rule, or rather power of the Gospel; in viii. 3, probably for the Jewish law only, as certainly in vii. 1. Compare also the paronomasia of the "law of faith," in iii. 27. Which of them would the Apostle have adopted as the original signification? Doubtless the law of Moses; yet he would not have been conscious of all the inflections of meaning through which he had allowed the word to pass. Nor would he, or those to whom he is writing, have understood our difficulty in understanding him.*

Other passages selected by Professor Jowett are Rom. viii. 9-11; 19-23; 1 Cor. ii. 10-16; xv. 55. The ambiguous or double senses in which St. Paul uses words, he concludes, may be arranged under the following heads:—

1. 'Words in themselves unambiguous, which nevertheless become ambiguous in a particular context, either from their indefiniteness or from the associations which intrude upon them from the connexion or from their use in other passages. 2. Words which have no precise or even near exponents in English, which fall asunder into two English words, and the sphere of which includes ideas which are distinct to us, yet to the mind of the first disciples nearly equivalent and closely connected. 3. Words like *νόμος* or *κρίσις* which pass through many meanings "in quick succession of light;" these meanings are, however, so closely connected that the transition from one to the other is often unconscious. 4. Words like *ζωή*, *θανάτος*, *ἡμέρα*, *πνεῦμα*, in the use of which two ideas, really distinct and having only a metaphorical connection, are blended in the writer's mind, as, for example, temporal life and death with spiritual life and death, or renewal with resurrection.†

The bearing of the facts we have now pointed out on the study of St. Paul's writings and theology is obvious. For the appreciation of his ideas something more is requisite than a knowledge of the niceties of the Greek grammar or even a keenly logical understanding. We do not undervalue these; in their way they are extremely good. All we maintain is that in order to form a true conception of St. Paul's doctrines they are not the exclusive qualifications. We might almost go

* *Epistles of St. Paul*, I., 130-131. London, 1859.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 134-135.

further and say they are not indispensable. A student who is comparatively weak in Greek, and to whom the moods of Barbara and Celarent are of the nature of enigmas, may arrive at a truer conception of the Apostle's teaching than a Senior Wrangler or one who has the Greek grammar and lexicon at his finger ends. And in so, saying, we are simply applying a well-known but frequently misused text of the Apostle's: 'The natural man (*ψυχικὸς*) receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto Him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual (*πνευματικὸς*) judgeth all things.' Among the essential requisites are spiritual sympathy and insight, with large acquaintance with the higher reaches of human thought and experience. Nor must we omit Mr. Arnold's 'culture.' A wide knowledge of the literary use of words, also, and the faculty of looking all round a subject, and of forming a correct impression of its essential character, will render the student more help in appreciating St. Paul's ideas than a knowledge of the rules of logic or great cleverness in detecting departures from them.

In order, therefore, to lay before our readers what seem to us some of the fundamental doctrines of the Apostle, we shall not trouble ourselves with niceties of grammar. Nor shall we enter upon any discussion as to the authenticity and genuineness of the Epistles attributed to him. The Tübingen doctors have already wearied the world enough with their laborious treatises. Of considerable value in connection with the history of St. Paul, they have contributed little to our knowledge of his teaching. They have given prominence to the fact that in his later Epistles there are differences of phrase and doctrine; but they have failed to show that they are the work of a different hand. All that the differences they have emphasized amount to is, not a contradiction but a development; and if they prove anything at all, they prove that the Apostle was even less bound by phrases and systems than Plato, and that he wrote neither as a dialectician, nor as a speculative philosopher, but from an actual vision of the great mysteries by which we are surrounded, and from the actual experience of his daily life.

The soil in which St. Paul's theology germinated was exclusively Jewish. Of this we had thought there could be no reasonable doubt; but it is the fashion now-a-days among a certain circle of writers either to disparage Christianity or to seek for its origin not in Palestine or among the Jews, but in Greece. Among those who do the latter, one of the most recent is M. Havet. That there are certain elements in Christian theology which bear a close resemblance to some of the doctrines of Greek philosophy and especially to some of those of the Platonic, has been long recognised and admitted. M. Havet, however, is the first who has had the courage to maintain that the principal sources of Christianity are in Hellenism alone. Let us hear him:—

'At first sight, the historical sources of Christianity seem to be wholly Jewish. Jesus is a Jew and lives in the midst of Jews. Paul is a Jew: the Sacred Scriptures of the Jews are also those of the Christians. The very word Christ is simply the translation of a Jewish word which has no equivalent either in the Greek or in the Latin language. The Passover is the name of a Jewish festival; the rest of the seventh day is a Jewish custom. Nevertheless, a different order of facts soon warns us to be on our guard against this. Jerusalem was never, even for a single moment a Christian city; one Father of the Church (Justin), in the second century of our era, remarked that it was among the Jews that the fewest Christians were found. The name Christian originated in Antioch. That which the Christians call the New Testament is composed of Greek books alone. It was to Greeks that the Epistles of St. Paul were written; it was in Grecian Asia that the seven churches were built to which the Apocalypse was addressed. Rome has continued the capital of Christianity; Carthage, Lyons, Alexandria, Constantinople were its principal seats. All the Christian dogmas have been formulated in the Greek language and in Greek councils. The very words dogma, mystery, symbol, catechism; the names priest, bishop, deacon, monk; even the term theology, all are Greek. In a word, it is the Greek world which has become the Christian world. It is in the Greek world alone, therefore, that it is requisite to study the origins of Christianity. . . . It was not Greek faith and wisdom which were absorbed into Judaism at that epoch; in reality it was Judaism itself which was absorbed, when changing its name and spirit together, into the common faiths of the human race.*

* *Le Christianisme et ses Origines*, quoted by Vacherot, *La Religion*, pp. 101-2.

Christianity, then, we are asked to believe, had its origin among the Greeks, and the reason why we are asked to believe this is that the names, cities, and writings belonging to Christianity are Greek. We might almost as well be asked to believe that the Christianity at present existing in the British Isles had its origin in England for the simple reason that the names and the version of the Scriptures it uses are English. Surely if an argument ever deserved to be condemned as weak, it is M. Havet's. The distinction between Christianity and its accidents M. Havet seems to have entirely overlooked. That Christianity derived much assistance from the diffusion of the Greek language and the Greek philosophy there can be no question, but Christianity itself is neither the Christian dogmas nor the Christian Scriptures. These are simply its fruits. Christianity, properly so called, is much more than a book, and much more than a dogma or a system of dogmas. As an old English divine, now unfortunately but little known, has said, it is 'not so much a system and body of saving divinity, as the spirit and vital influx of it spreading itself over all the powers of men's souls, and quickening them into a divine life,' or as he elsewhere puts it, 'a vital and quickening thing able to beget in men a soul and form of divine goodness.*' And as to the origin of this power, at least as to its earthly source, there can be no question. Jesus and Paul were not Greeks, but Jews.† And probably nothing is more certain than that if Jesus had not appeared, Christianity would not.

Theologians with whom this is a fundamental conviction and to whom the idea of seeking for the origin of Christianity elsewhere than in Judaism is repugnant, are in the habit of using as their starting point for the presentation of St. Paul's doctrines the Apostle's own personal experience, or generalizing what they believe to have been his experience, they take as their starting point

* John Smith, *Select Discourses*. See also a selection from these entitled *The Natural Truth of Christianity*.

† Even M. Havet admits that from the Jews there 'issued a virtue which has moved the world.' 'If they did not make Christianity,' he says, 'they have made the Christian revolution.'

the sense or existence of sin. Professor Usteri, for example, whose, in some respects, admirable volume furnishes one of the titles we have placed at the head of this article, and which, though it has passed through several editions in German, is not yet translated into English, takes as his starting point the sinful condition of the world previous to the advent of our Lord. Dähne does practically the same. So also does Pfeiderer. Baur begins his exposition of the Apostle's doctrinal system by discussing the principle of the Christian consciousness. He then proceeds to treat of the doctrine of justification by faith. The discussion of the doctrines of God and Christ he relegates to an appendix! Professor Reuss finds the fundamental and generative idea of the Pauline theology in a passage* in which the leading thought is the manifestation of the divine righteousness; yet singularly enough he begins his exposition with chapters on the conditions of human happiness, sin, and the law. The reason given for this is that the Apostle's doctrines are best explained by his life. 'The doctrine of Paul,' says Professor Reuss, 'is the natural corollary of his history. To study his history from a psychological point of view is the best, the only way to understand his teaching.'† That may be; still, any process which makes sinful man and not the God of all grace the foundation of a Christian Theology is, to say the least, suspicious. And besides, a theology which finds its initial principle in the sense of sin, and then argues from the necessities of man to the character and works of God, is not only false in method; it opens the way to all manner of theological and superstitious vagaries. St. Paul's method was different. In common with the rest of the writers of the New Testament, he finds the initial point of his theology not in his own sense of sin nor in that of others, but in God. God as revealed in Christ Jesus, and as he saw Him working in the depths of his own spiritual nature, and in the minds of others,—here was the ground and origin of all he taught. No doubt his doctrines took their peculiar form and colour from his own modes of thought and experience. It was impossible that they should do aught else. But they were not

* Rom. iii. 21-24. † *Hist. de la Théologie Chrétienne*, ii. 15.

their source. The ground on which he stood, the fountain of his inspiration and enlightenment, and the starting point of his theology was neither the sense of sin in man nor the necessities of the human mind, but the revelation of the living God. The witness of this is in his Epistles. Any one who will take the trouble to read them carefully, and unprejudiced by the theological systems of the present, will find that what we have here said is there amply borne out. In other words, he will find that the thought with which the Apostle's mind is filled, and the one to which he continually reverts as to the initial point of his teaching—is that 'God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' He will find, moreover, that the doctrine of justification by faith, though usually regarded as his principal doctrine, and notwithstanding its immense practical importance, is in reality a derivative one, and that the prominence given to it is mainly due to the exigencies of controversy.

We have dwelt on this topic because of its importance. Much of the current theology is tainted with the sense of sin, and stands on a wrong foundation. In their passion for systems and logic our theologians, from Luther downwards, have in a measure departed from the evangelical method, and laid themselves open to the charge of having presented God not according to the revelations which he has made of Himself in Scripture and else, where, but according to their own devices. It is deeply to be regretted that they have, for to this is mainly due the utter confusion into which most of our theological opinions have fallen, and the antipathy which many are entertaining to anything which claims to be in the slightest degree theological.

What God is the Apostle nowhere fully states. His writings, it ought always to be remembered, are epistles written accidentally, or to meet an emergency. Those to whom they are addressed were already familiar with his teaching, or, at least, with the fundamental ideas of the Gospel. All he generally aims at therefore is not to write a treatise, or a full exposition of any particular point of theology, but to correct this or that impression, or to resolve this or that doubt

or perplexity. Hence his writings contain little more than hints; yet these hints are so numerous, so rich in suggestion, so full of light and instruction, that there is no difficulty in forming a clear and sure conception of what his fundamental theological conceptions were.

Professor Reuss finds them, as we have already remarked, in Rom. iii. 21-24, and to a certain extent he is no doubt right. But as we have also remarked his order of dealing with the ideas he there finds seems to us to be radically wrong. Instead of building up the Pauline theology on the St. Paul's idea of God, he rests it upon the condition and necessities of man. As with the rest who have adopted this mode of presentation, the argument which he puts into the mouth of the Apostle is—'Man is miserable, therefore God is gracious;' whereas, the Apostle's real argument seems to us to be—'God is gracious, therefore men ought to be, and may and will be happy.' And hence the true order of the Pauline doctrines is not sin, law, redemption, justification; but God, Christ, the Gospel, election, eternal life, the end. This arrangement we think will justify itself; and all that now remains to be done is to show as briefly, yet as fully as we can, what St. Paul's ideas on these subjects were.

1. *God.*—Any elaborated description of the Divine Being, St. Paul, as we have said, nowhere gives. In some passages he seems almost to touch on Pantheism; *e.g.*, in the passages—'In Him we live, and move, and have our being;' 'There is one God and Father who is above all, and through all, and in all.' There are three points, however, to which the Apostle always steadily holds, *viz.*: God is a Person; He is the Father of Men; He is always active. In his descriptions of the divine activity the Apostle is especially rich in terms and phrases. Righteousness, love, mercy, grace, justifying, reconciling, sanctification, consolation, hope, patience, comfort, are some of the terms he employs to denote one or other of its manifold sides. When it is put forth for the destruction of sin or evil, he designates it anger or wrath. On the other hand, when it is exerted to wean man from sin or to lift him up and to transform him into the image of Christ, or to translate him into a new and blessed estate, such terms as redemption, salvation, reconciling, love, mercy, grace,

are employed. Other terms are law, the spirit of life in Jesus Christ, speaking, commanding, revelation, shining. In relation to men, God is a Father, a Saviour, the Author of Salvation, One who was in Christ Jesus reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses. His will is their sanctification; His purpose is to save all. The end for which He works in men is that they may will and do of His good pleasure. To this end also He works in all things. The gathering together of all things into Christ Jesus, or their complete renewal and the final establishment of a perfect society in a perfect world is designated his 'eternal purpose.' So that if we use the term charity in its old sense, *i.e.*, as indicating both its passive and its active aspects, or as benevolence and beneficence, we shall perhaps best describe the Divine Being, as He is represented in the Pauline scriptures, by saying that He is the Infinite and Eternal Charity. That He is aught less or aught else, or that there is in the Divine Mind the least shadow of estrangement from men, or that He maintains towards them any vindictive purpose, or any that is not inspired by an infinite and unchanging and unchangeable charity, St. Paul never affirms. Certain of his words have from time to time been twisted so as to suggest that he does, but the suggestion is so manifestly contradicted by the whole tenor and spirit of his writings as to be unworthy of serious refutation.

2. *Christ* is regarded by the Apostle under two principal aspects. On the one hand, He is the Son of David, the man Christ Jesus; on the other, He is the Son of God. As the Son of God, he occupies, both in the later and in the earlier Pauline theology, the place of the Johannean Logos. He is the first-born of every creature, the image of the invisible God, He in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. It is in Him also that God is reconciling the world to Himself. As the Son of God, too, He is the one Mediator between God and men. His office as the Mediator, however, is not to reconcile God to men, but men to God, to bring the grace and purity and power of God to purify and ennoble men, so that being delivered from the misery of sin and reconciled to God they may share His beneficence and joy. And, again, just as He unites men to God, so he unites men to each other, breaking down the divisions

between men and men and between the race and God. He is contemplated also as the representative of what is really human. Hence the Apostle speaks of Him as 'Christ in you the hope of glory,' and also of the 'fulness of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus.' And again, He is regarded as the inaugurator, by means of His life, death, and resurrection, and the spirit He communicated to His disciples, of a new era in the history of the world. And once again, he is contemplated as crowned and triumphant in heaven, as having received the government of all things to be exercised under God, until the work of redemption be finally completed.

There can be no doubt, we think, that when writing of the sacrifice of Christ, St. Paul was frequently hampered by the forms and speculations of the Rabbinical schools and by the necessity of meeting those to whom he wrote on their own ground, and adapting his teaching to their established modes of thought. This is obviously the case in his Epistles to the Romans and Galatians, where his controversy is either with Jewish or Judaized Christians, or with his zealous opponents and persecutors the Judaizers. Had he been writing for the future, and not for the purpose of combating specific views, the probability is he would have adopted a different mode of statement, one, we should say, more like that which he has adopted in his Epistles to the Corinthians. It is to be regretted therefore that the Protestant Church has fastened so strongly upon the controversial passages of these two famous Epistles. Those in which his language is less technical afford, we conceive, a much clearer indication of his ideas, and have at least the merit of being more intelligible and less liable to lead the reader astray from his real meaning.

In addition to what we may call our Lord's official character, there are traces in St. Paul's writings of what may be termed His personal character. The number of these is somewhat large, and whenever they occur, they always serve to kindle in the Apostle an intense emotion. Viewed in this aspect, St. Paul sees in Christ the perfect mirror of all that is divine and human, a being who is full of reasonableness and mildness, one whose devotion to

the welfare of man is characterized by such utter self-sacrifice and such wealth and intensity of affection that it seems to press in upon him on all sides and to take possession of his thoughts. 'The love of Christ,' he exclaims, 'constraineth us.' It was on this, the personal side of His character, that our Lord's power over the Apostle was greatest. And hence in his theology the Cross is at once the symbol of the divine love, and the type to which all human actions ought to be conformed. In other words, 'Christ and Him crucified' is the revelation both of the love of God and the duty of man.

3. *The Gospel* is one of those terms which in St. Paul's pages are continually varying their signification. Sometimes it is a message; sometimes a ministration or a ministry; sometimes a power. As a message, it is the gospel or good news from God, or about God, the message brought by Christ, or concerning Christ, the message of salvation, or the message of peace. As a ministry, it is a ministry of reconciliation; as a ministration, the ministration of life. St. Paul's fundamental idea of the gospel, however, is that it is a power, 'the power of God unto salvation.' In this aspect he sometimes speaks of it under the term righteousness, or the righteousness of God; partly because it is steadily carrying out the eternal purpose of God; and partly because it is making all things right, or helping them to fulfil the law and design of their being. Considered from this point of view, his doctrine may be stated thus:—As a redeeming and renewing energy the Gospel has never at any time been absent from among men. Through its secret operations God has been found of them that sought Him not, and the fulness of times has been brought in. Its existence among men was witnessed to by the law—both by the written and the unwritten law—and by the prophets. By the faith of Jesus Christ, or by means of His life, death, and resurrection, it has been manifested unto and upon all them that believe, and is now brought out of the concealment in which it had previously wrought, being made known, and recognised as a power which is working in the world to civilize, reclaim, and renew it. In this relation the Apostle sometimes calls it the kingdom of heaven, a kingdom which, as he says, is not in word but in power. At times, too, he calls it grace. When it obtains

dominion over the human will, or when it is taken up into it, and disposes men to believe in and follow Christ, it is named faith. Hence we have the great saying—‘By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.’

This point, the fact that with St. Paul the favourite and fundamental conception of the Gospel is that of a divine power working amongst all classes of men for their renewal, is one, we think, which cannot be too strongly or too frequently insisted upon. It involves the truths (1), That the righteousness of God is not, as commentators and theologians are in the habit of telling us, merely a forensic righteousness, but an active one; and (2) That justification by faith implies, in the Pauline sense, not merely the forgiveness of sins—for that is assumed by the very existence of the Gospel—but a process by which, the human will co-operating with the righteousness of God, the believer is made right, or, to use St. Paul’s phrase, transformed by the renewing of his mind.

In support of this view of the Apostle’s fundamental idea of the Gospel, we shall here take the liberty of citing a passage from the old English divine to whom we have already referred. He is discussing the difference between the Law and the Gospel. This, however, only serves to bring out more forcibly the dynamical character of the latter.

‘The true difference between the Law and the Gospel, as it seems evidently to be laid down everywhere by St. Paul in his Epistles, is clearly this, viz., That the Law was merely an external thing, consisting in such precepts as had only an outward administration; but the Gospel is an internal thing, a vital form and principle seating itself in the minds and spirits of men. And this is the most proper and formal difference between the Law and the Gospel, that the one is considered only as an *external* administration, and the other as an *internal*. And, therefore, the Apostle calls the Law ‘the ministration of the letter and of death,’ it being in itself but a dead letter; as all that which is without a man’s soul must needs be. But, on the other side, he calls the Gospel, because of the intrinsic and vital administration thereof in living impressions upon the souls of men, ‘the ministration of the spirit,’ and ‘the ministration of righteousness.’ By this he cannot mean the history of the Gospel, or those *credenda* propounded to us to believe; for this would make the Gospel itself as much an external thing as the Law was, and, according to the external administration, as much a killing or dead letter as the Law was: and so we see that

the preaching of 'Christ crucified was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness.' But, indeed, he means a vital efflux from God upon the souls of men, whereby they are 'made partakers of life and strength' from Him. . . . So that the Gospel or evangelical administration must be an internal impression, a vivacious and evangelical spirit and principle of righteousness in the souls of men, whereby they are inwardly enabled to express a real conformity thereto. . . . The Gospel does not so much consist in *verbis* as in *virtute*; neither doth the evangelical dispensation therefore please God so much more than the legal did, because, as a finer contrivance of His infinite understanding, it more clearly discovers the way of salvation to the minds of men; but chiefly, because it is a more powerful efflux of His divine goodness upon them, as being the true seed of a happy immortality continually thriving and growing on to perfection.*

In the same way Smith speaks of justification. 'God's justifying of sinners, in pardoning and remitting their sins,' he says, 'carries in it a necessary reference to the sanctifying of their natures; without which justification would rather be a glorious name, than a real privilege to the souls of men.'†

But to sum up, the Gospel according to St. Paul's teaching, we may say, is not simply a message; it is also a redeeming and perfecting power, and may be described as all or anything that works for the redemption of the world.‡

* *The Natural Truth of Christianity*, pp. 89, et seq.

† *Ibid.*, 108.

‡ Since the above was written, we have received a copy of M. Sabatier's *L'Apôtre Paul*. Our regret is that we were not acquainted with this beautiful work before. It is full of admirable criticism, and will well repay perusal. Speaking of St. Paul's idea of the divine righteousness, M. Sabatier remarks:—'It is the idea of a positive righteousness, immanent in God and manifesting itself by making the sinner righteous. This notion astonishes us, because we are habituated by our language itself to accord to the word righteousness only a negative signification. We are so much dominated by this forensic and inferior notion that it is with difficulty we raise ourselves to the much higher and more beautiful idea of a righteousness which is communicated, and which tends to replace everywhere evil with good and death with life. It is not requisite to establish any opposition between the *righteousness of God*, in the sense of the Apostle, and the *grace* of God. If the word *grace* indicates the act of love by which God saves man, the phrase *righteousness of God* marks uniquely the nature, the moral quality of that divine act. Thus

4. *Election.*—When treating of this doctrine St. Paul is simply dealing with an actual fact, the obvious and recognised fact that men are divided into two classes, those who are more or less disposed to virtue, and those who are not. But that the latter are condemned to an eternal perdition, he nowhere teaches. Interpreting the fact in strict harmony with the Gospel, he teaches that the elect have been chosen, and endowed, that through them the rest of mankind may be saved. This is so obviously his teaching that the marvel is that any other opinion should have been formed of it. One of his utterances alone might have prevented the old theologians from drawing from some of his words the fearful inference they did, had they but given to it a moment's unprejudiced thought, the utterance, viz.:—‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.’

5. *Eternal Life.*—For the designation of this also St. Paul's vocabulary is singularly rich. Righteousness, wisdom, sanctification, peace and joy in believing, the fruits of the Spirit, the spirit of Christ, with other words and phrases, are used to indicate it. But the point to be observed respecting his teaching on this subject is, that it is a life which is entered upon and enjoyed here in the present. Of a future felicity which had not its beginnings here, the Apostle had no conception. His mission was not simply to open out large prospects of happiness in the future, but to improve the condition and conduct of men here. This he professed and taught was the aim of his Gospel. Eternal life, therefore, with him, was not something which abstracted men from the everyday life of the world. Springing out of their faith and depending for its depth and fulness on their devotion to their work as the saviours of society, they could obtain and enjoy it both here and hereafter, he maintained, only in proportion as they became better citizens and better men.

6. *The End.*—On this the Apostle's teaching may be gathered

understood, this righteousness of God is no longer a simple declaration of acquittal for the guilty, but a real power (*δυναμὶς θεοῦ*) which enters into and is organically developed in the world, in the same way as the power of sin itself, and in opposition to it.’

from several well known passages of his writings. Of these we may cite the following :—

‘ God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due season.

‘ Having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure which he hath purposed in himself : that in the dispensation of the fulness of times he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both things which are in heaven and things which are on earth.

‘ Hardness in part is happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved.

‘ The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope ; because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

‘ For he (Christ) must reign till he hath put all things under his feet. The last enemy that shall be slain is death. . . . And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.’

There are doubtless several difficulties of interpretation here, yet even allowing for them, the Apostle's teaching is clearly that all things are continually being carried up to a point where evil and sin will cease, and the will of God, which, as he elsewhere tells us, is the sanctification of men, will everywhere prevail.

Such, it seems to us, is the teaching of the Apostle on the various subjects we have mentioned. Our presentation of it will no doubt be regarded by many as imperfect ; and as imperfect we must frankly confess it deserves to be considered. Such is the wealth and fulness of St. Paul's language, and such its richness of signification, that every attempt to state his opinions must always be more or less defective. Yet in the main, what we have said is, we believe, true. We have aimed at giving not a particular account of this or that doctrine, but at presenting what appears to us the broad and general features of the Apostle's teaching. A fuller account our space would not allow us to give. If we are right so far as we have gone, and we believe that no

intelligent and unprejudiced student of St. Paul's writings will have any difficulty in finding out passages to confirm our statements, we have said enough to show that St. Paul's doctrine is far from antiquated or effete, and that even amid the thought and bustle of this nineteenth century it is as full of hope and inspiration, and as mighty to save, as it was in the first.

ART. VII.—CHARLES DICKENS.

1. *The Works of Charles Dickens.* Pocket Volume Edition. 20 Vols. London, 1883.
2. *The Life of Charles Dickens.* By JOHN FORSTER. London, 1883.
3. *The Letters of Charles Dickens.* Edited by his SISTER-IN-LAW and his ELDEST DAUGHTER. 3 Vols. London, 1882.
4. *English Men of Letters. Dickens.* By A. W. WARD. London, 1883.
5. *About England with Dickens.* By ALFRED RIMMER. London, 1883.

MORE than thirteen years have passed since Dickens was suddenly taken from us in the very midst of his work, seized by death almost before the ink of his unfinished *Edwin Drood* was dry upon his manuscript. For many days and weeks his study remained as he left it, and a sketch, made by Marcus Stone of the deserted scene, shewing the moveable calendar standing at 'June 8th,' the chair just pushed back, the Falstaff Inn across the road visible through the open window, was one of the most touching pictures the *Graphic* ever produced.

It is still too soon to prognosticate what position his novels will ultimately take in English literature, but at present he is the most widely read of our novelists. The last book on our list is an indication that the scenes of his incidents are still eagerly sought after by enthusiastic admirers, and although

we cannot speak of it so highly as we could wish, we at least owe it to Mr. Rimmer that he has sent us back once more to enjoy Dickens's fun and excitement, and to renew an acquaintance with the author himself through his biographer.

The interest taken by the public in their favourite author's personality, dates from an early period in his life. The very fact of a young man of three-and-twenty leaping at one bound into a blaze of popularity was a thing unheard of. 'Pickwick' was upon everybody's tongue; portraits of Mr. Pickwick were in every shop window; young authors bought Pickwick pens, and smoked penny Pickwick cigars, in the hopes of comic inspiration. The popularity gained by the first work suffered no diminution through those that followed, the author knew his own strength and how to hold it. His wonderful powers of observation, and of fixing his pictures, set everybody wondering where he could have gained such large knowledge of London—of the interior of the Fleet Prison included—and how far the first person in which several of his books were written described actual facts. Then he had a determined way of asserting himself and bringing himself before the public, as in his *American Notes* and *Pictures from Italy*, and later on in his occasional papers, some of the most brilliant as well as the most 'subjective' of his productions, and above all in his public readings. Consequently his biography was eagerly expected, and on its appearance, was eagerly read.

In the hands of two of his biographers he has not been fortunate. Mr. Forster personally had a good opinion of him. But to the outside world his book does not justify that opinion. Lord Macaulay says that Bishop Tomline will go down to fame as having written the worst biography in the English language in his life of Pitt. Without asserting that Forster's *Life of Dickens* runs it close, we cannot but feel that some of the worst faults of the bishop's book are apparent in this. It is badly arranged as regards chronology, the reader finds himself continually brought back to something which he thought was done with, or roughly and needlessly stopped in the middle of an account which is taken up further on when the interest is diminished. The incidents are often clumsily

told, and we have page upon page of letters and cuttings which make us yawn again before we once more get under way with the story. Thus when the first volume appeared everybody hung with the deepest interest over the history of his boyhood. But long before they got to the end of the volume they were heartily sick of it, for it was padded out through nearly half with letters from America which had already been worked up into the *American Notes*. We would undertake to say that any man taking up this life for the first time will skip pages by the dozen when he comes to the American portion. Then moreover the book irritates by the writer's perpetual intrusion of himself. 'It might as well have been called "Dickens's Laudation of Forster,"' said one angry critic, not without reason.

The excellent series of 'English Men of Letters,' under the editorship of Mr. John Morley, is a valuable addition to our literature, and Mr. A. W. Ward had done sufficient good work to justify the editor in entrusting *Dickens* to him. Yet the result is a very poor one, this book and Anthony Trollope's *Thackeray* are in our judgment the two poorest of the whole series, and for the simple reason apparently that the writers did not give time enough to them. Of the position of one of his chief masters in literature, as Thackeray certainly was, Mr. Trollope seems to have gained no grasp at all. Mr. Ward's volume is little more than a new dish up of Forster. But the *Letters* make a very different kind of work. It is impossible to speak too highly of the good taste as well as ability with which Miss Hogarth and Miss Dickens did their work. At the beginning of each year they give us a narrative as short as it can be made, and then let the letters speak for themselves.

Mr. Rimmer deserves great praise for the beautiful wood-cut illustrations of his book. Readers of Dickens will always be pleased to see pictures of the place where any given event occurred. There are Blunderstone Rookery and Church, and the Inns of Court, and Dotheboys Hall, and we ponder upon them quite fascinated. But we object to the padding out of the book by long extracts from Dickens and by elaborate accounts of the plots of the stories. He gives us

page upon page of nothing in the world but paste and scissors. And he has not really studied his author. He gives us what he evidently thinks profound views of the meaning of certain expressions and scenes, when, if he had read further and more carefully, he would have found his author explaining for him, and much more correctly. Here and there we find Mr. Rimmer strangely tripping. Thus in *Pickwick* he tells us that Jingle and Job Trotter got Mr. Pickwick arrested by Mr. Nupkins's order. The proverbial 'every schoolboy' could certainly have told him that they had nothing to do with it. So in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, having assumed that the races which the old man and Little Nell visited were at Newmarket, he gives us an elaborate account of the stages of their journey, identifying each one. But it was not Newmarket at all. It was Epsom. The scene is described with strict accuracy in the story, Epsom exactly, and not a bit like Newmarket. Besides, the Punch and Judy men describe themselves as coming from the west of England, and the old man and child reach the western factory towns in their progress. We are sorry that we cannot praise more highly so very pretty a book. If Mr. Rimmer would cut it down to a quarter of its size and price, it would be more useful.

What manner of man Dickens was we can perceive well enough from his books as well as from his letters. We all remember the passage in which Lord Macaulay shows how Johnson's early privations affected his character and manners all through his life. It is certainly no less true that the boyish experiences of Dickens told with wonderful force on his character. His father was always in money difficulties, and the son had a miserable time of it as a child going to and fro to the pawnbrokers, hanging about the Marshalsea and Fleet, and tying up pots of blacking for six shillings a week. And all the while he never lost the consciousness that he possessed great powers and capabilities, and fortunately, or this consciousness would have been belied; he also learned to throw himself eagerly into what he was doing, that he might do it well. In the blacking days, there was constant rivalry between him and his companions who could tie up pots quickest and

finish them off most neatly. The result of all which was that when Dickens overcame his difficulties and became a prosperous man he never for a moment doubted his own powers. He had expected to succeed, and he had succeeded. What more was needed? And thus he grew more and more self-concentrated, self-confident, self-assertive. He was not a good scholar like Johnson or even Thackeray, never went to a public school, and certainly knew very little of the Latin Grammar. But as a sickly, neglected child, he had loved to get away by himself and nurse his imagination on Fielding, and Smollett, and Lesage, and Shakspeare, and we might almost call this his only early book education. His powers of memory and observation were altogether astonishing; they were part of his habit. It is hardly to be wondered at that he seemed to have something very like a conviction of his own infallibility. All through his writings you find him laying down the law on politics and history and theology, without any sort of misgiving that possibly wider reading might have modified his views. It was a heavy drawback to his character, and made him (to speak plainly) arrogant. And closely akin to this is his overweening personal vanity. Always he seems craving after praise, present and posthumous. He tells Mr. Forster to be sure and put so and so into his biography. And by the way, it would have been wiser of the biographer to leave these little requests out, and not to have exhibited his subject supplicating mankind for their '*Plaudite.*' We could multiply proofs of this weakness which are within our knowledge, but we gladly turn to a pleasanter subject. What kept him great, and makes us regard this self-conceit as a flaw on a fine character, was his generous heart. Throughout his labours he is ever seen anxious to improve the condition of the world and to enlarge men's sympathies for the poor and suffering. No one can doubt who reads him that his whole heart went with his denunciations of cruelties—whether of prison, of school, or of workhouse—of pseudo-philanthropy, of hypocrisy and shams of all sorts, as they presented themselves before him. And to a very large extent he succeeded in his objects. He may have somewhat exaggerated his own estimate of his success when

he attributes the pulling down of the Fleet Prison to his own pen; but at least he was the powerful mouthpiece of public opinion. One has only to name 'Bumble' to call up memories of abuses and oppressions which the creation of that good-for-nothing old noodle abolished, or 'Mrs. Gamp,' to remind us that a revolution has taken place in hospital nursing since that lady hob-nobbed with Betsy Prig. Take two remarkable instances from the novel of *Bleak House*. When that work appeared in 1852 and 1853, there was a good deal of fuss being made by a certain Mrs. ———, who had constituted herself the friend of the African. Dickens set her up on high as 'Mrs. Jellyby,' and from that moment of painful exaltation her 'mission' was at an end. And in the same work he described with ghastly power the horrors of the intramural burial-ground, where the poor law-writer was buried, and at the gate of which Lady Dedlock lay down and died; and next year the Home Secretary, Lord Palmerston, summarily closed these burial-grounds one and all, and treated every vested interest with absolute indifference.

There was another form in which Dickens's generous heart manifested itself—namely, in the help and advice which he was always ready and even eager to give to young authors. He had little patience, indeed, with amateurs who wrote 'just to beguile their leisure moments' and not with serious intent. Such a mode of proceeding cut right across his favourite motto that 'whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' A lady who sent him a story thus written between intervals of business, and ostentatiously declared it to be hasty and crude for that reason, immediately got it back with the assurance that there could not possibly be anything in it worth consideration. But a young man who had bestowed honest pains, a working man like Overs, the poor carpenter and author (*Life*, vol. ii., p. 114) was sure to meet in Charles Dickens a considerate and unwearied benefactor. We once heard it said that Dickens was jealous of other successful writers, and we asked one of the best known novelists of the day whether there was any truth in the statement. The reply

was a sharp denial,—‘I have had a good deal to do with him, and I never saw anything of the sort.’

We are not about to recount the details of his life at length, but we may sum them up in a few paragraphs. He was born at Portsea on the 7th of February 1812, the son of a clerk in the Navy Pay office. When he was about four years old the family (there were five other children who grew up, Charles being the second) were shifted to Chatham, and there lived until 1821, when they removed to London. The child had been taught at a school kept by a Mr. Giles and so far taught well. He had little relish for boyish games, and liked nothing so well as to get away by himself to read a collection of novels which he found in a garret at home. In London the family were always in difficulties, his father being a good-natured kindly man, with no better ideas than of living from hand to mouth, and his mother a fussy muddler who made things worse. The one he afterwards laughed at as Mr. Micawber, the other as Mrs. Nickleby, and also as Mrs. Wilfer. The servant of all work whom they had brought from Chatham has come down to posterity as the Marchioness. A step son of his mother's sister named Lamert, got the boy employment in the blacking warehouse before mentioned in old Hungerford market, and he has depicted his life at this period in his account of David Copperfield's career after his mother's death, only with the difference that he places David not amongst blacking pots, but amongst wine bottles. At length, feeling himself capable of better things, he took courage to remonstrate with his father on his unhappy uncared-for condition, the family got out of the Fleet into which his father had been thrown for debt, and Charles was sent to school. He tells in the fragment of autobiography which he gave to Forster, how during this time he found subjects to be hereafter wrought into word pictures, the Garland family, Mrs. Pipchin, Mrs. Jarley's poet, and the old woman who rubbed her nose along the top of the fender, who is immortalised in the amazingly ludicrous description of Mrs. Gamp in the sick room at the Bull. His description of the school to which he was now sent, Wellington House Academy in the Hampstead Road, forms one of his excellent *Uncommen-*

cial papers, though the troublesome candour of one of the contemporary pupils, who remembered him well, shows that he drew a long bow in asserting that he was 'first boy,' that he 'got prizes' and that he was 'put into Virgil.' In fact two letters from pupils are given by Mr. Forster, which show that he was in no condition to read Virgil. It is clear that he knew nothing of the classics.

After a short period in a lawyer's office (May 1827 to Nov. 1828), where he again stored fresh materials, to be afterwards wrought up into 'Dodson and Fogg,' and 'Solomon Pell,' and 'Conversation Kenge,' and the love-lorn 'Guppy,' and 'Jobling' the seedy, to say nothing of the 'Artful Dodger,' and other heroes of the Police Court, father and son both became shorthand reporters. And again young Dickens threw himself with such earnestness into his business that he is said to have become the best reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons. In one of his wittiest speeches (for the Newspaper Press Fund, May, 1865), he described how he laboured in this profession, and he has also most humorously described his training in *David Copperfield*. It was during this time that he took courage to drop a story into the letter box of the *New Monthly Magazine*, 'Mr. Minns and his Cousin.' It was accepted, and he then took courage to write others, some in the same magazine, and some in the *Morning Chronicle*. The papers began to be favourably talked about; he sold the collection of them to a publisher named Macrone for £150, and they were published in two small volumes now extremely rare, entitled *Sketches by Boz*. Presently Mr. Seymour, an artist who had won much success in caricatures, which were published separately at a penny a piece, proposed to Chapman and Hall to issue a monthly periodical which he should illustrate, and for which they should find some one to write the letter-press. After a little casting about they fixed on Dickens, and thus *Pickwick* began. He fortunately demurred at being fettered, and suggested that he should write his papers quite freely, and that the illustrations should grow out of them. They began with such a small sale, —only 400,—that it was in contemplation to discontinue the

publication. But in the fourth number (not the fifth as Mr. Forster writes), he introduced Sam Weller, and in the seventh Mr. Weller, senior. From that moment the 'green covers' became more and more popular, until by the fifteenth number the 400 had grown to 40,000! Before he finished *Pickwick* he had begun *Oliver Twist* and in consequence of his growing popularity, he found it worth his while, in order to keep all his copyrights in his own hands, to buy back from Macrone for £2000, the *Sketches by Boz*, which he had sold for £150. Two days after the first number of *Pickwick* appeared, he married Miss Catherine Hogarth. They quarrelled in 1857 and parted for ever, and no one who knew them, with the exception of Mr. John Forster, doubted that the fault was on Dickens's side. We have no intention, however, of dwelling on a miserable history which is now perfectly well known, except that it gives us an opportunity of expressing a word of respectful admiration for the tact and noble feeling exhibited by his sister and daughter in their collection of letters.

In the middle of *Pickwick* Mary Hogarth, his wife's sister, died at the age of seventeen, to Dickens's intense grief. He had to suspend *Pickwick* for two months, but afterwards enshrined her memory in his creation of Little Nell. Before the second number of *Pickwick* appeared Seymour killed himself in a paroxysm of the melancholy to which he was subject, and a fresh artist had to be found. Thackeray applied, but his services were declined, fortunately for literature. It is rather the fashion to decry Thackeray's illustrations of his own works; speaking for ourselves, we regard them as among the very ablest sketches we know. The woodcuts which he attached to his *Punch* contributions always make us laugh. But this by the way. One picture was supplied by an artist named Buss. It is only to be found in the original edition of *Pickwick*, and represents the fat boy discovering Tupman and his spinster aunt in the summerhouse. The pencil was committed to Mr. Hablot Browne, who took the name of 'Phiz,' and he continued to illustrate all Dickens's works from that time until the *Tale of Two Cities*. When that work appeared in 1859, the *Saturday Review*, after a very unfavourable review of the

story, declared that the pictures were even worse. From that time Dickens went to other artists.

Pickwick was completed in November 1837. With the following April appeared the first number of *Nicholas Nickleby*. People looked with great curiosity to see whether the young writer who had won such a success would be able to hold his ground. Sydney Smith, the witty *Edinburgh Reviewer* and Canon of St. Pauls, had always declared that he would not, and had systematically disparaged him, but with the fifth number of *Nickleby* he declared himself vanquished, and from that time they were friends until the death of Sydney in February, 1845.

After *Nickleby* came a pause. Dickens was busily projecting a fresh form of publication, a threepenny weekly instead of a shilling monthly, the contents to be not all written by him, but the whole to be under his control. This was the origin of *Master Humphrey's Clock*, of which the first number appeared in April 1840. It began desultorily, and the voices of the critics waxed ominous, but Dickens picked up the circulation when it was falling off by reviving Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers. Some of the funniest sayings of old Weller are to be found in this book. But the construction was inartistic in the highest degree. Soon all idea of fellow-contributors was dropped. Then the author abandoned also his idea of having an upstairs club round the clock, and a downstairs under the name of 'Mr. Weller's Watch.' Having got his readers back, he actually disposed of the 'Watch' party by making somebody find them listening at the door to the upstairs story. They are invited in and sit down in the corner, and from that moment vanish into nothingness, and are heard of no more. For meanwhile Dickens had made a fresh happy hit. Under the heading of 'Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey' he began a story of an old curiosity-dealer and his grand-child, intending it to run through half a dozen numbers of his periodical, along with other papers. But it grew under his hand into a tale of pathetic interest as well as of rollicking fun, and consequently every other idea connected with the periodical was dropped for this, which had grown from six chapters to

seventy-three. When it was completed the periodical had a short chapter of Master Humphrey's Reflections, then Master Humphrey began a new story, *Barnaby Rudge*, which was not broken at all. Its completion was also the end of *Master Humphrey's Clock*. It is not to be wondered at that Dickens never afterwards reprinted the surroundings of these two stories, but published the two separately. Ten years later he saw his way to a wiser method of carrying out his original ideas, and succeeded entirely in *Household Words*. Nineteen half-yearly volumes were published, deservedly popular and widely circulated, then he abruptly stopped them. One can only feel sad in stating why. His publishers were also the publishers of *Punch*. On his separation from his wife he published a morbid justification of himself in *Household Words*, to the deep regret of all his truest friends, and appealed to the newspapers to reprint it. Because *Punch* did not do so he determined to break off all connexion with its publishers, and even with its editor, his old friend, Mark Lemon. He went to another firm, and started *All the Year Round* in its place. This continued under his active care until his death. He was to have been in the office on the day that he died. But we have again anticipated.

Master Humphrey completed, Dickens took a new resolve. He went to America, moved partly by the desire to visit a country which had so enthusiastically welcomed his writings; partly by the hope of establishing an international copyright, seeing that he received no advantage from his readers in the west; partly too by the conviction that if he was to hold his ground he must feed his mind by viewing fresh scenes; and he had already resolved to publish his impressions on his return in a half-guinea volume. He sailed on the 1st of January, 1842, reached the States on the 22nd, stayed five months, then returned and published his *American Notes*.

On New-Year's Day, 1843, appeared the first part of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, in which he returned to the old green covers which wrapped his first hit, *Pickwick*. The same 'green leaves' covered his last and unfinished work, *Edwin Drood*. One characteristic episode of *Chuzzlewit* was this. The Americans

had been made very angry at the freedom of his criticisms in the *American Notes*, and at the fun he had made of some of their oddities. We think any reader who takes up that volume will judge that they must have been morbidly sensitive just then, for the book is not at all ill-natured, and is written in a very different spirit to Mrs. Trollope's fierce lampoons. However, sharp words beget sharper, and Dickens in turn grew angry at their strictures on his book, and, in revenge, altered the very structure of *Chuzzlewit* after he had got into the middle of his story, and carried his hero to America by a very clumsy and improbable arrangement. Martin Chuzzlewit is represented as a headstrong and wilful youth, but he was not an idiot, which it is by no means easy to deny that any man must be who acted as either he or Mark Tapley did. However, the absurdity being condoned, one cannot but recognize that Dickens's revenge was effective enough. The inexhaustible satire which he got out of the progress of the two men in America beat anything which had appeared in the *Notes*, and it was long before the subjects of it forbore to execrate him. He tells in one of his letters, comically, but with a good deal of earnestness too, how three or four years afterwards, meeting some Americans on a ship in the Mediterranean, he was in terror, from their manner, of their throwing him overboard.

At Christmas, 1843, appeared the first of his 'Christmas Books,' the first and also the best, *A Christmas Carol*. Who has not read the story of Scrooge and the Ghost, the story of Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim? It has been imitated to an intolerable degree since, but when it first appeared the novelty of it took the world by storm almost as much as *Pickwick* had done. Next year he followed with *The Chimes*, and the year following with *The Cricket on the Hearth*. This last was the only literary work of 1845. He was living much in Italy, enjoying himself, but, as usual, with a keen eye to business too. He was projecting a daily newspaper, and next year it appeared, *The Daily News*. The special feature of it on which he prided himself was to be its cheapness. Hitherto all the morning papers were priced at fivepence. The *Daily News* was to be half that figure, and to be a first-class paper. By way of help-

ing it on, he began in it his *Pictures from Italy*, under the heading of 'Travelling Letters written on the Road.' But he soon found himself entirely out of place in the editor's chair, and made way for a friend. Before long he ceased all connexion with the paper, which was raised to fivepence, where it remained until the repeal of the paper duty gave birth to the penny journals, when the *Daily News* came down to that figure.

On October, 1846, he began *Dombey and Son*, and produced two more Christmas Books in 1846 and 1848,—*The Battle of Life* and *The Haunted Man*. In 1849 began *David Copperfield*, and next year, as we have already seen, *Household Words* first appeared. In 1852 he commenced *Bleak House*. To this day the house at Broadstairs in which he began to write this story is called by that name. Having fairly set *Household Words* afloat, he wrote in it *A Child's History of England* (the most worthless of all his books, perhaps as full of blunders as any other work calling itself history) and *Hard Times*. But the 'green leaves' were not to be neglected. In 1855 he began *Little Dorrit*, the dullest and poorest story that he ever wrote. All his later stories had shown signs of decadence, and over this the critics, one and all, cried out in dismay. The plot is wretched, the humour forced, the writing spasmodic. As the *Times*' critic said, he was evidently at a loss how to get rid of his villain until some houses opportunely tumbled down in the Tottenham-Court Road just as he reached the end, and he turned the circumstance to account. Nevertheless, the Christmas numbers of *Household Words* which came out year after year at 3d. and 4d. each contained some capital short stories by him.

The wretched break-up of that periodical we have already described; to help on the sale of its successor, *All the Year Round*, he opened it with the first chapters of a new novel, *A Tale of Two Cities*. He had become so obnoxious to many readers who once admired him, that it seemed to be a necessity to abuse this story, which nevertheless is undoubtedly very cleverly constructed, and the end of which is one of the most powerful things he ever wrote.

Meanwhile he had found a fresh source of income. Some years before, he had publicly read his *Christmas Carol* two or three times for the funds of certain charities. He now resolved on doing so for his own benefit, and began at St. Martin's Hall. Crowded audiences flocked to hear him, and he reaped a golden harvest. We heard him four times. Of course one great motive with the world in general was curiosity to see the man who had moved so many to laughter and tears, and the critics, who one must remember were mostly his personal friends, all belauded his performance to the skies. The celebrated opening of Macaulay's Essay on Montgomery has often occurred to our memory when thinking of it. He had some histrionic power, and his personation of Squeers, of Fagin, and of Justice Stareleigh, were as funny as anything we ever saw. But they were so because these characters are strong caricatures. His representations of such human beings as one meets in life were feeble in the extreme. He was obliged to exaggerate them to make them live at all. Take for example Mr. Dombey. In the book he is a purse-proud arrogant city man. Dickens when reading him made him simply a stupid noodle who could not talk decent English. 'Who-aw is-aw Mrs. Pipchin?' we can hear this choice sentence now. The Dombey of the story never said it, and never could have said it. The Dombey of the platform rolled it out, as with a mouthful of plums, and 'brought down' the gallery. We can assure our readers who never heard Dickens read, that they lost nothing which might help them to understand his creations. His biographer tells us that he and other friends remonstrated with him against the unwisdom of the excitement and labour of these Readings; but the money returns argued on the other side. He continued them with a few intervals until nearly the end of his life, went to America a second time in the end of 1867, for the sole purpose of getting money by reading, was very ill the whole time, but kept on, despite of warnings, and had his reward in the shape of enormous gains—£500 a night. 'The manager is always going about with an immense bundle that looks like a sofa cushion, but is in reality paper money, and it had risen to the proportion of a sofa on the morning he

left for Philadelphia.* He cleared £20,000 in this expedition. Before returning home he had already settled with a London firm of speculators to give 100 readings more in England for £8,000 nett. Whilst we write we see that a New York publisher announces a collection of hitherto unpublished letters, and some of his friends express the hope that the volume will not be reprinted in England on the ground that a great proportion of these letters comprise correspondence with lawyers about his squabbles with his publishers. That Dickens was a very careful man will be evident to every one. His quarrels with his publishers about money make one of the least agreeable features in his character. That he was generous to his literary helpers we have already said.

The hundred readings began, and soon again began the distressing bodily symptoms which had appeared in America, but which the rest of the voyage home had allayed. The doctors at length peremptorily forbade the continuance of the readings. He got better, then applied for leave to begin again, and received permission for a final twelve, provided there were no railway travelling. We heard two of the last, one on which he prided himself more than any, the murder of Nancy by Sykes. He writes that 'the effect was tremendous,' that 'B. was so terrified that he was dazed all the evening,' that some were taking out fainting. We can certainly say that there was no such effect near us. Fagin was very fine, Sykes was passable, Noah Claypole was a fool, but not the supreme sneak of the story, and Nancy was intolerably 'stagey.' We have seen her better done at a country theatre, and all simply because to give her individuality the reader had to rave and throw himself about. The same evening he read 'Mrs. Gamp.' We expected much fun out of this, but by the time it came he was evidently exhausted, and it was painful to watch him. He gave his last reading on the 18th of March, 1870, and followed it by a few graceful and touching words from the platform of 'heartfelt, grateful, respectful, affectionate, farewell.' But the mischief which had begun was now irreparable. Fresh signs of ruined health followed one upon the other, and

* Letter to Forster, Jan. 5, 1868.

on the 8th of June he was seized with a fit while seated at dinner with his sister-in-law, and died in twenty-four hours without the least return to consciousness. Three numbers of his new story, *Edwin Drood*, had already appeared, three came out after his death. These formed half of what was intended, for instead of twenty 'green leaves' which had hitherto been the invariable number of this form of serial, this was announced to be in twelve.

He lies in the south transept of Westminster Abbey ('Poets' Corner'). The writer saw the grave made. By his side the lead coffin of Richard Cumberland was plainly visible, and at the head of the grave was the foot of Handel's coffin. A black marble stone covers him, on which are the simple words in inlaid brass capitals, 'Charles Dickens. Born February 7th, 1812. Died June 9th, 1870.'

If Dickens's merit as a writer were judged by two tests, he would stand second to none. He is read enormously. The cheap booksellers have heaps of *Pickwick* and *Nickleby* for sixpence each, and for the last fortnight we have met half a dozen large trucks loaded with copies of *Oliver Twist* complete for a penny, and the itinerant vendors were doing a brisk trade. That is one test; another is the large number of typical characters he has added to our conversational stock. 'Pecksniffian morality,' 'Words in a Pickwickian sense,' 'Mr. Stiggins,' 'Jarndyce and Jarndyce,' 'The Circumlocution Office,' 'Barkis is willin',' 'When found, make a note of,' 'Bumbledom,' there is not a word or phrase here which one does not hear constantly quoted; hardly a reader of these lines but at once associates definite ideas with them. We have jotted them down as they rose in our memory, and could fill the whole page with more instances.

But try Dickens by another test, and our judgment of his merit is different—the test of Truth. Thackeray declared long ago that his characters were unreal, and wrote his first work of fiction, *Catherine*, in great part to ridicule the false sentiment of *Oliver Twist*. Anthony Trollope in his recently published autobiography utters the same opinion with strong emphasis, and declares that before many

years *Pickwick* will be unread and forgotten. We believe this to be true, but it may be objected that it is only matter of opinion after all. We will return to it presently, but meanwhile (and this is a very different question), it may be proved to demonstration that the stories themselves, as Dickens tells them, are absolutely impossible. We once read a clever article in *Chambers's Journal* entitled 'Spots in the Sun,' in which the writer showed that some of the incidents in *Ivanhoe* could not have occurred within the time fixed by the author, that he was at least two days out. But this was a rare fault with Sir Walter. Of nearly every one of his novels, as of Fielding's, we may say the verisimilitude is superb. But there is not among all the writers of fiction any man who sins in this respect like Dickens. Grant the truth of his characters—they stand out quite distinctly on his pages,—and we may accept the wonderful charm and power of any single scene. But when he tells us that all the scenes of which the book consists occurred as he recounts them, we reply 'it is impossible.' It would not be fair to quote *Pickwick* in proof, for that was really begun as a series of scenes, and the projector did not even contemplate a story with the 'unities' attended to. By the way, when some critic cried out over a subsequent story how Dickens continued to violate them, he revenged himself in *Nicholas Nickleby*, by making the conceited ass, Curdle, talk nonsense about their necessity. But, begging his pardon, the unities are a very great necessity indeed; that is to say, a good fiction ought to be a possibility, and the parts should all fit into their places. Now we take the *Old Curiosity Shop*, and we ask the reader to follow us somewhat carefully through the structure of this story. The child and her grandfather fly from their home early on a bright summer's morning, let us assume it was the 1st of June. This is at the end of the twelfth chapter. The fifteenth follows them closely through that day's journey. On the evening of the 3rd day they fall in with the Punch and Judy men, and on the 6th they leave them on the race course. That night and the next they lodge with the poor schoolmaster, on the 8th they fall in with Mrs. Jarley of the waxworks and join her establishment,

and next day arrive at a country town. All this is distinct statement, and the time cannot be lengthened out. How long they remained in this town is not told, but as they were there merely for the purpose of exhibition, it is not likely to have been more than a fortnight, but let us stretch a point and say a month. This will bring us to the middle of July. Now let us go back to London. On the same 1st of June Kit Nubbles makes an appointment for that day week with Mr. Garland, keeps it and is engaged by him as servant. The next day but one, the 10th, he goes to him. Within a week (the chapters are so interlaced that one has to piece things together with some care), the old man's younger brother comes to lodge with Brass, his object being to find his brother after returning from abroad. Here he remains for some weeks, cultivating the Punch and Judy man with that object, and there he is when Kit has completed his first quarter's service, which is, *ex hypothesi*, on the 10th of September. Three days later he goes away with the single gentleman, who has heard of the fugitives at the wax-works. They get to the town, and find they are too late by a week, and all this muddle of time continues to the end. The plot of Brass and Quilp against Kit is very improbable in itself, but is at least possible. But it is impossible that it can have happened if the other scenes described happened also. Before the analyst has completed his labours he will find himself hopelessly at sea about time, and no hypothesis can reconcile the difficulties.

Or let any man try to fit together if he can, the contemporaneous adventures of Nicholas Nickleby in Yorkshire, and those of his sister Kate in London. It is an absolute impossibility. Each scene is quite clear in itself, but they could not have happened together. Kate Nickleby is engaged to go to the Mantalini's within a week of Nicholas's departure. He has a succession of adventures at Dotheboys which must have taken some weeks, after which he departs with Smike to walk to London. At the end of Kate's first week comes the scene at her uncle's dinner party, and *next day* Nicholas confronts his uncle in her presence. That is to say Nicholas parted from her, went down into Yorkshire, went through all the Dotheboys

scenes, took poor Smike to London, got back to Newman Noggs, became teacher of the little Kenwigses, and confronted his uncle, all in less than a fortnight. And this again is only one specimen of similar outrages upon possibilities in that novel.

These are from books written when it might be said the skill of the author was not matured. But certainly that could not be said of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a book of which Mr. Forster truly says it is full of the wealth of comic circumstance, and which in our opinion is as fine as any book which he has ever written. But again apply the test of sequence of incidents, and in half a dozen places the story breaks all to pieces like a shattered vessel. One flagrant example is all that we can find room for. Miss Pecksniff leaves home and goes to Todgers's. A week afterwards Tom Pinch finds out that Pecksniff is a rascal and goes away also to London. Miss Pecksniff, arrived at Todgers's, proceeds to make love to Moddle, after a few nights she coaxes him to play at cribbage, and 'on the fourteenth night' he is so far entrapped that he 'kisses her snuffers, meaning to have kissed her hand.' Then Mrs. Todgers leaves them together, he begins to take her to the play, and to slip away from the office at abnormal hours, and successive proofs of his impending fate appear. At length he proposes and is accepted. The whole chapter is the richest fun. At the shortest calculation all this cannot be got into less than a month. Yet the very day that Tom Pinch arrives in London he comes upon the engaged lovers in the street buying the furniture for their house. The same confusion will be found in the narratives of Nadgett's secret pursuit of Jonas, and of old Martin's residence at Pecksniff's. Nothing can make the events fit together. And there are all sorts of contradictions in the story besides. In the scene when old Martin gathers everybody together and lays open Pecksniff's rascality and the trap into which that luckless gentleman had fallen, he tells them that he burnt the will which he had made in his grandson's favour, in consequence of what Pecksniff had told him, and that Mrs. Lupin has been acting as protectress of Mary against Pecksniff's villany. But the reader will find on referring to the second chapter that the

will was burnt before Pecksniff came ; and as for Mrs. Lupin, only a week before she has expressed her faith in Mr. Pecksniff, and her belief that old Chuzzlewit has poisoned his mind against Tom Pinch. In the very last completed story, *Our Mutual Friend*, still 'the times are out of joint,' but in this some of the incidents are impossible under *any* circumstances.

What is the explanation of this slipshod composition, altogether without parallel in any other respectable novelist ? Partly it was no doubt in consequence of the serial form of publication. He forgot what he had written. Partly it was owing to his changing the plot of his story while it was in progress. Even Sir Walter Scott, a much more careful weaver, did *Ivanhoe* no good by restoring Athelstane from the tomb. But Dickens continually changed his plan. The light-hearted Walter Gay of the beginning of *Dombey* could not naturally have developed into the thoughtful young man of the later chapters. And Dickens did not intend him to do so. He meant him to go astray,—the same idea which he afterwards worked out in Richard Carstone. He meant, too, to give a totally different ending to the Carker and Edith episode. In *David Copperfield* he drew from the life a picture of Miss Mowcher, intending to make her an accomplice in Steerforth's wickedness ; but the portrait being so like that the friends of the original recognized it, he had to alter his plan in the next number, and he changed her into a brave and right-minded dwarf. It is very skilfully done, but all his skill cannot hide the 'botch.'

But more than to either of these causes we trace his bungling construction to his intensely theatrical bent. His marvellous power of *seeing* the things which he imagined led him to make his books a succession of vivid pictures. Each one is complete in itself, but truth is sacrificed in the laborious effort to weld them together. In all his books we have a *mise en scène* at the critical point. All the characters appear on the boards before the curtain drops. The scene we have before referred to is an instance,—old Martin gathering everybody together to see him annihilating Pecksniff. And in defiance almost of possibility, Mrs. Gamp and the barber, who have no business there, are brought upon the stage. In order to provide for those who

could not be dragged in even by the head and shoulders, a supplementary scene is contrived in Miss Pecksniff's abortive wedding. In *Nicholas Nickleby* we have it in the revelation to Ralph concerning his son, and again we find it impossible to see why it did not come out weeks before, except that it would not have suited the stage effect. An examination of the construction of *Bleak House* will reveal that while Esther's narrative is written in narrative style, all the rest of the book is written in the present tense. The writer is bent on giving a succession of *scenes*.

To the same root we trace the unreality of his characters. His unparalleled skill in observing peculiarities enabled him to individualise each one as far as outward appearances went. But he could do nothing that was not exaggeration, could give life to no man who was not in some way odd. Consequently his people are such as nobody ever met. Mr. Pickwick is two people. He is simply a fool at beginning, writing an essay about tittlebats, and talking nonsense in contention with Mr. Blotton; at the end, he is a quiet gentleman of high intelligence. We used often to meet the original of Mr. Pecksniff, whom we will call Mr. Smith Jones. His flabby, clean-shaven face, his plenty of throat, tall shirt-collars, gushing manner and habit of stroking your hand, made up Pecksniff to the very life and manner. But Smith Jones was an amiable, kindly man, a genuine philanthropist, and the world has been benefited by him. So with Mr. Skimpole. He, too, was drawn from life with infinite pains, and he was Dickens's friend, Leigh Hunt. The author was very sorry when some good-natured friend told the victim that he had been thus caricatured, but the fact could not be denied, and Dickens apologised to him as well as he could. In both these cases, and we know of others, the author yielded to the temptation of clothing worthless vagabonds with the outward form of people that he was exchanging courtesies with, and it was unfortunate.

Dickens was very angry because people said that there was no such person as Pecksniff, and roundly declared it was the Pecksniff family who said so. But we are sure there was never

any such person as Tom Pinch. He is described as a very well-read man, not devoid of shrewdness and intelligence, though he is shy and retiring. How on earth could any man, though not half so wise as he, have been deceived by Pecksniff for a week, weeping with ecstasy over his master's inane alliterative speeches,—‘take him to the hospital in hope, and sit by his bed in bounty;’—witnessing his unutterably mean and base treatment of Westlock and young Martin, loving and trusting them, and yet still believing Pecksniff the best of men; living, a pure spirit, in an atmosphere of meanness and venality, and never finding it out?

In Rainham churchyard, in Kent, is a wooden rail-tomb over the remains of Job Baldwin, who died in 1837. The people there aver that he is the original of Sam Weller. He was certainly at one time servant to one of the two originals from whom Mr. Pickwick was drawn. An old gentleman who knew Job Baldwin told the writer of these lines that Job used to boast often that his name was the only one that had not a nickname. It will be remembered how in the story Sam Weller offers this as a compliment to Job Trotter.

There is not one character perhaps in Dickens that a practical man could hope to take as an example. He has not created one hero or heroine. Thackeray's characters are flesh and blood; Dickens's are phantoms. Florence Dombey, Kate Nickleby, Mary Graham, Emma Haredale, one and all, are feebleness itself. We quote with delight the sayings of many of the characters as epigrams, but the people themselves we never saw or shall see.

But when we leave his delineations of character, and turn to his endeavours after social amelioration, hardly any praise can be called exaggeration. Sairey Gamp, as we have said, has made way at the hospitals for gentlewomen. Dotheboys Halls are buried full fathom five in the earth. Bumbledom is, we trust, at an end. At a time when it was thought a necessity for comic writers to be more or less coarse, Dickens began a career which left off as it began, sweet and unsullied as the mind of an infant; because the man himself had children, and was jealous for their innocence, and because he had so high a

sense of the dignity of his profession, that he never descended to use it for base purposes.

ART. VIII.—WHAT IS THE CONSERVATIVE POLICY?

THE Conservative Party have been often taunted with their inactivity; many and bitter have been both the reproaches and the remorse with which its adherents have been visited since their overthrow in 1880, when the *vis inertiae* on which they were blamed for relying, went down like the walls of Jericho before the blast of the Midlothian trumpets. Severe have been the heart-searchings undergone by those responsible for party organization; multiform, if not ingenious, the schemes propounded by those who think the lines of attack can be arbitrarily re-adjusted; and dismal, indeed, the forebodings of the fatalists who suffer by anticipation the coming calamities, and deplore the destruction of institutions which we believe still possess a vigorous elasticity. If the destinies of the Tory party were in the hands of persons of the latter class, it would be a fruitless task to discuss its future policy. It would save much time and money to withdraw from a hopeless conflict, and leave the various sections of the Liberal party to quarrel among themselves—which they would most assuredly do as soon as the forces of the Opposition were disbanded. But, fortunately, the fatalists are but few; English politics are not yet so distasteful as to alienate the sympathies of the thoughtful classes, and, in spite of all that has been said about its deterioration, the House of Commons is still, and may long remain, the worthy goal of an English gentleman's ambition. But it is essential to this that the Tory party should maintain the courage of its convictions, and never yield a contest from a foreboding of what is inevitable. Conservatives will do well to lay to heart the notable sentences from the pen of a well-known Radical writer, the Hon. George Brodrick, in the *Nineteenth Century* for November last:—

'Let us dismiss,' he writes, 'once for all the absurd and unworthy notion that Democracy must be welcomed, because, forsooth, its progress is decreed by political necessity. No delusion has been so potent or mischievous in its effect on statesmanship as this metaphysical bugbear peculiar to modern thought of political necessity. The ancients held that man was often the sport of a cruel destiny; but that destiny was supposed to be superhuman, and was practically excluded from their calculations. It has been reserved for modern political philosophers to cower before a destiny of their own invention—an idol which is created by public opinion in its own image, and of which those who bow down to it individually form a part. If people had but the nerve to brave the consequences of defying a destiny of this kind, and acting on the far sounder belief that "man is man and master of his fate," it would often turn out that what had been mistaken for an irresistible stream of political necessity was nothing but a movement got up by a very small band of *doctrinaires*, and capable of being stopped by a very moderate display of energy and self sacrifice.'

There never was a time when it was more essential to the very existence, not to say efficiency, of the Conservative party that it should be permeated by the brave spirit of these words. There have been welcome signs of late that it is no longer to be found only among the irresponsible group below the gang-way: there has been a refreshing firmness and energy in the later speeches of the legitimate leaders of the Opposition. It was the absence of some such emphasis and decision which for a while led men to doubt if there was anything left to fight for; it is his courage and confidence in himself that has given Lord Randolph Churchill a hold upon the imagination of the constituencies, and which have turned men's eyes upon him as upon one who can lead. The ridicule, even the abuse, poured upon him by the comic and other papers, are inseparable from the rise of every young man into popular esteem. One can imagine some member of the Government stung to the quick by Lord Randolph's scornful and not too scrupulous invective, irritated by his pertinacity in opposition, and perhaps puzzled by the mental agility which secures to him a wide field from which to select his point of attack, applying, *mutatis mutandis*, the following lines written upon Pitt during his early days in Parliament:—

'Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young with more art than Shelburne draws from age,

Too proud from titled greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call Dundas his friend,
In sober dignity and solemn state
This new Octavius rises to debate.
Mild, and more mild, he sees each placid row
Of country gentlemen with rapture glow ;
He sees—convulsed with sympathetic throbs—
Apprentice peers and deputy nabobs,
Nor rum-contractors think his speech too long
While words—like treacle—trickle from his tongue.'

It may be surmised that Sir Richard Cross had prepared his Aberdeen declaration on the subject of the proposed extension of the franchise before he read Lord Randolph's letter on the subject to a Woodstock elector, but the coincidence was singularly conducive to the reputation of the latter as the spur of his party, that no such declaration was forthcoming except in strict chronological sequence to his reproachful complaint of its absence.

No attempt has been or need be made to minimise the Tory calamity of 1880. We accept it in the belief that such sudden and convulsive reversals of popular sympathy will probably be continued with even increasing emphasis, and perhaps at shorter intervals, as the constituencies acquire more and more the habits of a democracy. Few thoughtful men will feel satisfied of the advantages to the State from such a mobility. Were all the polls of a General Election declared on the same day (and there is no difficulty apparent in the way of such an arrangement), the true sentiments of the constituencies would be arrived at much more effectually. The political bias indicated by the result of the earlier elections is, under the present system, unduly intensified by the sway of that balance of 'doubtfuls,' present in every constituency, which waits to see which way the cat jumps, and moves accordingly. But as no such proposal was hazarded during the discussion on the Electioneering Act of last session, it may be assumed that no further important changes in the procedure of Parliamentary elections will have to be discounted in estimating the balance of parties in the next Parliament. The Opposition may fairly reckon on regaining many of the seats lost at the last election;

the Government have no cause to expect fresh conquests; while both parties must reckon with the gain of certain Irish seats by the Nationalist party.

Meanwhile, the Tory party are no whit behind their opponents in laborious activity on the platform. Conservatives have often had cause to repent the want of foresight by which they allowed the Press, especially in the North, to fall into the hands of the party of Reform. They are determined not to allow a monopoly of the Platform to the other side. In early autumn, Mr. Edward Gibson led the assault across the Scottish Border, and opened the case for the prosecution at Dumfries and Glasgow. For the defence, the Attorney General was sent down to the former, and Sir Charles Dilke to the latter place. Sir Stafford Northcote buckled on his armour and crossed the Channel, to cheer the dormant and discouraged Conservatism of Ulster. Since then the noise of battle has rolled unceasingly, big gun replying to big gun,—the intervals filled in with the increasing rattle of small-arms.

Battle, is it, or only field day? Are the pieces loaded with shot and shell, and bearing injury to opponents, or is it only blank cartridge, burnt to show that the leaders are awake and the troops know their drill? Are the arguments, the invectives, the proposals of the host of speakers, the spontaneous doctrine of party or is it all a sham fight? Is one party going as far as possible in making a programme to attract popular sympathy or cupidity; while the other speaks 'brave 'orts' without committing itself to a line of conduct which, however conscientious and prudent, might lead to political martyrdom?

Such are some of the questions which people were asking till Sir Richard Cross was stung into something like an intelligible declaration in relation to the question which, above all others, the Radicals are pressing to an issue—that of the extension of the County Franchise. Previous to his speech at Aberdeen, no indication had been given to an apprehensive public, and a tolerably docile party, of the attitude which the Tory leaders intended to assume on this question, or

'Whether their present vast ambition be
To check the rudeness of the intruding sea;

Or else, immersing in a civil storm
With equal wisdom to project—reform.'

It was said, in particular, that no such indication could be claimed until the scheme had been formulated. Now, of all the charges which can be made against the Conservative party, none is more dangerous, none more readily excites popular suspicion, than that of insincerity. It smacked of insincerity that Conservative leaders and followers should be vexing the patient air with windy speeches in every corner of the country, and yet refrain from dealing with proposals which, whether formulated or not, may be perfectly well defined in their general outline, have been proclaimed as those dearest to Radical aspiration, and accepted by the Government as an inseparable part of their programme. Sir Richard Cross has earned the gratitude not only of his own party, but of all persons who are loth to admit that political integrity is on its last legs in this country. He boldly declared that the schemes and objects of the Liberals and Radicals were as clear as if the bills for their attainment had been drawn, and he proceeded to discuss them.

First, alluding to the proposals of the Liberal party (which may be assumed to be those of the Government), he says (and though the following passages from his speech are long, they are worth extracting from the mass of diurnal verbosity which perishes in the using) :—

'No man can ever say, whatever political party he may belong to, that any Reform Bill which may have been passed years ago ever can be absolutely final. But the lines upon which Reform Bills may be drawn must be these—I am speaking now of my own political creed—they must be in accordance with the great lines of the Constitution. That is to say, that we don't break down that Constitution which is the envy of the world, which foreign nations have tried to imitate, but have always failed—that great Constitution of ours, of King, Lords, and Commons. Now, I said that no Reform Bill can ever be final, and for this reason: in a country like this, where education is by degrees advancing, where the people are becoming more saving, living better and healthier lives, and becoming a great deal more possessed of property, and more willing, and more determined, and more justly determined, to exercise the rights of citizenship—by degrees a larger number are fit for the franchise

which they so much wish to have. In this great country of ours the population is also rapidly changing; large towns spring up, great industries are started in parts of the country where before there were fishing villages; and other matters of that kind; and it is clear that when large constituencies of that kind do grow up, their claims for a member to represent them in the Houses of Parliament are claims which every statesman, whatever party he may belong to, must justly recognise and provide for. In the same way these large centres of industry, like Liverpool, Glasgow, and other towns, which are spreading out their population around them, have also claims which have to be considered, and it is quite necessary that you must consider these cases where you cannot really tell where the boundary line lies, so far as you are concerned, between those persons who have votes for the burgh and those who have not, and where persons who are living outside the burgh do not get the franchise unless they live in a house of a very much higher rent than those on the opposite side of the street, who are entitled to the franchise at the present moment. All that is clearly to be met, and that I admit as readily as anyone else; but the question is, how is it to be met? In my opinion, it ought to be met in a true, straightforward Conservative way, and to provide for all those cases such as I have just alluded to, we think the franchise ought to be extended. That is a totally different thing from admitting helter-skelter some millions of the population who have never had votes up to the present moment, and saying that they ought to be admitted to the franchise, because there are others who have it, who are living under different conditions.'

Then, turning to the Radical programme at Leeds, he says:—

'We have distinctly before us what it is they propose to do, because we have it from a Cabinet Minister and other members of the Government themselves; and I should like to explain to you, if you will allow me, from my point of view, what their propositions are likely to be, and why I am opposed to them. In the first place, they talk of an equalisation and extension of the franchise. Now, do not let anybody or any of those moderate Liberals for a moment run away with the notion that that is what we always understood by the cry for a reduction of the county franchise. I shall show you directly that it was something totally different. I know that there are some Liberals—tolerably moderate ones—and I know there are some Conservatives, although I am not one of them, who would be glad to see a reduction of the county franchise to the level of the burgh franchise. I think there are strong reasons against it, and I think no one has shown those reasons more strongly than that moderate Liberal, as he calls himself (Mr. Göschel). But we need not talk about that, because that is not the question. What they are talking about is an assimilation of the county to the burgh franchise. (Cheers.)

Now, you will see directly what a totally different thing that is. By assimilation they mean the making it exactly like the burgh franchise. That is, they want those in the county to hold the franchise entirely on the same conditions as those in burghs. What does this mean? It means the disfranchisement of all freeholders in England. It means that the only franchise for the future is not to be an occupation franchise in the counties, but is to be a residential franchise, and so it will happen that, although a man owns one-half of a county, if he does not happen to live in it, he ought to have no vote in it.' (Cheers.)

Now, this is an intelligible way of meeting a question which, if Conservative speakers of less note have shirked or prevaricated upon, their conduct has hitherto been extenuated by the silence or prevarication of their leaders. Sir Richard has declared plainly how—in his opinion—his party should receive the coming Reform Bill. In the silence of his colleagues he has the pledge of their assent. If he has not hitherto succeeded in inspiring devotion or enthusiasm among those who sit behind him, they at all events look upon him as a sound Conservative; and when one of the party leaders speaks in this decisive tone, he attracts, *ipso facto*, all the dormant instincts of discipline, all the latent cravings for political dogma, which exist among the rank and file.

No Radical speeches can be, or at least none are, manufactured without denunciation of the privileged classes. Now, if privileges still existed, it might be incumbent on the Tory party to maintain them, but their shadows are not worth defending. The last shreds of privilege which survived to any class were shorn away beneficially by Lord Cairns' Settled Land Act and by the Scottish Entailed Estates Act. It would be more strictly accurate to say that the last shreds will disappear on the removal of the absurd and injurious reservation by which heirs of entail, empowered by these Acts to sell their lands, are prohibited from disposing of the mansion-house and grounds, the acquirement of which is often the sole advantage which would attract purchasers to an investment of doubtful commercial propriety. This is an instance of retaining the shadow after the substance has passed away. It has been generally conceded that land cannot be held beneficially either to the owner or to the community by embarrassed proprietors.

Landed proprietors possessed the peculiar privilege of entailing their property on their heirs *sæcla sæclorum*, this privilege was conceded to them as a protection against confiscation in times of disputed succession to the Crown. The necessity for it passed away, and with the necessity passed away the Conservative opposition to its removal. A Conservative ex-Lord Chancellor introduced and passed the Settled Land Act of 1880. But in deference to the inherent respect for old territorial association, a provision was made prohibiting the heir of entail from disposing of the mansion-house and grounds, in some cases the most valuable part of the property. Brown, Jones and Robinson were forced to remain 'of that ilk,' even after the sale of that which made the 'ilk' a source of respect and honourable position.

Of the duties imposed by the Legislature of old upon land-owners, some still survive. In Scotland, the office of Commissioner of Supply falls *ex statû* to be discharged by every owner of £100 annual value in land. This has been denounced as 'privilege,' to be swept away by the formation of elective County Boards; but it is idle and mischievous to cause the onerous and gratuitous service of the State to be regarded as an invidious privilege. The *privileges* of landed property are a thing of the past: its *rights* remain, not yet seriously curtailed in Great Britain, however much they have been pared down in Ireland.

Monarchy and a hereditary legislature may be regarded as inseparable from and even founded on privilege, but the out-works of the Constitution will have to fall before its very vitals have to be defended.

It is by insisting on the essential difference between Privilege, which—apart from the indispensable performance of certain functions of Government—is a thing of the Past, and Right, which is inseparable from the very earliest as from the latest development of civilization, that the Conservative party must enlighten the public mind as to the issues at stake. By so doing, it will attract towards it the bulk of the better classes (in the truest sense of the word), not merely the richer classes, but every man who has anything tangible and valuable to defend, every

man who is not prepared to see the ladder kicked down which has already raised so large a proportion of the population to grades of comfort or affluence.

Of course, the favourite butt of the *doctrinaire* Radical (what has come over the manly sense of England that she should be preyed upon by this unlovely creature?) is the land, and the system of its tenure. It is in vain to apply to the noisy attacks levelled against it that, even if the system were theoretically bad, which it is not, it works admirably; that by this system, and in spite of its defects, it has been the foundation of a structure of wealth and greatness never before, in the history of the world, erected by any other people. The land has been compared to the stomach in the fable, by which all the other members are unconsciously nourished. The members quarrel with the stomach, and resolve on boycotting it; and when that fails, and the discomfort is aggravated, the constitution is made a *malade imaginaire*, crowds of quacks and impostors are ready with every imaginable advice and remedy, till there is some danger of the bewildered patient being induced to swallow some of the drugs, and so ruin his stomach to the destruction of the whole system. 'Ce qui me plaît de M. Fleurant, mon apothicaire, c'est que ses parties sont toujours fort civiles.' The *parties*, the projects of such apothecaries as Mr. Jesse Collings and Lord Lymington, are *fort civiles*, couched in elegant speech or decorous magazine article; unhappily, it is difficult to see how, in the event of their being carried into effect, any single human being in the country would be one whit richer or more contented, while many thousands would be deprived of an honourable and fairly profitable calling, which (unlike their would-be counsellors) they thoroughly understand. It would be much more direct means to the end if Lord Lymington would introduce a Bill such as that spoken of by Oliver Wendell Holmes, namely—one entitled an Act for making the Poor richer, by making the Rich poorer.

It is a notable fact that the support yielded to schemes of subdivision such as Mr. Jesse Collings's is not found in the districts where it is alleged the land hunger is keenest, where the pressure of the existing land laws is said to be heaviest. The

Conservative strength lies in rural districts; they have an overwhelming majority in the English counties; in Scotch counties lies all the strength they can reckon in that country; while in Ireland, of course, other influences are at work to direct the popular vote. Proposals for the creation of a new proprietary fail to attract sympathy in those very districts where the present proprietary is best known. In Rutland, for instance, was given a few months ago, an unmistakable answer to the blandishments of a member of the Farmers' Alliance, started by the Radical party. In no district have the losses of farmers been more severely felt than in Rutland and Lincoln; and no doubt the Radicals counted on the support of the dispirited and discontented agriculturist. The days are gone by when landlords could control the votes of their tenants; but the whole Alliance programme was spread before the constituency in the most glaring colours all in vain. Any change, it might have been supposed, might be considered advantageous after a series of lost harvests and disappointed hopes. The system was at fault, and a new era was promised, when every man should sit, so to speak, under his own vine and fig tree, and none should make him afraid. But, protected as they were by the secrecy of the ballot, depressed as they were by a seventh successive bad season, the farmers of Rutland turned a deaf ear to the evangelist of subdivision and fixity of tenure, and gave no uncertain voice in support of a scion of a house which is conspicuous among those which the *doctrinaires* denounce as the foes of the people. It is among the crowded streets and lanes of the large towns that Mr. Collings and Lord Lymington find enthusiastic supporters of their proposals; among men who know nothing of the conditions of rural life, and who only hear of the owners of land from the lips of those who win ready applause by denouncing what they call monopoly. If there is one fact more clearly elicited than another in the evidence given before the Duke of Richmond's Commission, it is this—that the condition of occupiers under large proprietors is very much more prosperous than that of those under smaller. The denunciation by the Radicals of the holders of large estates finds an echo in

the minds of more moderate politicians, who look to the extension of direct ownership in land as a safeguard against revolutionary movement. Undoubtedly, it is advisable that the State should remove all hindrances to the acquirement of land in small portions, and schemes of State aid may be worth discussion. But, at best, peasant proprietorship is but a weak palliative, and the extent to which it could be established in a calculable time would offer but small resistance to the inflammatory doctrines disseminated among the enormous urban population of this country.

A far grander, more direct, more promising scheme lies to the hand of the Conservative party with which to relieve the social pressure existing in these islands. The source of that pressure is one of constantly increasing force. Our population amounts to 36,000,000; at the next census, if means are not adopted to reduce it or keep it stationary, it will be 40,000,000.

To sustain the existing population £3 per head is spent already on imported food. If every gentleman's park in England were turned into arable land, the effect on the supply of food would be inappreciable. Even with this addition to the available area, and including deer forests and waste land, the amount of *terra firma* clear of buildings in the United Kingdom amounts only to 72,000,000 acres, or about 2 acres per head of the present population. What relief do the proposals of peasant-proprietorships promise to a state of things like this? We must turn further a-field.

Within the British dominions there exist in the temperate zone, four thousand five hundred million acres available for settlement. Great Britain and Ireland are groaning under a redundant population, dependant on foreign food supply, which it may seem timid to call precarious, but which at all events is dependant on the forbearance of foreign powers. Out of a population of 36,000,000, 1,500,000 are maintained by a poor rate of £9,000,000. Yet in this appalling state of things we go on worrying ourselves about the ethics of landed property, reproaching ourselves about the miserable homes of the London and other poor, and wringing our hands over the absence of profit in our manufactures. Canada has extended

her arms to us; thus far we have made no sign of recognition. She offers 100 acres of land fit for reclamation, and prepares a house and 8 acres of cultivated land for every family we can send her. We have, as a State, turned a deaf ear to this princely proposal. Sir John Dalrymple Hay, in a letter to the *Times* of 21st November, discusses this proposal, and here is his recommendation :—

‘It seems to me that in each year for the next seven years the State ought to aid this emigration by a loan secured on the land to be conveyed to the emigrants. A tax of 1s. per acre to be levied by the colony would pay off the loan, principal and interest, in less than 15 years.

Thus if in 1884 1,500,000 emigrants were sent out, a loan of £20,600,000 jointly raised by the mother country and Canada, would carry out the emigrants and pay the first year’s interest. A tax of 1s. per acre on the 40,000,000 acres occupied by the 250,000 families would produce two millions a year; and the loan so raised would be discharged, principal and interest, in 1899. If this process were continued until 1890, ten millions and a half of emigrants would be happily settled, and the loans discharged by 1904. The colony would be peopled and cultivated, and the mother country relieved.’

Of course, emigration is shrieked upon as exile by soft-hearted, loud-voiced, pseudo-philanthropists; but is *theirs* the voice that now stirs the pulses of that race which has steadily during the last six centuries spread itself over the whole face of the habitable globe. The choice lies before us. Are we to keep all these millions at home to struggle, to breed, to strive, perhaps to starve, and endeavour to soothe them by promises of abolition of privilege, reform of the land laws, spoliation of the Church? or shall we not grasp the helping hand extended to us by those who have already found happy and often wealthy homes in other parts of our dominions? The choice is before us: can it be doubted on which side lies the safety, the usefulness, nay, the very warrant of existence, of the Conservative party?

Amiable young Radicals, like Lord Lynton, undertake to remedy the evil by ingenious propositions of State-aided purchase by small proprietors. Do they imagine that when the land laws have been tinkered according to their prescription, or even according to the more drastic plans of less scrupulous

politicians, the instigators of discontent will be content to resign the platform to less destructive orators?

The Irish agitation, which has been marked by such heartless atrocities as almost to make one despair of civilization, is part and parcel of the evil which is working throughout the whole civilized world. Nihilism, Socialism, Fenianism, are all one and the same in their origin, taking local characteristics in different nationalities. The Land Act of 1881 was the direct outcome of a conspiracy against property, whose ultimate aims are revealed in passages such as the following, from the literature which is strewn broadcast throughout the Irish population:—

‘Do not imagine that the present landholders alone are to be finally held liable. All who have been voluntary accomplices with them (and all who have voluntarily aided in upholding the British Government have been accomplices with them) have justly incurred the same penalty as the landholders themselves. Among these accomplices have been your great manufacturers, merchants, bankers, shipowners, money-lenders, everybody in fact, high or low, who has voluntarily been part and parcel of the British Government, have been accomplices in the thousand crimes by which the people at large, throughout the Empire, have been plundered and enslaved. And having been such accomplices, their property may as rightly be seized for purposes of reparation, as may the lands of the bondholders themselves.’

It is by the assistance of those who proclaim this programme, emphasized as it has been by bloodshed and dynamite, that our amiable friends below the Liberal gangway propose to effect their purposes.

In regulating the admission of fresh members to the electorate, in guarding the Constitution against the rearrangement of constituencies in the exclusive interest of one political party, in resisting confidently the threatened attacks upon the rights of landed property, the Conservative party have a clear and satisfying policy—mainly defensive, it is true; but it is only by maintaining their reputation as an army of defence that they will rally to their standard all who, whether secretly or openly, yearn for stability. Woe be to the Tory party if its leaders should ever be suspected of resisting Reform and Redistribution, in the hope of succeeding to office and effect-

ing in their own interest that which they may have prevented their opponents doing in theirs! Such a manœuvre could only win the applause of the wire-pullers of a caucus, and the country will regard very jealously any symptoms of the repetition of the Tory manœuvres of 1867. The pressure for an extension of the franchise cannot be resisted to any good ends, but opposition and amendment must be based on imperial, not on party considerations. Woe be to the Tory party if it should ever be led to trim its sails to Radical gales! Liverpool, last Spring, was the birthplace of a political monstrosity, purporting to unite the attributes of Tory and Democrat. The creature did not survive long; its fate was not more speedy than that of any party which attempts Radical measures in hopes of attracting Radical support. 'Disestablish the Church,' the Tory Democrat might say, 'then you will have the support of Dissenters in resisting attacks on property. Remove the Bishops from the House of Lords, then you will still have a strong majority in the Upper House, and conciliate the Radicals out of doors.' No wilder chimera was ever pursued. If the Tory party ever were to lend themselves to Democratic legislation, they would alienate the great bulk of their support in the country, which they receive not because the Conservative constituents prefer Lord Salisbury to Mr. Gladstone, but because they fear democratic and revolutionary schemes.

But beyond this merely defensive policy, vitally important though it is, there is for Conservative statesmanship and enterprise a field of the wealthiest promise, the grandest dimensions. As the core is to the fruit, so is Great Britain to her Colonial Empire; but what would the core be without the fruit? What binds Australia, Canada, and our other possessions, to us, but a bond of sentiment? What have we done, what have the Liberals done, to nourish that sentiment? The Radicals, heaven knows! are sentimental and gushing enough in domestic affairs. Whether it be in the cause of total abstinence, of contagious disease, of anti-vaccination, or of the prohibition of frivolous sports such as pigeon-shooting, it is among the Radicals that are found those who will sacrifice any amount of other folks' liberty and safety in the cause of effusive

philanthropy. But towards the Colonies—no! Perish India and let the Colonies find for themselves, so that we have to spend no more on our land and sea forces; so long as we are not compelled to eat some of the big words we have spoken about Free Trade. Is there none among Conservative statesmen strong enough, bold enough, to waken the nation to what is at stake? England, shorn of her Colonies, would be 'as the top of a rock, as a place to spread nets on, for she should be built no more.' And yet we allow our Government to offer every slight, short of actual insult, to our Colonies.

But their hearts still kindle to the mother-country, step-motherly though she has shown herself. Is it idle to dream of making the bond between us not only sentimental, but practical—commercial? With the ports of the whole world closed against our manufactures by hostile tariffs, with our invitations to Free Trade rejected by every foreign Government, with our imports yearly increasing, our exports dwindling, and our manufactures languishing, is it not to our interest as well as to our credit that the bonds of imperial union should be drawn closer, that mutual preference should direct the fertilizing streams of commerce into channels which should irrigate the whole Empire, instead of draining the United Kingdom. No one will cast a doubt on the advantages of Free Trade; we have reaped some of them already by anticipation; but we have never had Free Trade yet, and we never shall so long as we go on shouting that, let other nations act as they will, nothing shall ever induce us to put on import duties. So long as foreign producers are sure of a free entry into our markets, so long as we continue to tax tea and tobacco raised in our own Colonies and admit other luxuries free which are raised outside our dominions, so long as we divest ourselves of the power of offering inducements to reciprocal free trading, so long will other nations turn a deaf ear to our evangel of Free Trade, while they drive a roaring trade at our expense. The adoption of a strenuous imperial policy like this might not at first be a passport to popular sympathy, but it would arouse all the dormant patriotism of the Colonies, who are yearning for closer union, and would speedily re-act on the people of these

isles, who are never slow to respond to the prickings of national pride, and who would enter with ardour into a promising scheme for commercial renaissance. The vision of a world-wide Empire bound together by the closest alliance of speech, of blood, of interest, is vast enough to appeal forcibly to the national instincts, and its realization is not so remote that we should despair of a statesman arising capable of developing it.

In conclusion, let the Tory party deride Fatalism in politics. Evils, however imminent, are not inevitable till they are accomplished. Hesitancy and cowardice precipitate what courage and consistency may indefinitely defer. There is plenty of young vigour in the Tory ranks to inspire hope for the future: let the party be true to itself; and, above all, among the threatened evils and changes, let them never admit that it is right to swamp with mere numbers the intelligence of the constituencies, nor that radical changes in land tenure contain any promise save that of confusion and confiscation, nor that Ireland can ever be permitted to exist partially or completely severed from Great Britain, nor that our Colonies can, without disastrous consequences, be permitted to lapse by neglect and indifference from their allegiance to the Crown.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

The Bible: Its Revelation, Inspiration, and Evidence. By the
Rev. J. Robson, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton,
1883.

The Bible is continually attracting more and more attention, and though an intelligent and just apprehension of its origin and character progresses slowly, it is matter for congratulation that it does progress. In the volume before us Dr. Robson, who is already well-known by his excellent work on Hinduism and its relation to Christianity, while saying many things which we imagine he would find hard to prove, and one or two which are scarcely in good taste, as, for instance, the footnote on pages 30 and 31, has said many others which all intelligent students and lovers of the Bible will be glad to see. His volume is divided into three parts, which deal respectively with the revelation, the inspiration, and the evidences of the Bible. With the general questions underlying these he does not deal. A more thorough discussion of the principles underlying the revelation and the inspiration of the Bible would have been an improvement, and in a work dealing with the Bible from the standpoint of scientific theology, is necessary. The relation between them is not so simple or so easy to discover as Dr. Robson seems to suppose. To the conclusion which he arrives at that 'inspiration is primarily "insight",' we cannot at all subscribe. That there is an intimate relation between 'insight' and 'inspiration' is unquestionable; but the two, we take it, are different. One is an act of perception either voluntary or involuntary, and the other, as the etymology and common use of the term clearly indicates, is the inbreathing of a spirit or power by which the mind is more or less influenced or controlled. The inducing cause of inspiration, it may be admitted, is 'insight,' or a revelation, but that is a very different thing from saying that the one is primarily the other. This in fact is what the author subsequently assumes, for he goes on to speak of inspiration as a 'constraint' or 'impulse'. But to turn to the beginning. Revelation is defined as 'a communication of the Divine Mind to man, analogous to the communication of one man's mind to another.' This, we should say, is perfectly true; but here, again, what one desiderates is to know how such a communication is possible; how the human mind is prepared to receive or perceive the thing revealed; is revelation partly objective or partly subjective, or is it wholly the one or wholly the other? Topics like these deserved discussion. They are as old as Philo, and have not lost their interest for students of the Bible in the present. Very true is Dr. Robson's remark that a divine revelation is needful for man as man.

On the other hand, it is questionable whether there was no progress in the process of revelation before the time of Abraham ; and still more so is the assertion that to Abraham no essential truth of religion was revealed. Respecting the origin of the Bible it is remarked :—‘Moses was the first who received a revelation for others than himself. It was through him that divine direction was first given for the guidance of a nation, and it was through him that the Bible began to be written. Parts of it may have been written before ; materials for certain parts of it did exist before. But it was not till the time of Moses that the Bible, as the Bible, began to be written. It was the work of Moses which first made such a book needful for the Israelites, and it was the pen of Moses which supplied the first lines of that book.’ Revelation, as recorded in the Old Testament subsequent to the time of Moses, is traced through three periods answering to the three critical periods of Israelitish history. ‘In the first Jehovah, the God of Israel, revealed himself as a living ruler in Israel ; in the second, as a living ruler over the nations of the world, using them for the punishment of Israel ; in the third, as a ruler using them for the deliverance of Israel.’ With many other writers Dr. Robson finds the origin and occasion of the New Testament, or rather of the Evangelical record of revelations partly in the oral traditions respecting our Saviour’s life and teaching, and partly in the immediate necessities of the Church. For the evidence of the truth of the Bible’s revelation, he falls back on prophecy and miracle, and on the self-evidencing nature of its contents. In the concluding chapters Dr. Robson deals with Christianity in relation to the non-Christian religions. These chapters are of great interest, and as coming from one who is intimately acquainted with at least one of those religions, are worthy of careful perusal. On the whole the volume is of considerable merit, and to those who wish to see the subject it treats of dealt with from a comparatively enlightened and orthodox point of view, may be commended.

The Life of Christ. By Dr. BERNHARD WEISS. Translated by J. W. HOPE, M.A. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, 1883.

In a modern ‘Life of Christ’ that which one naturally turns to first is the ‘Sources.’ Dr. Weiss, who must not be confounded with Dr. Weiss—whose theory of the gospels he partly adopts and develops, here deals with them at considerable length, fully one half of the volume before us being devoted to their discussions. For the original sources, he, of course, adopts the oral apostolic traditions of which the limited circle of the primitive church in Jerusalem, where the recollections of our Lord’s life were most carefully preserved, was long the centre, and which, in so far as they dealt with Palestine, were from time to time enriched by the recollections of isolated eye and ear-witnesses. For a comparatively lengthened period the idea of written memoranda, he maintains, was

excluded. 'To whom,' he asks, 'could they have been of service? There was no future for which men would have desired to preserve in writing these reminiscences; for the Lord's immediate coming was expected, and with it the commencement of the longed-for completion of redemption. Those who bore the seeds of the gospel to the Dispersion had been themselves to a great extent eye and ear-witnesses, or they conveyed in vivid recollection the life-like tradition of the first witnesses. For the establishing of faith in Christ, for the fostering of the new religio-ethical life, the apostolic preaching was sufficient, being, as we have learned to know it, the gospel of Christ, which has but little in common with the details of the earthly historical life of Jesus.' As for the origin of our documentary gospels, Dr. Weiss starts from the theory first put forth by Weiss in 1838, that the first gospel is dependent upon the second and that the third is independent of the first, and rejecting Holtzmann's hypothesis of an original Mark, assumes the existence of a work originally from the hand of Matthew to which all the synoptics, as we now have them, are more or less indebted. The extent of this indebtedness is discussed at considerable length, and the proof which the author has already given in his work on the gospels of Mark and Matthew is here re-stated. Against the old theory that Mark's gospel was written down from the dictation of Peter, he endeavours to prove that the memoranda which are there given, while undoubtedly undertaken on the basis of what Peter communicated, were nevertheless enriched by frequent recourse to the oldest type of narrative underlying the original Matthew-document and were frequently conditioned by it in their conception. Respecting the first gospel he remarks that it can be proved that the entire contents of the second gospel, with the perfectly insignificant exceptions of a few unimportant fragments, the omission of which can very easily and clearly be explained, have been transferred to it. For the additional material, however, of the first gospel, he has recourse to the original Matthew-document, which he endeavours to show consisted mainly of speeches. That Luke was acquainted with our Mark gospel and also with the older document is argued from the identity of his arrangement and modes of delineation with those of the former, and from the fact that when he employs materials not found in Mark, but used in the first gospel, his mode of using them as compared with that of the author of the latter, is very different. The fourth gospel is claimed as the work of John the Apostle, and as having a Palestinian character. 'What the Evangelist teaches regarding the Eternal Word is, at all events,' Dr. Weiss maintains, 'not shaped out of contemporary conceptions, but is the result of his theological meditation, which sought and found in the Old Testament the key to the explanation of what he had perceived to be loftiest and unique in the life of Jesus.' As to the alleged fundamental antagonism between this gospel and the Apocalypse, he remarks—'In comparing the two documents, it ought not to be forgotten how entirely they differ in respect both of form and contents. In the one are visions of the

future ; in the other, histories of the past ; in the one, designed correspondence with the language of the Old Testament prophets, and a form which was once the current one for the delineation of such visions ; in the other, an unfettered and confident resting on sacred recollections which after a generation, formed the animating centre for the whole spiritual life of the author. The one contains, after consolation and power to overcome in the midst of overwhelming crises, an effort for himself and the Christian community ; the other, in the tranquillity of age, has the sole object of making the brethren sharers in the blessedness which the evangelist enjoyed in the contemplation of the highest revelation of God. Certainly two such documents offer few points of connection or comparison, and the grounds must be very unreal by which it is sought to justify the dilemma that only the one or the other could originate with an apostle.' On the Johannean authorship and on the historicity of the fourth gospel great stress is laid, the author being of opinion that without its aid a complete picture of the personality and work of Christ cannot be obtained. Into the various and elaborate arguments with which Dr. Weiss seeks to sustain his conclusions we cannot here enter. That they are conducted with great learning and ability and with not a little ingenuity need hardly be said. Dr. Weiss has never been able to identify himself with any of the numerous schools into which the biblical critics of Germany are divided, and he here writes not only with more than usual clearness, but with a remarkable independence. The reader may not be able to accept all that he advances respecting the 'sources,' but he will be disposed to admit that we have here what promises to be both an exceedingly valuable addition to the series to which the volume belongs, and an instalment of, as it has already been acknowledged in Germany and France—one of the most important contributions to the elucidation of the life of our Lord. Respecting Dr. Weiss' mode of dealing with the evangelical narrative we at present saying nothing, but reserve our remarks till the whole of his picture of the Redeemer's life is before us.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Beet has achieved a work which we have long desired to see—a thoroughly scientific and scholarly commentary on one or more parts of the New Testament in which there is no unnecessary and ostentatious display of Greek, and written in language which any reader of fair ability can easily understand. His commentary on the Romans is already well and favourably known. The volume before us is a further valuable contribution to the exegetical study of the New Testament. It is seldom indeed that we have had the pleasure of welcoming a work in which so many excellencies coexist. Mr. Beet shirks no difficulty. He goes

over the epistles almost word for word, and follows with unerring skill the windings of the Apostle's thoughts. His sympathy and the fulness of his learning make his expositions luminous, while his careful divisions and recapitulations enable the reader to keep the main thoughts of the Apostle steadily in view. The introductions and dissertations are admirable. Mr. Beet is perhaps a little too anxious to make his commentary a contribution to systematic theology, and the result is that here and there St. Paul's words are a little strained. Our ideal commentator is one who, with the requisite learning and ability, could come to the Scriptures with no preconceptions as to their meaning and with no prejudices except a profound desire and love for the truth. Mr. Beet is scarcely without preconceptions. Generally, however, his love for the truth is sufficient to set them aside. One of the faults common to most commentators he has not always avoided, the fault, namely, of forgetting that St. Paul when writing his epistles, was writing not scientific treatises, but popular and familiar letters. It seems to us, too, that he sometimes puts meanings into the Apostle's words which were not in the Apostle's mind, and that at others he puts much too fine a point upon his words. Take the passage we have just opened up—1 Cor. ii. 11. Here Mr. Beet finds a distinct reference to the ecclesiastical doctrine of the Trinity. That doctrine is true; but we do not think that St. Paul had it here in view, or that those to whom his epistle was addressed would find it here. What the Apostle is saying is that just as the secrets of a human mind are known only to the mind whose secrets they are, so the secret things of God are known only to the mind of God. Still, Mr. Beet's work is generally speaking excellent, and of such merit as to make its value exceptionally great.

Literature and Dogma: an Essay towards the better Apprehension of the Bible. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Popular Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1883.

In this edition of *Literature and Dogma*, the original text has been condensed, mainly by the suppression of a good deal of the apparatus of citation and illustration from Scripture, and an illustration, which to many has given offence, has been omitted. Respecting the latter, Mr. Arnold remarks—"It may be regretted that an illustration likely to be torn from its context, to be improperly used, and to give pain, should ever have been adopted. But it was not employed aggressively or bitterly; on the contrary, it was part of a plea for treating popular religion with gentleness and indulgence. Many of those who have most violently protested against the illustration, resent it, no doubt, because it directs attention to that extreme licence of affirmation about God which prevails in the popular religion; and one is not the easier forgiven for directing attention to error, because one marks it as an object for indulgence. To protesters of this sort I owe no deference and make no concessions. But the illustration has given

pain, I am told, in a quarter where my deference, and the deference of all who can appreciate one of the purest careers and noblest characters of the time, is indeed due ; and finding that in that quarter pain has been given by the illustration, I do not hesitate to expunge it.' In the new preface, Mr. Arnold also re-states the purpose for which he originally wrote the volume, reiterating that it is 'not an attack on the errors of popular Christianity,' but a book written 'to re-assure those who feel attachment to Christianity, to the Bible, but who recognise the growing discredit befalling miracles and the supernatural.' The natural truth of Christianity is again insisted upon, and Mr. Arnold will appear to many to strike a new tone, though he touches no new truth, when he says, 'Certainty and grandeur are really and truly characters of Christianity.' We shall be curious to see to what extent this edition will become a really popular one. The price at which it is published ought to ensure for it a wide circulation.

The Relation of Christianity to Civil Society. By S. SMITH HARRIS, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Michigan. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1883.

Dr. Harris here undertakes to discuss and define the relations which exist or ought to exist between Christianity and civil society. His lectures, which were delivered on the Bohlen Foundation, are characterized by considerable learning, great breadth of political sentiment, and a thoroughly practical appreciation of his subject. Their value is more of a practical than of a philosophical nature. To the philosophical solution of the problem with which they deal, they contribute little or nothing. In this respect, indeed, they seem to be a little behind the day. Dr. Harris seems to have mastered Mr. Fowle's little volume on the Poor Laws ; but his highest philosophical authority is Mr. J. S. Mill, a philosopher who, though somewhat overrated in his day, is now rapidly falling to his level. In his first lecture Dr. Harris discusses the question, What is the State ? What is the philosophical basis of civil society ? The answer he gives is—'Civil society rests upon a social compact between individual men acting in obedience to a law of their being, and under the impulses of their common nature.' With this, so long as the phrase 'social compact,' is not pressed too far, no fault can be found. On the other hand, when dealing with Christianity, Dr. Harris falls into the capital errors of identifying Christianity with the Church, and of isolating it too much from human nature. His conception of it is shown best by a series of contrasts he makes between it and the State—'The movement by which Christianity was formulated was, in a certain sense, the opposite of that which elaborated civil society. The latter began with the individual ; that is, from below : the former rests upon the command of God. The latter depends upon a social compact between equals ; the former depends on loyalty to a personal law-giver and King. The State, or civil society, is not theocratic in any sense. The Church is theocratic,

and is the only theocracy.' Superficially considered, all this may be admitted; but it is doubtful whether, when brought to the test of philosophical analysis, more than one or two of its statements are correct. Butler touched a much deeper note, and one much more in accordance with the present tendency of philosophy, and, in fact, with the teaching of the New Testament writers, when he defined Christianity as a republication of the law of nature. The tendency of Dr. Harris's teaching is to make Christianity and the Christian religion artificial. Its laws are as much a part of human nature as is the *societatis appetitus*. Obedience to them is the fulfilment of the laws of man's being. Christianity, and even the Christian Church, has, in our opinion, a much closer relation to practical life than Dr. Harris seems to suppose. At the same time we cordially agree with him in much that he says respecting the evils which have resulted from the connection of Church and State, though we are not disposed to agree with him in all he says respecting the position of the Church either here or in America. The 'ideal' is on neither side of the Atlantic, but is yet to come. The historical and practical parts of these lectures leave little or nothing to be desired. Those on education and charity are admirable, more especially the latter, and we cordially commend them to those who are engaged in legislation, and in works of Christian philanthropy.

A Practical Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Matthew.

By JAMES MORISON, D.D. A New Edition; revised.
London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1883.

Dr. Morison has here brought his invaluable Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Matthew abreast with the most recent scholarship. Of his learning, acumen, or ability as a theologian, it is needless to speak. They are now well known, and have long entitled him to a foremost place among modern commentators. The work before us is a monument of erudition and of critical sagacity. It augurs well for the future of theological and exegetical studies that a new edition of so learned a work has been called for. The merits of Dr. Morison's work, however, are not exhausted by saying that it is learned, and distinguished by sound exegetical judgment. Admirable as it is in these respects, it is rendered still more admirable by the clearness and raciness of the language in which the author expresses his opinions. To some of these serious exception may be taken, yet, on the whole, he has succeeded in making his Commentary at once learned, accurate, and interesting.

Creed and Conduct: Sermons preached in Rosneath Church.

By R. H. STORY, D.D. Popular Edition. Glasgow:
J. Maclehose & Sons. 1883.

The key-note of these sermons may be found in the passage which Dr. Story has selected as a motto for them,—*'Et fortasse latius se fundit*

Spiritus Christi quam nos interpretamur'; and their main aim seems to be to affirm and direct attention to the fact which Erasmus somewhat hesitatingly declares. The questions which Dr. Story handles are precisely those which are troubling men's minds, and he handles them in a thoroughly vigorous, practical, and enlightened way. To many of his opinions exception will undoubtedly, and in fact has been taken; but as a member of the Broad Church school of divines, he is quite as much entitled to hold and to express his opinions as any member of the High, Low, or Hard Church. To our own mind, uniformity of opinion, if it were possible, and happily it is not, would be productive of some of the worst evils. Among its sure effects would be the stagnation of the intellectual and spiritual life, and the enormous development of superstition. The sermons before us may be read with profit by the members of any school of theology. No one can read them with attention—providing always that he is willing to be taught—without receiving a considerable accession of spiritual life, and feeling his faith settled on a firmer and broader foundation.

The Temptation of Christ. By G. S. BARRETT, B.A. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

The Lord's Prayer. By C. STANFORD, D.D. Same Publishers. 1883.

The Parables of Our Lord. By MARCUS DODS, D.D. Same Publishers. 1883.

These three volumes belong to the 'Household Library of Exposition,' and are excellent additions to it. Mr. Barrett, who deals with the Temptation of our Lord, has certainly the faculty of dealing with a somewhat abstruse and difficult subject in a popular and interesting way. His aim is the edification of his readers, and his explanations, so far as they go, are generally clearly conceived and well put. Here and there we notice a slight inaccuracy of statement—as, for instance, 'a Being who has no personal experience of evil must necessarily be an untempted and an untemptable Being,' needs either correcting or defining. Taken as it stands, it means much more than Mr. Barrett intends it to mean. But, generally speaking, these short sermons are characterised by great ability and by considerable eloquence. Dr. Stanford's homilies are simple, wise, and eloquent. The illustrations are apt, and breathing through the discourses there is a fervid and reverent spirit of devotion. Dr. Stanford's references to the original text prove him to be a scholar of considerable ability. We are sorry to learn from the preface that his sight is failing. Dr. Marcus Dods confines himself to the Parables of our Lord which are recorded in the first Gospel. His exposition of them is distinguished by great critical insight and considerable literary beauty. No one can rise from the perusal of his sermons

without a more vivid realization of the presence of the kingdom of heaven, or without feeling that his own spiritual life has been deepened and enriched.

Sunday for our Little Ones: Unsectarian Addresses to the Young.

By E. M. GELDART, M.A. London: Swan, Sonnenschein, & Co. 1883.

On the whole, these are admirable specimens of addresses to children. As the title indicates, they are thoroughly unsectarian. Mr. Geldart is unquestionably a man of large culture and of a large heart, and the Christianity which he here inculcates is thoroughly sound and enlightened. Here and there he introduces matter which, in addresses to children, is possibly out of place, or, perhaps, a little too high; still, whatever he says, is said in an exceedingly attractive and interesting way. Neither young nor old—and we gather from the preface that the sermons were listened to by a number of the latter—could attend to them without receiving lessons of wisdom and charity, and new and higher impulses.

Scottish Divines, 1505–1872. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. 1883.

This volume of the St. Giles' Lectures may fairly claim to be fully equal, both in interest and ability, to either of its predecessors. As dealing with men whose names have become in Scotland household words, to many it will probably have greater attractions. The lectures are of different degrees of merit, but are all distinguished by sound scholarship and an admirable catholicity of spirit. Some of them are really excellent. Principal Tulloch's on the saintly Leighton, and Dr. Story's on Edward Irving, are deserving of special mention,—the former as an eloquent and really solid contribution to our knowledge of the first of Scottish divines, and the second as correcting some of the vagaries of recent biographers. The lists of authorities appended to the Lectures will be of service to those who wish to obtain a larger acquaintance with the divines and ecclesiastics here discoursed of, and who have contributed so much to make the religious and ecclesiastical life of Scotland what it has now become.

The Evangelical Succession: A Course of Lectures. Second Series. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace. 1883.

Some time ago we commended the plan of these lectures and the execution of the first series of them. This second series is a worthy companion to the first, and to many readers, as dealing with men of later times, will probably be still more acceptable. Professor Candlish opens the course with a temperate and scholarly lecture on Calvin, in which, besides giving a brief and lucid sketch of the great reformer's life, he gives an able and tolerably accurate *resumé* of his theology. To the defects of that theology

he is quite alive, yet is in doubt whether a better theology, or one more satisfactory or satisfying to human reason, can be produced. Mr. Barbour follows with a lecture on Knox, a little rhetorical, yet picturesque and striking. Alexander Henderson and Samuel Rutherford are interestingly discoursed on by the Rev. Mr. Thomson and Mr. Taylor Innes. Professor Blaikie follows with a lecture on Archbishop Leighton, which is in many respects admirable. We cordially agree with him when he says—'That which we are disposed to set down as the most remarkable feature of Leighton's writings is his magnificent conception of the true spirit of Christianity, and the charm with which that spirit is developed and commended.' We wish that Leighton's conception was more widely prevalent, and that the same wise and reasonable spirit with which he expounded it and was himself animated, had a stronger hold on the Churches. To Scottish readers, the two lectures on Richard Baxter and Zinzendorf will be new chapters in religious biography. Their authors are, equally with the rest, thoroughly conversant with their subjects, and write in a thoroughly popular and interesting style.

The Kingdom of All Israel: Its History, Literature, and Worship.

By JAMES SIME, M.A., F.R.S.E. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 1883.

In the large octavo volume of over 600 pages, Mr. James Sime has favoured the public with his opinions as to what the history of the Kingdom of Israel under Saul, David, and Solomon ought to have been. Those who believe that the earlier works of the Old Testament were written in the precise order in which they stand; who believe that Moses and Moses alone wrote and edited the Pentateuch, and who have no acquaintance with or no belief in the results of modern Biblical criticism, and are contented to accept all the irreconcilable contradictions which the old theories involve, will accept this volume with favour, and regard its author as an exceeding bright and shining light. Those, on the other hand, who know what modern criticism has done for the Old Testament, and for the history of Israel, and who are unable to resist the conviction that its methods and results are in the main true, will regard Mr. Sime's laboured production with very different feelings. Whether they will be those of compassion or amazement we will not venture to say. Mr. Sime may be qualified to write a trustworthy history of 'All Israel,' but the present volume does not prove that he is. It bears few signs either of the requisite scholarship or of the requisite literary or historical insight. There can be no doubt that Mr. Sime is a diligent student, but if this volume is all that he can show for his labour we doubt whether he has studied to any good or wholesome purpose. His main aim seems to be, not so much to write the history of Israel under its first three kings, as to prove that the Book of Deuteronomy was written just as we now have it by Moses on the east side of Jordan about the year 1450 B.C.

Selections from the Writings of Archbishop Leighton. Edited, with a Memoir and Notes, by W. BLAIR, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace, 1883.

That there is nothing equal to them in the whole compass of our devotional literature, is an opinion in which every reader of Leighton's works will heartily agree. 'Full of the richest imagery, and breathing a spirit of the most divine and unaffected devotion, the reading of him,' writes Robert Hall, referring to Leighton, 'is a truce to all human cares and human passions: and I can compare it to nothing but the beautiful representation in the 23rd Psalm, it is like "lying down in green pastures and by the side of still waters."' The selections which we have in the volume before us are well chosen, and our only complaint is that they are not more numerous. Leighton, as Coleridge long ago pointed out, is full of good things, and a much larger volume of selections might with advantage have been made. The probability is, however, that the editor has been prevented by the plan of the series to which his admirable little volume belongs. Of the way in which he has done his work we cannot speak too highly. Dr. Blair's memoir of Leighton, though one may here and there take exception to its statements, is carefully and interestingly written, and the whole book bears witness both of a warm appreciation on the part of its editor, and of his scrupulous desire to be exact. Indeed, it is rare that so much scholarship and conscientious diligence has been brought to bear upon the production of so small a work. A better beginning the 'Evangelical Classics' could not have had.

The Westminster Assembly: its History and Standards (Baird Lecture, 1882). By A. F. MITCHELL, D.D. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1883.

Considering the important, we might almost say the enormous, influence which the theological opinions formulated by the Westminster Assembly of divines have had upon the vast majority of the Scottish people, and upon not a few in England and America, they are worthy of the attention and laborious research which Dr. Mitchell has bestowed upon them. He may not have done all that was expected of him; but what he has done, he has, with one or two drawbacks, done well. His volume may be said to divide itself into two parts,—the one historical, and the other theological. Of these, the former is by far the larger, and, in our opinion, incomparably the better. The first three lectures, in which the history of English Puritanism is traced down to the summoning of the Westminster Assembly, are if anything a little weak and too diffuse. It is in the remaining lectures, so far as they deal with the historical part of his subject, that Dr. Mitchell is at his best, and where he most earns the thanks of all students of the history of religious opinions. His researches have been wide, and enable him to correct numerous errors. As was to be expected, due, but

by no means undue, prominence is given to the part played by the Commissioners from Scotland, and to the points for which they contended. The weakest part of the volume is the answers given by Dr. Mitchell to objections to Calvinism. Though a sound divine, he seems scarcely to appreciate the real difficulties which men feel with respect to the doctrines he seeks to defend, or the way in which they may be met. The world has moved on since the Westminster Assembly held its sittings, and the perplexities of the nineteenth century have a deeper and broader bearing than those of the seventeenth. As a history of that famous Assembly, however, Dr. Mitchell's volume may be said to be unrivalled, and deserves to be carefully studied by all who hold or object to its now venerable but not antiquated Standards.

The Bible Psalter. Being the Authorised Version of the Psalms : Printed for Chanting, and with Chants adapted thereto, and specially Composed for this Work. By Sir HERBERT OAKELEY, M.A., Mus. Doc., LL.D. London : James Nisbet & Co.

This book is an attempt to adapt the Authorised Version of the Book of Psalms for chanting, and the result, on the whole, must be regarded as satisfactory. It is evident that the author has bestowed on his work much thought and care, and that neither the printing of the words, nor the selection of the music, has been made at random. We may feel constrained occasionally to differ from Sir Herbert on points of detail ; but we are glad to be able to express our almost entire concurrence with the general principles he has laid down for his guidance. He is certainly right in the preference he has shewn for the double chant. Granting the excellence and beauty of many of the single chants that are in use, yet when sung to a long psalm, they are apt to be monotonous ; and the author has, therefore, for the most part, wisely confined their use to the shorter Psalms, and to the sections of Psalm cxix. He has, however, occasionally, and apparently without any good reason, as for example in Psalm xxii., departed from his own rule. In general the adaptation of the music to the words is good. Nothing in this respect could be better than the chants selected for Psalms i., xxiii., cxxxvi., and many others that might be named. In some cases, however, we find a chant with one or more high reciting notes set to a long Psalm ; an arrangement that is ill-adapted to congregational use. Sir Herbert has occasionally hampered himself by paying too much attention to an arrangement whereby the whole Psalter may be chanted once a month, and repeating the same chant to consecutive Psalms. A change of music in such cases would have afforded opportunity for the introduction of several excellent and popular chants, the absence of which we regret. Regarding the printing of the words, Sir Herbert remarks that 'the less the type is disturbed the better,'

and in this we agree with him. The marks which have been employed are quite sufficient for the use of the singer; and the division of the words seems in most cases to be judicious. In some instances, perhaps, long verses might have been divided, so as to give fewer syllables to the reciting note. The work, however, is a distinct advance on what we have hitherto possessed, and will do much to promote the practice of chanting the so-called 'prose' version of the Psalms. We regret to notice a few errata, and also a want of correspondence between the printing of the sol-fa and that of the common notation editions. Till this is rectified it will seriously interfere with the popularity of the book.

A Disciple of Plato. A Critical Study of John Ruskin. By WILLIAM SMART, M.A. Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick, 1883.

Mr. Smart's aim in this handsome pamphlet is to show that in some of his leading doctrines Mr. Ruskin is a follower of Plato. He has certainly proved that there is a considerable identity of opinion between the two, and that many passages in Mr. Ruskin's works can be matched with passages from Plato. But whether Mr. Ruskin is a 'disciple' of Plato is a different question, and one upon which we should scarcely like to pronounce. Plato's doctrines have so saturated the intellect of Europe that it would be difficult to say on Mr. Smart's principle who is not a Platonist. The pamphlet, however, is well done, and the author deserves the thanks of all Ruskinites for calling attention to the subject.

Histoire de l'Angleterre depuis la mort de la reine Anne jusqu'à nos jours. Par H. REYNALD, Doyen de la Faculté des Lettres d'Aix. Paris: Germer Baillière et Cie. 1883.

This handy little volume summarises in a clear and concise manner the history of England from the accession of the House of Hanover down to the present day. It is not, however, a bare record of events, or a mere list of battles and of treaties. The author has adopted the higher view of history which subordinates the statement of simple facts to the study of ideas and the investigation of constitutional questions. True to the motto which he has chosen—'Non equidem invidio, miror magis'—he has performed his task with laudable impartiality, and avoided the temptation to Chauvinism put in his way by such an epoch as that of the struggle between France and Europe, under the Republic and the Empire, at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. He alludes, it is true, with some bitterness to the policy which prevented England from interfering when, thirty years ago, it beheld, in France, the violent suppression of those liberties 'which are so dear to itself, but of which it is too much inclined to think itself alone worthy'; and, again, when a 'pitiless conqueror' seized on two provinces as the spoils of victory. But

on these two points his feelings are too natural in a Frenchman and a Republican, and are, moreover, shared by too many Englishmen to be open to much criticism. Of England such as he beholds it at the present day, the author speaks in terms to which the most fastidious could scarcely take exception. He describes it as consisting of 'a monarchy loved because it circumscribes its authority within just limits, an aristocracy honoured because it has a conscientious appreciation of its duties and is open to merit of every kind, and a laborious people amongst which private virtues flourish beneath the shadow of public virtues.' But, apart from considerations of this nature, we can heartily commend M. Reynald's *History of England*—as indeed the other volumes of the '*Bibliothèque d'histoire contemporaine*,'—to such as are anxious for more serious and profitable reading than is supplied by the ordinary French novel of the bookstalls and circulating libraries. They will find a subject into which they can thoroughly enter, and with which they can sympathise, treated in a most able manner; they may, not impossibly, meet with interesting information in the pages intended to explain to foreigners the working of the British Constitution, and they will have the advantage of a clear and forcible style combined with particularly pure and idiomatic language.

The York Buildings Company: a Chapter in Scotch History.

By D. MURRAY, M.A., &c. Glasgow: J. Maclehose & Sons. 1883.

Though its history forms a chapter in the history of Scotland, the York Buildings Company was a London Company, created by letters-patent granted by Charles II. to Ralph Buchnall and Ralph Wayne, empowering them, for a period of ninety-nine years, to erect a water-work and water-house upon the grounds of York House, for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants of St. James' Fields and Piccadilly with water. York House was situated a little to the east of where Charing Cross Station now stands, and there from day to day, during the reign of Queen Anne, the Company quietly performed its duty of supplying water to Her Majesty's lieges at the average charge of five-and-twenty shillings a house per annum. In 1719, the whole stock of the Company was transferred by purchase to Mr. Carr Billingley, one of the most active projectors and speculators of the time, and five others, for the very moderate sum of some £7000. No sooner had this change of ownership been made than the Water Company was converted into an association for the purchase of the estates in Scotland which had been forfeited in consequence of their owners having participated in the rebellion of 1715. The requisite funds were soon raised, and in the years 1719-20 upwards of £300,000 was invested in the purchase of estates scattered over most parts of Scotland; and it is the purchase of these, and the troubles connected with their management, which have enabled Mr. Murray to write an extremely interesting and not

less valuable Chapter in the History of Scotland. The 'Chapter' occupies some 130 octavo pages, and represents a very considerable amount of research. As throwing light on the state of the country at the beginning of the eighteenth century, its value cannot be over-estimated. It is to be hoped that it is not intended to stand alone. So much labour as Mr. Murray has evidently spent upon it deserves to be incorporated in a larger volume dealing with similar topics.

Louis XIV. et Strasbourg: Essai sur la politique de la France en Alsace, d'après des documents, officiels, et inédits. Par A. LEGRELLE, Docteur ès lettres. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1883.

In France and Germany the Alsace-Lorraine question has given birth to a large number of books and pamphlets, some of which are not distinguished either by calmness or reasonableness. To these M. Legrelle's volume forms a notable exception. Though, as might naturally be expected, partial to his own country and desirous of making out for it as good a case as possible, he has nevertheless striven to write with candour and fairness. In doing so he has availed himself of a large mass of materials drawn chiefly from official sources, and as yet unedited. The only parties who have denied him access to official sources of information are the German authorities in Strasburg. Beginning with almost pre-historic times, he has traced the growth of the city of Strasburg and its relations with the French and German Empires down to the close of the Franco-German war, and has illustrated his statements with extracts from numerous important documents. His volume, which is deservedly popular in France, forms a very interesting and important chapter in Continental history, and is well worthy of perusal.

The Life of John Duncan, Scotch Weaver and Botanist. With Sketches of his Friends and Notices of his Times. By W. JOLLY, F.R.S.E., &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

Mr. Jolly has been fortunate in his subject, and John Duncan has been quite as fortunate in his biographer. One of the very noblest of those noble, silent men who, as Carlyle says, are scattered here and there each in his department, of whom no morning newspaper makes mention, and who are nevertheless the very salt of the earth, the life of this true-hearted Scottish weaver and botanist deserved to be written. It forms, indeed, one of the noblest chapters in the 'annals of the poor,' and all that genuine admiration and considerable skill in letters can do has here been done for it by Mr. Jolly. One of the principal charms of the book, and they are not few, is the remarkably clear and vivid picture which it contains of the manners and customs, and in fact of the whole life of the rural part of the

population during the earlier part of the present century. To those who have not read it, we would recommend Mr. Jolly's volume as one of the most instructive and entertaining pieces of biography of recent years.

Lorenz Oken, a Biographical Sketch. By A. ECKER. Translated by A. Tulk. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

The theories of Oken have long been superseded by the discoveries of modern science. Most of them, indeed, were little more than vague guesses, though some of them came very near the truth. Still, the stimulus which he gave to scientific studies renders him worthy of being kept in remembrance; and the little volume which Professor Ecker has written, and which Mr. Tulk has here translated, will do much to revive an interest in his memory. Oken, however, was much more than a naturalist. He took a deep interest in the welfare of his countrymen, and suffered much to promote social and political freedom. With his sufferings, his own temper had much to do; yet, taken all in all, he was a noble and genuine spirit, one of those who, if they do not create and consummate great movements, at least prepare the way for them and help them on. Professor Ecker is not blind to Oken's faults, and, though he writes of him with enthusiasm, he does not scruple to point them out. To say that he has written an interesting memoir, is scant praise. He has written one which is, in truth, fascinating. The reader having once begun it, will not willingly put it down until he has reached the end. Mr. Tulk, we hardly need add, has done his part well.

Luther Anecdotes: Memorable Sayings and Doings of Martin Luther, gathered from his Books, etc., and illustrating his Life and Work. By Dr. MACAULAY. London: Religious Tract Society.

This little volume is one of the fruits of the Luther Celebrations, and is exceedingly appropriate. In it the Editor of the *Leisure Hour* has gathered together a large number of Luther's best sayings and some of the best anecdotes about him. The result is we have the principal events of the great Reformer's life told in a very interesting and charming way. A book like this, small as it is, will do more, we imagine, to arouse an interest in Luther, and to convey a clear conception of his character and work, than many larger and more pretentious volumes.

The Organs of Speech, and their Application in the Formation of Articulate Sounds. By G. H. von MEYER. (International Scientific Series, vol. xlvii.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

Professor von Meyer deals here simply with the structure and functions of the organs of speech. His book, therefore, is purely physiological.

Philological questions are not touched upon. The way, however, is prepared for the discussion and solution of some of the most important of them. In fact, to those who wish to understand thoroughly the laws which govern the transformation of the elements of speech in the formation of dialects or derivative languages, and even to those who are anxious to make the best possible use of what organs of speech they have, Professor von Meyer's book will be indispensable. After a brief but weighty introduction, the author enters upon an elaborate but popular explanation of the organs employed in the act of speaking. The second part treats of these organs in relation to the formation of sound. In the third and last part, the formation of articulate sounds is explained. Among the many excellent examples of scientific exposition which this series contains, Professor von Meyer's volume deserves to take a foremost place. His style is clearness itself, and nothing can surpass the simplicity and skill with which he unfolds his subject. There is much in the volume which will be of the greatest service to public speakers and singers. The sections which deal with the disturbed action of the respiratory mechanism have an interest for all. In the second chapter we have also an interesting account of the experiments of Czermak and Passavant in connection with the closure of the nasal cavity in speech by the soft palate.

Dynamic Sociology, or Applied Social Science as Based upon Static Sociology and the less Complex Sciences. By LESLIE F. WARD, A.M. 2 Vols. New York: Appleton & Co. 1883.

The complaint is here justly made that the various Social Sciences, though in possession of many facts of great and permanent value, have as yet been altogether sterile in beneficial results; and the aim of Mr. Ward is to show how they may be preserved from becoming merely polite amusements and turned to practical use. Large use has been made of the researches of others, and their results have been criticized with more or less success. To the works of Comte and Spencer separate chapters have been devoted, and the criticism to which the theories of these writers have been subjected proves that Mr. Ward is at once a powerful and original thinker. As epitomized by himself, his own theory may be stated as follows:—

‘The desire to be happy is the fundamental stimulus which underlies all social movements, and has carried on all past moral and religious systems. These have been established in obedience to the deepest conviction and belief that they were able to accomplish the amelioration of the condition of mankind. They failed because misdirected, owing to the ignorance of man respecting nature, upon which alone all successful effort must be expended. The only real progress has resulted from such effort. Some progress has been made in spite of these badly directed and superficial systems, but it has been the result of the secular forces which have evolved man out of the animal state. The problem is, to guide these vast and acknowledged forces in a progressive instead of a non-progressive direction. To do this, something analogous to these non-progressive

systems must be established. There must be a set of principles, doctrines, or articles, to which, as a creed, the world shall give in its adhesion. These principles must be *true*, and be founded on the *natural*, and not *false*, as in previous systems, and founded on the supernatural. The fundamental or first article of this new creed is that *all progress is the result of the utilization of the materials and the forces which exist in nature*. The second is, that the true and only way of carrying out the first lies in the universal diffusion and thorough co-ordination of the knowledge now existing in the world respecting the materials and forces of nature—in short, the *scientific education* of all the members of society.'

Mr. Ward's theory, in fact, though worked out on very different lines, is very similar to Mr. Buckle's. Like him, he holds that in morals no progress has been made since the days of Hillel, and that the only hope of progress lies in the diffusion of knowledge and the education of the intellect. For the reformers and religious teachers of the past, he has little respect. Their success, he tells us, has been due to the almost irresistible power of their emotional nature—never to their intellectual supremacy. And again, 'instead of having been guided and impelled by intellect and reason throughout all the years of history, we have been ruled and swayed by the magnetic passions of epileptics and monomaniacs.' That philosophy, or Christianity, or any other religious system, has contributed anything to the progress of the race, he denies. Whatever progress has been made has been achieved, he maintains, in spite of them. For Mr. Ward's scientific and philosophical knowledge and ability we have a great respect. His leading aim, so far as it goes, is sound. His criticisms, too, on the systems of Comte and Spencer, are deserving of praise. But from many of his opinions we must emphatically dissent.

The Principles of Logic. By F. H. BRADLEY, LL.D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

Dr. Bradley almost apologizes for not having written a *System of Logic*. We are disposed to think—in fact, we have a pretty strong conviction—that what he has written is of incomparably greater value. The tendency of 'systems,' a tendency to which systems of Logic are no exceptions, is to perpetuate errors and prevent progress. Of systems of Logic we have more than enough. What is wanted in the present is, as Dr. Bradley observes, 'neither system-making nor systems either home-grown or imported,' but 'to clear the ground, so that English Philosophy, if it rises, may not be choked by prejudice'; and this work of clearance Dr. Bradley has done in a very thorough and effective way. A large part of his book is taken up with controversy. In the old doctrines of 'traditional logic,' and in many of the theories which have been advanced of late years, and regarded as great discoveries, he has no belief. 'Superstitions,' 'errors,' 'erroneous views,' 'delusions,' are terms which he freely applies to them. Nor does he do this without giving good and solid reasons. To those who have no belief in the traditional logic, and are in the habit of regarding it as a sort of irrational science, a kind of puzzle or philosophical plaything

of little or no practical value, except it may be for sharpening the intellect, the way in which many of its doctrines are here dealt with is simply refreshing. The ease with which Dr. Bradley disposes of them, and his occasional touches of irony, call to mind a famous old master of logic who had the merit of bringing philosophy down from the clouds and giving it a place among the realities of life. To the followers of Whately, Hamilton, Mansel, J. S. Mill, Professor Bain, and other modern logicians, his volume, we imagine, will scarcely be acceptable. Among the theories of these, Dr. Bradley is a veritable Ishmaelite. At the same time, by those who wish to see the science of logic put upon a reasonable foundation and cleared of its useless impedimenta, his *Principles of Logic* will be regarded as an exceedingly valuable contribution to sound science, and as calculated to prepare the way both for a more rational system of logic and for the rise of a thoroughly independent English Philosophy. To follow Dr. Bradley through all his arguments, is here, of course, impossible. We will simply point out a few of the conclusions to which he has come. After discussing the general nature of judgment, he passes on to speak of its various forms, and then of the general nature of inference and reasoning. Judgment proper is defined as 'the act which refers an ideal content (recognised as such) to a reality beyond the act.' 'The ideal content is the logical idea' and has a universal meaning, and 'the affirmation, or judgment, consist in saying, 'This idea is no new idea, but is a quality of the real.' 'It is not true that every judgment has two ideas'; nor is it 'that in judgment one idea is the subject, and that the judgment refers an other to this.' Among wrong theories of judgment are 'those vitiated by the superstition of subject predicate and copula.' 'Judgment is neither the association of an idea with a sensation, nor the liveliness or strength of an idea or ideas.' The notion that in judgment we have a pair of ideas is pronounced false. 'Judgment is not inclusion in, or exclusion from, a class'; nor 'inclusion in, or exclusion from, the subject'; nor is it 'the assertion that subject and predicate are identical or equal. This erroneous doctrine is the natural result of former errors.' The attempt made by Mr. J. S. Mill to turn hypothetical into categorical judgments is maintained to be futile. 'What hypothetical judgments assert, is simply the quality which is the ground of the consequence.' A negation is not the denial of an existing judgment,—it is a failure to refer an idea or to identify it; what it begins with is 'the attempt on reality, the baffled approach of a qualification.' 'In the scale of reflection it stands higher than mere affirmation. It is in one sense more ideal, and it comes into existence at a later stage of the development of the soul.' 'The essence of disjunctive judgment is not got by calling it a combination of suppositions. It first takes a predicate known within limits, and defined by exclusion, and then further defines it by hypothetical exclusion. It rests on the assumption that we have the whole field, and by removing parts can determine the residue.' Mr. J. S. Mill's favourite terms 'connota-

tion' and 'denotation' 'serve no useful purpose in logic, though the indiscriminate use of the former 'marks one kind of superior person.' In logic 'they are unnecessary and objectionable,' 'have no advantage over the terms in common use,' and 'have in addition a positive vice.' 'The major premise is a delusion,' and even the syllogism itself is no better. As for Association, the psychological fact is unquestionable, but the account given of the fact by orthodox English philosophy is, in Dr. Bradley's opinion, 'not only questionable but false'; and besides being false, 'incompatible with any tolerably accurate theory of reasoning.' Here, however, we must stop. We have said enough to show the character of Dr. Bradley's volume. For the reason already given, we have not attempted any criticism of the opinions it contains. After its skill and admirable dialectical ability, its chief charm to us is its independence. We strongly commend it to all students of logic. The work of a master in the art of thinking, and written in an easy and vigorous style, its perusal is, as we have said, bracing and refreshing, while in the science to which it belongs, its publication may be taken, we hope, as the beginning of better things.

Introduction à l'étude de la littérature celtique. Par H. d'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE. Paris: E. Thorin, 1883.

This important and erudite work, the result of thirty years silent research amongst the most obscure literary remains of the Middle Ages, is substantially identical with the first course of lectures delivered by Professor d'Arbois de Jubainville, at the Collège de France, where a chair of Celtic literature has been founded, in addition to that already existing at the *Ecole des hautes études*. Of the work of so eminent a scholar, it is almost superfluous to say that its characteristic feature is a thorough mastery of the subject in all its bearings. The monuments of classical antiquity have been examined, and every scrap of information carefully gathered, sifted, and weighed with a critical acumen not less rare than striking. Frequent reference to the works of such authorities as Windisch, Zimmer, Whitley Stokes, Rhys, Sullivan and O'Curry, affords ample proof of an intimate acquaintance with the latest results of philological investigation, in every country where the language and literature of the ancient Celts have attracted the attention of the learned. It is more particularly and directly, however, from the old Celtic texts that the author has drawn his best and most original matter. To form an adequate idea of the immense labour which the mere interpretation of these texts cost him, it is necessary to bear in mind that, for many of the published and for all the unpublished documents, existing vocabularies are altogether insufficient, and that, in consequence, he was left entirely to his own resources and obliged to depend solely on his own knowledge, in other words, that he had to compile his own dictionary before he could produce his translation. But perhaps the most striking feature of Professor de Jubainville's book is its

clearness. Though eminently the work of a scholar and specialist, and intended for scholars and specialists, this Introduction to the Study of Celtic Literature may be understood by those who have never made the language their special study, and cannot fail to be interesting even to the general reader for the varied and quaint information which it conveys.

In his introductory chapters, the author classifies the various languages belonging to the great Celtic family, recalls the names by which the tribes and nations speaking them were known among the ancients, and, in a rapid sketch, traces the immense geographical area which once represented the domain of the language now spoken by less than four millions of the inhabitants of Europe, hidden away so to speak, in remote corners of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. The body of the work treats of the representatives of Celtic literature, and is, consequently, divided into three books devoted, respectively to the Bards, the Druids, and the *File* or soothsayers. The Bards occupied the lowest rank in the triple hierarchy. This is in accordance with the very first mention of them that is made in the classical writers. It is made by Posidonius, whose date may be set down as 100 B.C. He represents a bard running by the side of King Louernios's chariot, bewailing his hunger and disappointment, and singing the merits of the king. In the ancient laws of Ireland, too, the bards are treated with but scant honour, as compared with the higher grades of the hierarchy. It is said of them that they require no special learning, that their natural intelligence is sufficient for them, and that they need not be acquainted with either the ogamic writing or any of the eight different kinds of metre in use amongst the literary caste. In Wales, their position seems to have been a more prominent one. According to the ancient laws of that country, the Bard of the Palace ranked eighth amongst the officers of the King's household, and had the privilege of a place at the royal table. He held his land in free tenure, he had a horse at his disposal, the queen supplied him with his linen and the king with his woollen garments. His value, that is the price paid as compensation by his slayer, was fixed at 126 cows. It should be noticed, however, that the same tariff applied to the head falconer and to the first attendant.

After Posidonius, the other writers whom Professor de Jubainville has searched for passages elucidating his subject, are Appian, Diodorus Siculus, Timagenes, Strabo, Lucan, and Martial. A line from the latter informs us that one of the garments worn by the bards was called *cucullus*, and that it was adopted by the Romans :

'Gallia santonico vestit te bardo-cucullo.'

The word, having become *cuculla* in Low Latin, took the form *coule* in Old French, and still subsists in our 'cowl'. The passage quoted from Diodorus states that the Bards sang to the accompaniment of an instrument resembling the lyre. M. de Jubainville supplements this with three lines which he has unearthed from a poem of the sixth century, and in

which Fortunatus, incidentally mentioning the musical instruments peculiar to the Romans, the Greeks, the Barbarians, and the British, gives the name of *chrotta* to that in use amongst these last :

‘ Et, qua quisque valet, te prece, voce sonet,
Romanus lyra, plaudat tibi barbarus harpa,
Græcus Achilliaca, chrotta Britannica canat.’

Although there appears to be reference to the Druids, and more particularly to their supposed belief in the immortality of the soul, in writers anterior to Cæsar, nevertheless, he is undoubtedly the first who, in a well-known and often quoted passage, makes actual mention of their name and who records their existence as a contemporaneous fact. But within the 130 years which separate the two writers, the Druids underwent a total transformation. As Cæsar knew them, they were the members of a powerful sacerdotal cast, as Pliny describes them they are little better than quacks and conjurors.

In a very important chapter M. de Jubainville shows how purely imaginary is the generally received etymology of the word *druid*. It is usual to quote the authority of Pliny, who was the first to start the theory that the Druids derived their name from *δρῦς*, the Greek for oak, a tree for which they are supposed to have had a special veneration. The first objection to this is one which must have occurred to most people. How can an essentially Celtic appellation be derived from a language with which the Celts were, in all probability, unacquainted? This objection becomes all the stronger from the fact that, as the author clearly establishes, the Celtic name for the oak was *dervos* or *dervon*, and that this tree was only one of several which the Druids held sacred. We may add—and perhaps a little more stress might have been laid on this—that the passage from Pliny only suggests a possible explanation, and not an actual etymology: ‘ Jam per se roborum eligunt lucos, nec ulla sacra sine earum fronde conficiunt, ut inde appellati quoque interpretatione græca possint Druidæ videri.’ Unfortunately, Professor de Jubainville’s arguments only go the length of overturning the existing theory. He confesses himself unable to replace it by a better. Still, to know what we are not to believe is something to be thankful for. These preliminary remarks are followed by a detailed examination of the original Celtic texts in which there occurs reference to the Druids and to their functions. In successive chapters they appear before us in the several characters of soothsayers, magicians, physicians, and teachers, and Cæsar’s statement with regard to the honour shewn them, to their method of instruction, and to their British origin, is proved to be conformable throughout with the records of Celtic literature.

The third part of Professor de Jubainville’s work is devoted to the highest and most powerful class of the sacerdotal and literary hierarchy of the Celts, the *File* or soothsayers. In the exercise of their supposed præternatural powers, these masters of divination made use of three several forms, known respectively as *imbæ forosnai*, that is, ‘great illuminating

science,' *teinm lóida*, or 'light of the lyric poem,' and *dichetal di chennaib endime*, which, being interpreted, signifies 'incantation by means of the finger-tips.' According to the Glossary of Cormac, and to the *Senchus Mór*, St. Patrick forbade the *imbas foromai* and the *teinm lóida*, because both included a sacrifice to idols. He did not, however, prohibit the *dichetal di chennaib*, the principal element of which consisted in the improvisation of a quatrain, because he looked upon the marvellous effects attributed to it as 'the results of the excess of repose and of preparation,' in other words, of meditation and long study. Besides these incantations of which the immediate object was divination, the *File* wielded a more formidable spell, the *dir* or satire, by means of which they professed to be able to inflict all kinds of evils on the persons against whom they uttered it. To prevent the abuse of the terrible power of the *dir*, a supernatural punishment was believed to await those who pronounced it wrongfully, and pimples or eruptions appeared on their face, as a visible chastisement of their injustice. According to the primitive doctrine, the *File* were descended from Dagde, Prince of the Great Science, the founder of a divine dynasty amongst the members of which were Science, Reflection, High Learning, and similar personifications of the various operations of the mind. In Christian times, however, Dagde was superseded by Cae, who, it is said, was brought up in Egypt with Moses, and whose disciple, Fenius Fersaid, is represented as having witnessed the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel.

In the most ancient epic cycles of Ireland, such as, for example, that of Conchobar and Cúchulainn, the *File* also appear as legislators, judges, and advocates. Their social position, however, as well as their respective rank in the hierarchy, and, consequently, the special joint of which they were allowed to partake when at the king's board, depended on the less serious but more brilliant and more pleasing functions as minstrels. As such they were divided into classes—ten are given in the *Senchus Mór*—in proportion to the number of histories or legends which they could recite. The *ollam* stood at the head with a *répertoire* of 350 histories. The second place was held by the *ánruth*, who had mastered 176. With the *cliff* the poetical stock-in-trade was 80, and 20 less with the *cana*. The next places, between each of which there was a difference of 10 histories only, were respectively occupied by the *doss*, the *macfuirmid*, the *fochloc*, the *drisac*, and the *taman*. Still lower than this we find the *oblaire*, whose histories were limited to seven. These 'histories' of the *File* were known by the generic name of *scél*. There was also a special term, *anamain*, to designate the original production of an *ollam*. Thus, in the preface to the panegyric of St. Columba, composed towards the end of the sixth century by Dallan, son of Forgall, we read that the poem is an 'anamain between two ash trees.' In explanation of this singular expression, it must be mentioned that the letters of the ogamic alphabet bore the names of trees, and that each *anamain* was indicated by its first and its last letter. Hence the panegyric

was said to be 'between two ash trees,' because it began and ended with N, nin, the fifth letter of the alphabet.

The concluding chapters deal respectively with the epic literature of Ireland, and with the schools of Ireland during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. The former of these subjects, however, will doubtless be treated more exhaustively in another work: 'Essai d'un catalogue de la littérature épique de l'Irlande'—of which the last sheets are now going through the press, and which, we hope, in due time to bring before our readers.

Journey to Parnassus. By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA :
Translated into English Tercets with Preface and Illustrative Notes by JAMES Y. GIBSON. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

Respecting the value of the satirical poem which Mr. Gibson has rightly entitled *Journey to Parnassus*, the opinion of critics is divided. Mr. Ticknor who from his acquaintance with Spanish literature is entitled to speak with authority, dismisses it with the curt remark that it has little merit. Some of the episodes, he admits, are not without interest, but on the whole his opinion is against it. Bouterwek, on the other hand, attributes to it a much higher value. 'Next to Don Quixote,' he says, 'it is the most exquisite production of its most extraordinary author The poem is interspersed throughout with singularly witty and beautiful ideas, and only a few passages can be charged with feebleness or languor.' Mr. Gibson agrees with him, and notwithstanding the weight of Mr. Ticknor's authority and the little interest taken in the poem by the Spaniards themselves, we are disposed to side with him. That there are passages in it of considerable beauty cannot be denied. Its chief value however is in the insight it affords into the character of Cervantes, holding among his writings somewhat of the position which the sonnets do among Shakespeare's. This is admirably pointed out in the singularly interesting introduction or preface which Mr. Gibson has prefixed to the translation. So far as we have examined it, Mr. Gibson's version is executed with great skill and accuracy. His tercets run on smoothly and his translation is marked by almost literal fidelity. We can find room for only a single extract—Cervantes vision of True Poesy which occurs in the fourth book—

'In rear of these there came at length along
A wondrous being, radiant as the light
The sun emits amid the starry throng ;
The highest beauty pales before her sight
And she remains alone in her array,
Diffusing round contentment and delight.
She looked the likeness of Aurora gay,
When, mid the roses and the pearly dew,
She wakes to life and ushers in the day ;
The garments rich, and jewels bright of hue

Which gemmed her person, might hold rivalry
With all the world of wonders ever knew.'

In addition to the translation and Spanish text, which are on opposite pages, and the remarkably interesting introduction to which we have already referred, and in which by the way Mr. Gibson controverts Mr. Duffield's singular idea respecting the tendency of Don Quixote, the volume contains the text and a translation of Cervantes' letter to Matteo Vazquez, secretary of state to Philip II., which was accidentally discovered about ten years ago at Madrid. Not the least valuable portions of the book are a finely etched portrait of Cervantes, and a number of notes illustrative of the text. The printing and 'get up' of the volume are excellent. Altogether this is a book which no lover of Don Quixote and the genial humour of Cervantes should miss possessing.

Selections from Wordsworth. Edited with an Introductory Memoir by J. S. Fletcher. London & Paisley: A. Gardner. 1883.

In making his selection from Wordsworth's poems Mr. Fletcher has exercised considerable discretion. All that he has chosen are unquestionably among the finest Wordsworth has written. It is somewhat difficult, however, to understand the principle by which Mr. Fletcher has been guided in arranging the poems he has printed. To a certain extent he has followed the plan adopted by Wordsworth himself, and in some respects he has adopted one which is entirely different. To most readers, however, the order in which the poems stand is a matter of indifference. Those which are given here may be read in any order. Each of them is a gem in itself. The material workmanship, we may add, is worthy of the literary. Together they make up a very dainty little volume. Mr. Fletcher's memoir of the poet is written with care and good taste.

Storia Universale della Letteratura, Vols. III. and IV. By ANGELO DE GUBERNATIS. Ulrich Hoepli, Milan.

Volume III. of this work contains the history of lyric poetry, and Vol. IV. is the anthology of the same, divided into two sections. After, in his preface to the third volume, describing popular and lyric poetry as the expression of universal sentiments elevated into a purer region, while individual lyrics are more the expression of the ideal, Professor de Gubernatis gives a sketch of the history of popular poetry from the earliest times. When the first patriarchs cried out in company, 'The sun is born!' and saluted its setting with the gloomy words, 'The sun is dead!' they composed the first verses; and a few such verses joined together formed the first hymn. The author then touches on the lyric poetry of the various nations, beginning with India and ending with Bohemia, dwelling at greater length on the Arab, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin poets. In a volume

of only 434 pages, and treating of the poets of twenty-four nations, it will be easily understood that little space could be devoted to each; but, within these limits, the author seems to have omitted nothing of importance, and succeeds in giving the reader a very clear idea of the rise and connection of the poetry of each nation. Volume IV. contains the anthology of popular and modern lyric poetry. In the pages devoted to the English poets, there are specimens from Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Hood, Elizabeth B. Browning, Rossetti, Christina Rossetti, and Tennyson. Some favourite names, therefore, will be missed. The translations are generally in prose, and those in verse are not always satisfactory. In the translation of 'Excelsior,' for instance, by Signor Correnti, the metre is not imitated, and the sense is often misrepresented. The line, 'above the spectral glaciers shone,' is changed into '*monte inesplorato e nero*' (a mountain unexplored and black), which gives quite the contrary impression to that intended by the author, who has not failed to notice the *spectral* appearance of ice-fields shining in the twilight. The verse describing the maiden and her pleading, is unnecessarily changed into the plural 'voices,' which detracts from the merit of resistance to so sweet an entreaty. Surely the Italian language is rich enough to allow of strict fidelity to the poet's meaning. A fragment of the translation of the 'Queen of the May' is very bad, giving nothing of the spirit of the original.

Poems. By J. B. SELKIRK. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

Mr. Selkirk is certainly not without an ear for music. There is a pleasant and sustained melody running through his *Poems* which carries the reader on and makes the reading of them extremely pleasant. Nor are they without other and higher merits. The 'Songs of Yarrow' are full of freshness and feeling. Here and there, too, there are touches of tender pathos and delicate beauty which insensibly lay hold on the reader's mind, and make him feel that the author is much more than versifier and a man of genuine power. 'Death in Yarrow' is beautiful in its simple pathos. 'A Song of Yarrow,' again, is worthy of Wordsworth. Take, for instance, the following stanzas:—

- ' No sound, no word, from field or ford,
No breath of wind to float a feather,
While Yarrow's murmuring waters poured
A lonely music through the heather.
- ' In silent fascination bound,
As if some mighty spell obeying,
The hills stood listening to the sound,
And wondering what the stream was saying.
- ' What secret to the inner ear,
What happier message was it bringing,
With more of hope, and less of fear,
Than men dare mix with earthly singing ?

'Earth's song it was, yet heavenly growth—
It was not joy, it was not sorrow—
A strange heart-fulness of them both
The wandering singer seemed to borrow.

'Like one that sings and does not know,
But in a dream hears voices calling,
Of those that died long years ago,
And sings although the tears be falling.'

Mr. Selkirk's philosophy may be gathered from the following :—

'Life's highest glimpses still are caught
When blood is warm and wealthy ;
Unhealth begets unhealthy thought,—
The thoughts of health are healthy.'

Here, however, we have it in a deeper strain :—

'Ah, never ! never ! love abides
Through life and death, though all besides
Should perish in Earth's shifting tides,
And restless winds for ever calling.
Love bears a life from May to May,
Beyond the reach of Earth's decay,
Though autumn leaves be falling.'

Or take the following :—

'When science-doctors scout thee, priests denounce, or bigots flout thee,
Fold the simple faith about thee, and act justly by them all.'

Some of Mr. Selkirk's lyrics are specimens of exquisite workmanship. The same may be also said of his sonnets. Mr. Selkirk, in short, is a poet of genuine power, of largest thought and sympathy, whose lines fill the ear with a delightful music, and whose ease and freshness and beauty forcibly remind us of the great masters of English song.

Inchbracken. By ROBERT CLELAND. Wilson & McCormick, Glasgow. 1883.

This clever and amusing story is another of those signs of the times which have been making their appearance rather frequently of late. It is a stinging attack upon one of the most unpleasant phases of Scottish religious profession,—an assumption of pharisaical self-righteousness and censoriousness, loud profession of superior sanctity covering a reality of grasping selfishness, sometimes of even dishonesty and immorality. This phase of profession—common enough, indeed, everywhere—appears to us to assume in Scottish character peculiarly offensive features, and Mr. Cleland has sketched it with a graphic vigour which speaks highly for his powers as a novelist. There is little plot to be discussed, and we should judge Mr. Cleland not to be a very practised novel-writer ; the merit of the story lies solely in the admirable sketches of distinctly Scottish characteristics, and excellent descriptions of scenery. Who that knows anything of the Scottish peasantry does not know a Joseph Smiley, a Tibbie Tirpie, and, in another class, such men as the Free Church elders of

Glen Effick? We fear a good many people could lay a finger on a Mr. Geddie. One word, in conclusion, upon Mr. Cleland's Scotch. It is admirable. People who do not mix much among the Scottish peasantry are very apt to imagine that the peculiarity of their dialect merely consists in the words they use. How very wide of the truth this notion is, we need hardly say; how thoroughly characteristic of the people a dialogue would be without a single genuine Scotch word in it, if the national turn of thought and phrase were preserved. Mr. Cleland is as thoroughly at home in the turn of phrases as in the use of words; hence his Scotch is genuine all through, and its perusal will be a pleasure to every Scot. We fear, however, it will prove a sufficient stumbling-block to English readers, somewhat to interfere with the success of *Inchbracken* in England; but that is an inevitable result of the very merit of the story. Scotland is quite able, and should be willing, to maintain a literature of her own; and in her department of fiction, *Inchbracken* ought to hold a high position.

No New Thing. By W. E. NORRIS. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1883.

In *No New Thing* Mr. Norris has, we think, achieved a success not only considerable in extent, but rather remarkable in kind. He has filled over nine hundred pages with a story in which there is but the slenderest thread of plot, almost total absence of incident, and no single character which is not either commonplace or positively contemptible; yet the interest is well sustained, and the story nowhere drags heavily. The padding is skilfully fitted in, save in one instance; the anecdote of Driver Jennings has all the appearance of a newspaper cutting dragged in to fill a page. Marascalchi and Mr. Winnington are the only characters in the book possessed of any individuality, and a most unpleasant couple they are. The episode of poor little Fanny is very pathetic. Margaret Stanniforth and Hugh Kenyon are exasperating specimens of that sort of flabby goodness which one is always inclined to suspect owes its existence to a want of sufficient force of character to create for its possessor a moral atmosphere in which it might be exposed to any serious temptation. The rest of the characters are little better than lay figures, the result, it appears to us, of the mistake of supposing that things always are what they seem; and that the inward individual life is always consistent with that outward life of appearance which in the case of the majority of, at least, civilized human beings, is certainly tame and commonplace. The story, on the whole, moves on a low moral platform, a very common characteristic of modern novels; but surely in one scene this characteristic is exaggerated? That Philip, in Margaret Stanniforth's drawing room, owing as he did everything in life to her, should publicly mimic and make ridiculous, for the amusement of her guests, her mother to whom she is known to be much attached, is only what one would expect from such a reptile. But that among all the party there assembled—we presume we are to infer that Margaret was not one of

the delighted circle—there should not be one possessed of the moderate amount of good feeling required to have looked a strong expression of indignant contempt is hardly credible. One can gauge pretty accurately what Hugh Kenyon's goodness is worth, when we find him, the ardent lover of Margaret, looking on complacently, and shortly after speculating on his ability to lend Marascalchi money, instead of being filled with angry regret that the circumstances of the moment had rendered it impossible for him to kick the young rascal on the spot.

The Works of W. M. Thackeray. Vols. I. and II. *Vanity Fair.*
London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1883.

The numerous editions which have been published within the last few years of Thackeray's works, afford abundant proof that they are gradually rising in popular esteem. As the taste of the novel reading public is elevated and the number of general readers is enlarged, their popularity, we venture to believe, will increase more rapidly. For most novels a single reading suffices; but in Thackeray's pages we have a source of perennial instruction and enjoyment. Of 'Vanity Fair' and 'Pendennis,' of 'Mr. Henry Esmond,' 'The Newcomes,' of 'The Virginians' and 'Barry Lyndon,' one never wearies. There is something in them so human, so wise, so much of that 'touch of nature which makes the whole world kin,' that we turn to them in moments of weariness as to a refreshing spring, and never find that we have exhausted the pleasure they afford. Their popularity is due in no small degree, we imagine, to the admirable manner in which they have always been brought out. The present edition, judging from the volume before us, promises to be what it is called 'the Standard Edition.' The paper is good, and the type all that can possibly be desired, while the illustrations are Thackeray's own. In this edition, too, which is to consist of twenty-six volumes to be published monthly, we are promised some of Thackeray's writings which have never before been collected, with additional illustrations. Taking this into account, we may safely say, that if the remaining volumes fulfil the promise of the two before us, this will be the most complete and useful and, next to the *Edition de Luze*, the most handsome edition yet issued.

The Bantoffs of Cherryton. A Novel without a Villain or a Crime. By ARTHUR KEAN. 2 Vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1883.

Mr. Kean's attempt to write a novel without a villain or a crime is thoroughly successful. The story he has written, though altogether free of devilry, is nevertheless sufficiently interesting and exciting to be extremely readable. Mr. Kean has studied the art of brevity to some purpose, and uses no more words than are absolutely requisite to set his figures and scenery distinctly before us. For this he deserves considerable commendation and may be recommended as an example to be followed. Most of

his characters are well drawn. Baby Ella is a little wanting in flesh and blood. Miss Blake on the other hand is a splendid creation. One has some doubt, however, which is the real hero, Harry Bantoff or Lord Varleigh. Jeckles is a curious figure, though by no means impossible. Mr. Kean handles his plot, if plot it can be called, with considerable skill and keeps it continually on the move. In short we can commend his book as one of more than ordinary workmanship and interest.

Aldersyde. A Border Story of Seventy Years Ago. By ANNIE S. SWAN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, 1883.

Aldersyde is a well written and cleverly constructed story. The picture it gives of certain aspects of social life in Scotland at the period to which it refers is extremely graphic. Janet, Marget and Miss Grizzie are admirably drawn characters and likely to live. Miss Swan's style is a little hard, yet she writes with such evident power and intensity of feeling that her work deserves to be regarded as one of the best stories of the season.

The Matthew Arnold Birthday Book. Arranged by his daughter, ELEANOR ARNOLD. With a Portrait. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1883.

This is in every respect a very beautiful book. The paper, printing, and binding are in excellent taste, and the selections have been made with great skill. The verses chosen represent almost all Mr. Arnold's best passages, and some of them are gems of rarest beauty. The portrait of Mr. Arnold which forms the frontispiece is a good specimen of the Woodbury style of photographic printing. A more sumptuous Birthday Book, or a volume more suitable for a birthday or Christmas gift, we have not seen.

Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. Illustrated by DAVID SCOTT, R.S.A. With Life of the Artist, and Descriptive Notices of the Plates, by the Rev. A. L. SIMPSON, D.D. London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1883.

To this admirable reproduction of David Scott's well-known illustrations of Coleridge's weird and fascinating poem, Dr. Simpson has prefixed a short narrative of the touching story of the artist's life. Scott was undoubtedly treated with great and unmerited neglect—a neglect which tells all the more severely against those who neglected him, as he was unquestionably one of the foremost artists Scotland (or even Great Britain) has produced. For the illustrations of *The Ancient Mariner* he was specially qualified. It is just one of those poems which his imagination was best qualified to appreciate, and he has succeeded in depicting its innermost spirit with a skill which is always powerful and often weird and terrible. Dr. Simpson's notes to the plates are short and serviceable. The repro-

inductions on a smaller scale than the original, but is executed with great skill. The book is really a beautiful one; and the plates have that best of all tests of excellence, of rivetting themselves on the imagination, and of growing upon one.

The Cornhill Magazine. Vol. I. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

This is the first volume of the new series of our old friend *The Cornhill*. Though cheaper, its pages retain the old flavour and bear signs of the same skilful workmanship as of old. It is with no small satisfaction that we observe that, while in some respects more popular, this new series is to contain literary articles of the same stamp and character as those which formed so distinguishing and delightful a feature of the magazine in its earlier days. Many of the articles in the present volume are excellent, both in matter and in style. The shorter stories deserve a word of praise. Altogether among the sixpenny monthlies the new *Cornhill* is decidedly the best.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

THEOLOGISCH TIJDSCHRIFT.—Dr. Joel of Breslau, an able Jewish writer, in his recent work on *The Conflict of Heathenism and Christianity: its Consequences for Judaism*, maintains a number of remarkable propositions. The Jews, he holds, were not guilty of the death of Jesus: Christianity was at first a genuinely national movement, and by no means hostile to either the law or the traditions of Judaism. The hostility between the Jews and Christians arose later, the Acts and the fourth Gospel first teaching the Christians to say that the Jews crucified Jesus. The schism between the synagogue and the church dates only from the time of Trajan, and was due to the refusal of permission to rebuild the temple. The appearance of this work, occasioned partly perhaps by the anti-Semitic agitation in Germany, has called forth an interesting paper by Dr. Oort in the last *Tijdschrift*, with the title, 'Jews and Christians in Palestine at the end of the First Century.' Dr. Joel's contention that Jewish practice could not have allowed of the trial and crucifixion of Jesus as narrated in the Gospels, is traced to an error in ascribing authority at too early a date to some provisions of the Mishna. It is shown that the Messianic claims of Jesus were not so important nor so fruitful a part of his activity as his religious doctrine, which struck at the root of Pharisaism, the characteristic school of Judaism at the time, and could not fail in time to relax the bonds of law and tradition alike. The history of Christianity in Palestine is then gathered so far as possible from the Talmud. It is shown that the Christians were at first members of the synagogues and claimed all the privileges of Jews, and that this led in many ways to friction between them and the other members of the synagogues; that there was persecution of Christians within these bodies; and that the growth of an anti-legal Christianity in Palestine made the breach always wider—the Christians claiming to be the true Israel, and the orthodox Jews denouncing and treating them with more and more acerbity as heretics and traitors. Dr. Kuenen welcomes the appearance of the second edition of Wellhausen's *History of Israel*, under the title, 'Prolegomena zur geschichte Israels.' We have reason to believe that a translation of this work will ere long be published in Scotland.

DE GIDS.—Mr. A. S. Kok writes in the September number under the title 'Shakespeare on the War-path.' Simpson's *School of Shakespeare, 1878*, is one of the books calling forth the article. Others are by E. Hermann, published at Erlangen, and supply the main thesis of Mr. Kok's paper, which is that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is Shakespeare's manifesto of complete revolt from the current style and method of the stage in his day. In earlier plays attacks may be found on the affectation and vulgarity of the drama then in vogue. The pedants and the euphuist of *Love's Labour's Lost* are a satire on certain plays then recent; the directions to the players in *Hamlet* are not a vague or otiose dissertation, but an attack on current abuses. Greene's attack on Shakespeare is well known: in the sonnets and in some of the dramas many references may be discovered to a struggle in which the odds seem to be greatly against Shakespeare. In the *Dream*, usually regarded as a fairy tale, a revel of fancy, the reformer comes boldly forth, to pour ridicule on his adversaries and announce a new departure, probably in the new Globe Theatre. There is a bright little paper on the amateur stage in French Court circles in the eighteenth century, including that of Marie Antoinette.

The October GIDS contains a fine translation of the story of *Rustum and Sohrab from Firdusi*, by Dr. Meijboom. The cry for universal suffrage is heard in Holland, and in a country where there is so much speculation on the bases of things, we expect to find discussion on the origin and justification of political power. A paper by Mr. Heymans of Leiden, entitled 'Sovereignty of State or of People?' is a trenchant criticism on a pamphlet by Mr. M. C. L. Lotsy, otherwise known as a student of Spinoza, in which is claimed for the people the right to govern directly themselves, as the majority ought always to have its will carried out. Against this Mr. Heymans maintains that it is the duty of those who are in power to govern for the good of all, and that, so long as they have power and ability and good intentions, their rule is justified; while it is the duty of those governed to support the Government, because it is for the good of all, and revolution is so dreadful. This is the sovereignty of the State, and here the moral will of the people has sway. Sovereignty of the people gives sway to mere will, moral or not. The position appears to us a shaky one; and we listen to Mr. Heymans with more respect when he tells us that Holland is not nearly ready for universal suffrage, the influence of the clergy with many of the people being much too strong. He ends with suggesting a sort of educational franchise, as there is no principle in the present rental qualification.

The opening paper in the November GIDS is by Professor Loman, the propounder of the wonderful theory on the origin of the Pauline Epistles in the second century, on 'Luther.' In it he seeks a point of view from which Roman Catholic and Protestant might agree in their appreciation of the Reformer, but with little success. All that can be said is that Luther, living entirely in and for religion, could not be guided by motives of politics or by the desire for peace, that he was true to his own nature. So is the thunderstorm; but a man is a person, and cannot be placidly regarded as a force by those whose house he has rent asunder. It will scarcely be by agreement about Luther that the great schism will be healed. Mr. W. H. de Beaufort criticizes a recently-published political programme of action for the Catholic party in Holland. The policy proposed for them is to draw shoulder to shoulder as Catholics and sink all their differences in order to be a united Catholic party,—not a very hopeful plan, one would imagine.

In the VRAGEN for September there is a paper on the Amsterdam Exhibition by Mr. Kruijff. He places the chief value of the Exhibition for Holland in the impetus it will give to decorative art by making known the art-work of India and Persia. The art of the Dutch East India possessions is far behind that of those countries, he says, and even of the more purely imitative art of China and Japan. The good example of the British Government in India, in erecting schools for the encouragement of native art at various centres, is held up for imitation, and the hope is expressed that similar schools will be founded in the Dutch colonies.

THE CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA (October).—The first number contains articles on the 'Democratic Meeting at Bologna and the Union of the Catholics at Naples'; on 'The Letters of Leone XIII. on Historic Study'; and on 'Modernism in relation to Liberty,' in which the author says that the modern idea of liberty is that 'man is a law unto himself,' and asserts that modern society must choose between Catholicism or Cæsarism, the first subjecting human liberty to God and saving it, the second emancipating liberty from God, and destroying it. The second number contains articles on 'High and Low Clergy,' 'Bonghi and the Pope's Letter,' the first of a series of articles on 'The Cell and Life,' directed against the theory of Hæckel.—The first number for November contains a violent article against Martin Luther, giving a brief history of the great Reformer's life, and at the same time quoting sentences from indicated books and manuscripts, in which Luther contradicts all he has done, and confesses that he thoroughly repented when too late. 'I threw myself into the religious combat,' the author quotes Luther as saying, 'by chance and not by choice. I abolished the elevation of the host *out of spite to the Pope*' (the italics are the author's). 'If you persist in your deliberations, I will retract all that I have written.' The author dwells with unction on the indecency of Luther's language, and declares that no honest man can form any idea of the vile vituperations and buffooneries with which Luther confuted his adversaries. 'This man,' says the author of the article in another part, 'to whose pen nothing was more familiar than indecent terms and the name of the devil, was so vain that he considered himself superior to the whole of the human species.' He makes Luther out to have been half mad, having had his head turned by flattery. Then he attacks Luther's private life: 'he married, just on Good Friday (of all days in the year!) Catherine von Bora, a young woman who had abandoned herself to a vicious life and had been rejected by another apostate priest,' etc., etc. Our author accuses Luther of being an epicurean, and of still worse, so that even the lascivious Henry the Eighth was obliged to read him a lesson on chastity; he accuses him also of cruelty, saying that his acts and words during the religious rebellions of the people were a perfect mirror of the modern socialists who are now celebrating the triumph of Luther's reforms. 'They have every reason to praise to the skies, in Luther, the first and most ferocious bandit of Anti-Semitism.' He gives a terrible picture of Luther's last days:—'He died suffocated by asthma, and desperate in the feeling that he was denied by Jesus Christ and damned.' 'Friar Martin,' concludes the article, 'was a bad prophet when he asserted that the Papacy would die when he did. . . . And he was a good prophet when, in language that cannot be repeated without soiling the pen, he said, "It will not be thus in future. We are now in a paroxysm of fear. When we have thrown our dirt on those who oppress us, they will count it balsam," thus denoting, with an illumination of spirit not his own, the moral value of the religion which men attribute to his apostacy, his doctrines, and his memory. In conclusion, here Luther prophetically defined the future clamorous celebrations with which the Protestants, in association with the Liberals, Atheists, and Socialists of the *uncivilized* world, commemorate the fourth centenary of his birth.'—The second part of the paper on Bonghi's article on the Pope's letter follows. The number closes with a very learned article on the 'Reign and Fall of Naboid, last King of Babylon.'—The second number for November begins with a second article on Luther—'The Works of Martin Luther'—which is quite as violent as the first, and at the same time an attack on Protestantism. 'Now, more than ever,' says the writer, 'the Lutheran confession is in truth a confession without faith and without God.' 'The Lutheranism of to-day is wrecked between deistic rationalism and unadulterated atheism. While we write,' he goes on to say, 'the German papers report that the first celebrations of the centenary of Martin Luther have been followed by the conflagration of the house where he was born, in Eisleben, and of the church in which he was buried at Wittenberg. This destruction of the places which were his cradle and his tomb, appears to us a singular case, foretelling the present end of his undertaking. All is reduced to cinders. The Catholic Church, at its head the Roman pontiff, . . . cries to all who are buried in the darkness of error and the shadow of death, "Do you want another proof that I am a factor

in the hands of Christ-God, and that Protestantism is an ugly fact in the hands of Satan? Behold me! living four centuries after the birth of Luther, and behold Luther's reform; dead three and a half centuries after he had boasted that he would, in my visible head the Pope, extinguish me! If you will not believe in words, believe in facts." Who are those who praise Luther and celebrate his birth here in Italy? His fellows, that is, all the enemies of the Papacy,—all those who, under the pretext of *liberty and civilization*, repudiate Christ embodied in Peter, deny His rights, despise His prerogatives, and attempt to diminish His divine greatness. This is the sole reason of all the celebrations and eulogies. They praise Martin Luther to the skies, not because he was a great man,—for all who are not ignorant recognise him to be a *great madman and a great rogue*,—but because although a *great madman and rogue*, he set on foot the war against the Papacy, which they hope will lead to the triumph of an anti-Christian *civilization*, and which, instead, unless God intervene with His almighty hand, will lead to the triumph of socialism!—The articles on Bonghi's criticism of the Pope's letter are concluded, and a series of articles on the present state of linguistic study begins with a paper on the 'Uncertainty of the Buddhist Doctrines.'

NUOVA AUTOLOGIA (October 1) opens with a long paper entitled 'The Austrian Hungarian Problem,' by Luigi Palma.—Signor Giovanni Boglietti writes a 'Dutch Rhapsody' on 'The Exhibition at Amsterdam,' evidently delighted with that city and country.—Signor Baccarini contributes 'Tallagraphic Studies.'—An article, 'Among the American Indians,' follows by G. Sergi.—A new story, 'Della Rupe,' is commenced by A. G. Barrili.—P. C. has an article on 'Our Naval Objects and the French Peers.'—An unsigned account of the honours lately paid in Italy to Niccolini, the Italian poet, follows.—October 15th.—Signor Ferri writes a long paper on 'Leonardo da Vinci,' founded on new documents:—'Venice that Disappears' is the title of an article by Camillo Boito, which is an appeal against the total destruction of the poetry of Venice by modern improvement and commercial progress as seen in the two islands of Sant' Anna and Santa Marta.—Signor A. Issel contributes an interesting scientific article on 'The slow oscillations of the Sun.'—The story 'Della Rupe' is continued.—Under the title of 'Sunday Repose' L. Papa d'Amico advocates the closing of shops, etc., on Sundays.—Signor Franehetti devotes a few pages to a favourable criticism of a comedy by Eurico Monte Corboli, entitled 'Donna Lavinia.'

NUOVA AUTOLOGIA (November).—In the first number Signor Bonghi writes an article, 'A Page of Temporal Power,' founded on M. George Ourery's *Etude sur le pontificat de Paul IV.*, and relating the history of Giovan Pietro Carafa, who was elected Pope under the name of Paul IV. at the age of seventy-nine years, in 1555. Bonghi concludes his article with the words, 'In Paul IV. the temporal power corrupted the man and ruined matters, especially those of the church, not only in, but out of Italy. Of this truth Catholic authors, or those who consider themselves such, will be persuaded if, after first invoking the aid of God and Christ, they study and interrogate with sincerity the history of the last four centuries. My brief article is an attempt to put them in the way.'—Signora Pigorini-Beri contributes another of her pleasing articles on Calabria, this time describing the superstitions peculiar to the country, a visit to a witch, and many curious customs, among others, that the Albanese and Greek widows of Calabria wear the jackets of their dead husbands summer and winter, until those articles of clothing are worn to rags. In the cities men of higher rank, when in mourning wear a black woollen or cotton shirt, and as the term of mourning lasts for three or four years, the inhabitants of Calabria Citra are mostly clad in black without a vestige of relief.—Signor Mosso writes on 'New studies of experimental psychology—Trembling.'—Signor de Martini gives a statistical account of the late Exhibition at Zurich.—An 'Ex-diplomatist' contributes an article on 'The neutrality of Savoy,' and remarks with satisfaction that the prevalent feeling in Italy is to remain strictly on the defensive, ready for every eventuality but decided not to take any steps calculated to provoke enmity.—Signor F. Martini criticises a dramatic poem by Giuseppe Gracosa, entitled 'The Sirena.'

NUOVA AUTOLOGIA (November 15). Signor Bonghi, in his interesting article on 'Martin Luther,' which opens this number, describes the general religious condition of the time in which Luther lived, and the impression made on the young monk by Rome and its clergy, and the effect of Luther's opposition to the doctrine of plenary indulgences, which the author—remarking that this doctrine was one of the most singular outcomes of mediæval theological subtlety—promises to discuss in a future paper, with 'all the doctrinal points that are the subject of controversy between Catholics and Protestants.' He concludes his article with the words, 'I have shown in this brief examination of Luther's principles how the idea of reformation was born and developed in the human heart, and we have become persuaded of two truths, one of which displeases the advocates, and the other the enemies, of the Papacy. The first is that, just as the corruption of the Church was the primary motive of Luther's opposition, so the worldliness of the Roman Pontificate, the abandonment of all religious criticism in matters of belief, the prevalence of temporal interests, etc., were the reason why the Pontificate did not at first appreciate the power, nor understand the spirit of the war waged against it by the Wittenberg monk, and why it committed all sorts of errors in defending itself, so that it rather assisted the enemy than put hindrances in his way.' . . . 'The second truth is that the wounds inflicted on the Papacy in the 16th century were not inflicted by incredulity, but by a faith still more sincere and ardent than its own. The supernatural is more abundant in the doctrines of Martin Luther than in those he abolished, the conception of God still more mysterious. . . . Luther's force lay in leading men away from external observances to moral seriousness.'—The next article is a criticism of Jeafferson's 'Real Lord Byron,' by Giovanni Boglietti, who rather ridicules the careful manner in which Jeafferson ascertains paltry facts, and differs from that author's opinion, that the poet never truly loved any other woman than his wife, and especially denies that Byron suffered from home-sickness, the truth being that Byron loved Italy, and 'was, in taste and temperament, a true Italian, as he himself confessed in the lines beginning "My blood is all meridian."'—Signor D. Silvagni contributes an interesting account of the life of Gaetano Moroni, commonly known in Rome as 'Gaetanino' (the confidant of Pope Gregory XVI.), who died suddenly on the 3rd November, 1883. The son of a barber, when a mere boy, he showed such talent and love of learning that Pope Gregory, then abbat of S. Gregorius, took him into his service, educated him, made him acquainted with the most learned men in Rome, gave him the run of his library, and enabled him to rise to be a man of learning and a *cavaliere*. Gaetano Moroni became the friend and counsellor of the Pope, but, far from abusing his power, he limited himself to preserving the affection of his protector; so that, during the sixteen years of the latter's sovereignty, Moroni never enjoyed more than a modest competency, due rather to his literary labours than to court favour. After the death of the Pope in 1846, the condition of Moroni suddenly changed. Pius IX. showed the old chamberlain that his services were no longer required, and Moroni retired into the dignity of private life, and never entered the Vatican again. He devoted fourteen hours a day to study, and though at first the object of calumny of various kinds, he at last succeeded in making himself forgotten as the favourite of the late Pope. His famous Ecclesiastical Dictionary—the MS. and proof sheets of which had travelled backward and forward between Rome and Venice, being threatened with exorbitant taxation by Cardinal Antonelli—was only published in 1850; after which Moroni commenced and finished a general Index, thinking that those who already possessed the Dictionary would certainly purchase the Index, but he was disappointed, and the Dictionary itself was so little valued that though it had originally cost 400 francs, it was sold with the Index for 80 francs, or even less. Moroni preserved his mental faculties to the last. In his house in Via del Senato he had a library containing many thousands of books, and adjoining it a small chapel, in which he kept many souvenirs of his friend and protector, whom, to the end of his life, he believed to have been one of the best Popes Christendom had ever seen. Moroni, though he had rendered important services to students, was so entirely forgotten that, when people heard of his death, they asked, 'Had he lived till then?'—Father Stoppani's articles on the Polar Ice are concluded,—the author

insisting once more on the truth of his theory that at the Arctic Pole there is a large open sea containing an archipelago of islands, while the South Pole is a large continent surrounded by sea.—The story 'Della Rupe' is concluded.—Signor Brunialti contributes a long article on the Danubian question and the London conference.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (September).—The place of honour has been assigned to an able and scholarly essay in which M. E. Chauvet considers 'Grecian Medicine in its Relations to Philosophy.' His thesis is that if we exclude, on the one hand, the purely religious phase which marks the infancy of the healing art among the Greeks, and on the other, the popular system which arose under the influence of the gymnasia, we shall everywhere find an intimate and perpetual alliance between medicine and philosophy. To establish it, he analyzes the principles of the most famous schools of antiquity; beginning with the *Italic*, which comprised the schools of Crotona and Agrigentum. But his most forcible and clearest illustrations are drawn from a critical and careful examination of the doctrines of the representative men of each period, more particularly of Hippocrates, who is identified with the school of Cos, of Asclepiades, Themiso, and Thessalus, the representatives of methodism and of Galen, whom he justly considers as the greatest philosopher amongst the physicians of antiquity.—'The Division of the Arts in German Esthetics' is continued from the last number. The writer, M. Ch. Bénard, classes the fine arts in the following order: Architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry. In other words, he adopts Hegel's division, claiming for it that, even though it may be open to some objections, it is by far superior to any classification previously attempted.—In a paper on 'Heraclitus and the Idea of Logos,' M. Tannery, following Teichmüller's learned work, analyzes the principal doctrines of the Ephesian philosopher, endeavouring to trace them to their source, and to establish their connexion with Egypt.—The works reviewed in the 'Analyses et Comptes rendus' are:—Jeanmaire: *L'idée de la personnalité dans la psychologie moderne*; Frohschammer: *Ueber die Principien der aristotelischen Philosophie*.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (October).—Though M. Delbœuf's subject, 'La Matière brute et la Matière vivante,' can lay no claim to novelty, there is a high degree of originality in his treatment of it. He meets positive science on its own ground, and attacks it with its own weapons, admitting or asserting nothing but what positive science recognizes. His propositions are that the properties of atoms are not immutable, nor inherent in them, but have, at least in part, come to them from without. Matter which is void of life cannot engender life, nor, consequently, consciousness or thought. Organisms are not combinations similar to those of matter. The universe is not subject to fatal laws, and nothing assures us that, were it to begin again *ab ovo*, it would again go through the same phases. Those laws which are called fatal are the residua of acts which were originally free. Intellect, the inseparable sister of sensibility and liberty, is the true demiurgos.—In articles which have at various times appeared in the *Revue Philosophique*, M. Tarde has endeavoured to show the great and important part which our ideas of imitation and of invention are called upon to play in history and social science. His object in the present paper on 'Archæology and Statistics' is to indicate that these two sciences, though widely removed from each other, are both gradually being led to consider the phenomena of social life from a point of view similar to his own, and that their general results and their prominent features present a remarkable analogy.—The last of the three 'articles de fonds' is by M. J. Andradé, and is entitled, 'Les Théoriciens Moralistes et la Moralité.' Its object is to establish what, at first sight, does not appear to stand in great need of explanation—the distinction between *morality* and *theories of morality*.—One of the most important contributions of this number is to be found amongst the 'Analyses et Comptes rendus,' where M. Maurice Vernes reviews Herr von Hartmann's latest work, *The Religion of the Mind*.

REVUE PHILOSOPHIQUE (November).—The opening article, in which M. Nolen traces the present transformations and the development of deductive and inductive logic, and which he styles: 'German Logicians,' might, with equal

fitness, have been called 'English Logicians.' The article professes to deal with Lotze, Lange, Dühring, Sigwart, Schuppe, Bergmann and Wundt, and does, indeed, give a clear and critical analysis of their several systems. But the pages devoted to the consideration of Hamilton, Morgan, Boole, Stuart Mill and Stanley Jevons are neither less important nor less interesting, whilst, in point of fact, they are more numerous. Under whatever title it appear, such a passage as that in which the writer brings together the characteristics of English Schools of Logic, cannot fail to be read with interest. In Logic, as in Politics, he remarks, the English mind is particularly influenced by a taste for positive results, and is easily satisfied with practical certainty, without endeavouring to attain metaphysical clearness. It does not place its ideal of certainty so high that it is beyond the reach of our faculties. It does not experience such a necessity for conciliating the various forms of knowledge in a superior synthesis, as to trouble itself greatly about the apparent contradictions between moral or metaphysical and scientific truth. The methods consecrated by the authority of tradition and of experience always seem to it the safest roads for attaining its object. Its sole endeavour is to render them more convenient and shorter. If Hamilton alters the formal logic of Aristotle, it is merely to simplify it and to make its application more easy. If Boole and Stanley Jevons bring important modifications into it, by the introduction of mathematics, it is only for the purpose of giving the rapidity and the accuracy of calculation to the deductive operations of the mind. Similarly, Stuart Mill, Bain, and Spencer, in their curious reform of inductive logic, do not go much beyond making the processes of Bacon's method more rigorous and more precise, without attempting to extend them by new applications or giving much time to the discussion of the claims of inductive certainty. With the memorable exception of Hume, the English mind seems to be protected by the solidity of its conservative good sense or the energy of its religious convictions, from the anxieties of metaphysical thought, that is from the doubt which attacks the very principles of knowledge. Whatever arguments, certain assertions of Hamilton, of Stuart Mill, and of Spencer, may seem to furnish scepticism with, it may be said that neither the logicians of the associationist school, nor those who favour the doctrine of evolution, suspect, or at least apply themselves to solve, the metaphysical problems raised by their various principles.—Besides the conclusion of M. Tarde's study on 'Archæology and Statistics,' there is a sketch, almost amounting to a translation, of Professor Clifford's essay 'Of the Nature of Things in themselves.'

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (September 1st and 15th).—After the first instalment of 'Madame de Givré,' a new novel by M. Henry Rabusson, the sketch of *Andrew Jackson's Political Life*, commenced in a late number, is continued and brought down to the 4th of March 1829, the day of the General's inauguration as President and—to quote Judge Story's too apt remark—of the 'triumph of King Mob.' Parton, Morse, Sumner, and the *Atlantic Monthly*, the chief authorities from which M. Albert Gigot draws his facts, are so well known to all English readers for whom the subject has any interest, that the article, though cleverly written, clearly suffers from a want of novelty, not to say originality.—M. Gabriel Charmes devotes close on fifty pages to a discussion of the foreign policy of the French Republic. His article: 'La Politique actuelle et la situation de l'Europe,' almost amounts to an impeachment of the present government, and may be summed up in his own words: 'Engrossed in home business, the republican party, for a long time, bestowed but slight and divided attention upon foreign affairs; when circumstances at last obliged it to devote itself to these, it brought to them an ignorance, a weakness, and a fickleness which have already produced the most fatal results.' The chief count in the indictment is the misunderstanding with England. It is denounced as 'the capital error, the unpardonable error of the republican party, the error which has jeopardized its whole policy and left it to the guidance of mere chance.'—A paper on 'Literary Criticism under the First Empire,' will scarcely prove highly interesting to any but French readers. We may, however, recommend it to the notice of those students who have to make themselves acquainted with the period of French literature prescribed by the University of Glasgow for next year's 'Higher Examination.'—To our thinking, the most important contribution

in this number is M. A. de Saporta's article on: 'The Auroræ Boreales.' It is prefaced by a slight sketch of the phenomenon, founded on the various descriptions given of it by arctic explorers. The hypotheses and theories, by which it was endeavoured to explain it, in former and less scientific days, are briefly recalled, leading up to the discoveries made within the last half a century, and more particularly to those resulting from M. de La Rive's experiments in 1850. The pith of M. de Saporta's study consists in his masterly summary of the labours of Nordenskiöld and Lemström, the latter of whom has actually succeeded in producing, by means of a battery artificial auroræ in the open air, thus proving beyond the possibility of further controversy that the meteoric phenomenon of the northern lights is due to electricity.—A light and chatty paper by M. Brunetière on 'La Fureur de l'Inédit,'—the mania for unpublished documents,—and a very heavy one by M. Valbert, on 'The Railway in the Soudan, and Colonel Borgnis-Desbordes's three Campaigns,' close an eminently readable number.—How does it happen that, though Leo XIII. has made his peace with the Czar, the official defender of schism, though he has opened negotiations with the heretical emperor whom his predecessor styled a modern Attila, and though he manifests the greatest repugnance to a serious quarrel with the free-thinkers who have the management of affairs in France, he persistently refuses to come to terms with the monarch within whose capital he dwells? M. A. Leroy-Beaulien discusses the reason of this inflexible *non possumus*, in an article on 'The Vatican and the Quirinal since 1878.' The writer's name is a sufficient guarantee for the value of the essay, and we can recommend it to the few who still feel some interest in a question which has long ceased to be of vital importance in this country.—The life and writings of the famous novelist over whom the grave has just closed are ably set forth in an article on 'Ivan Serguievitch Turgénieff.' Like all things Russian that find their way into the *Revue*, it is from the pen of M. Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé, a writer who, whilst possessing the very great merit of a thorough and intimate knowledge of his subject, has an unfortunate habit of 'shouting' and rushing into lyrics on every slight occasion.—Under the somewhat inaccurate title: 'Des Progrès de la Mécanique,' M. J. Bertrand gives a most interesting and instructive sketch of the labours of M. Marcel Deprez, whom we should call the French Eddison, did this not imply a superiority, which we are not disposed to allow, of the American over the French inventor. An improved indicator for measuring the tension of steam, an instrument for measuring the velocity of a projectile, an electric compass, a galvanometer which, for sensitiveness and accuracy, far surpasses that hitherto in use, a machine for the solution of equations, and a logarithmic roller are among the minor improvements and inventions with which M. Deprez has enriched the laboratory of science. The great problem with which he is at present engaged is the transmission of force by means of electricity. He has already accomplished so much in this direction that it scarcely seems beyond possibility that he may yet devise some means of turning to use the 17,000,000 horse-power of the falls of Niagara.—'Frédéric Chopin,' 'the Raphael of the piano-forte,' as Heine somewhere styles him, is the subject of a charming paper, as impartial as it is appreciative by M. Henri Blaze de Bury. It abounds in delicious bits, which would well bear quoting. We must, however, limit ourselves to a single extract, and we purposely select one which shows the writer's admiration to be far from blind and undiscerning. 'Chopin's music has nothing of the morning freshness, of the calm nor of the majesty which Haydn and Beethoven make us breathe with every breath. It frequents only the drawing-rooms of high-life; it has never seen the day break, nor beheld the sun set in the immensity of the evening. . . . Chopin knows neither woods, streams, nor green fields. The rustling of silks and the glare of many lights, such is his atmosphere. His exquisite, but exotic art requires a surrounding of duchesses . . . Nevertheless, Chopin will live.'—From what the *Revue Philosophique* has taught us about M. Fouillée's views and theories, we may form some idea of the side which he takes in discussing 'Conscious and Unconscious Life,' and guess that, in opposition to von Hartmann, he denies the possibility of a complete disappearance of consciousness.—The concluding article: 'La Botanique des Chinois,' gives some interesting details concerning

the horticulture and arboriculture of the country to which we owe tea, rhubarb and silk, besides ever so many trees and flowers, including the peach tree and the apricot tree, the chrysanthemum, the aster and the camellia. The information which M. Fournier gives us on the subject of the marquis Tseng's linguistic attainments, or the want of them, for it appears that, besides his own, the English is the only language which he understands, though not very closely connected with his subject, is not uninteresting.

LA REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (November 1 and 15).—An article on 'The Colonial Policy of France,' bearing the signature of M. Gabriel Charmes and appearing in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is scarcely likely to be favourable to the powers that be. It is an elaborate discourse on the usual, and now somewhat hackneyed text, the ignorance and the blindness of the men in whose hands have been placed the destinies of France.—A scholarly work on 'Alexandrian Poetry under the first three Ptolemies,' lately published by M. A. Couat, Dean of the Faculty of Letters at Bordeaux, supplies the materials for M. Jules Girard's interesting dissertation: 'L'Alexandrinisme.' The scope of the article is rather narrower than the title would lead us to suppose. It deals mainly with two points, the quarrel between Callimachus and his pupil Apollonius, and the character of Medea in the younger poet's 'Argonautica.' The classical scholar will scarcely require to be reminded that the bitter literary feud which resulted in the self-imposed exile of Apollonius and drew from his former master the mysterious satire of the *Ibis*, of which only the name has come down to us, originated in the assertion made by Callimachus, that the old epic, as Homer understood it, was no longer possible in their day. Of the Alexandrian school generally, M. Girard's opinion is not different from that which all who have any acquaintance with either Callimachus and Apollonius themselves, or with the less known, but perhaps more characteristic productions of Aratus, Rhianus, Philetas, or Asclepiades, have doubtless formed for themselves. The explanation of the coldness, the want of nationality and inspiration, the artificial enthusiasm of Alexandrian poetry, by a reference to the cosmopolitan and heterogeneous nature of the city itself, is as happy as, we believe, it is original.—The Marquis de Nadaillae, well known by his recent work on American archaeology, contributes a paper on 'Pre-historic Art in America' of which we cannot speak too highly. It sums up all that is known of the early races which peopled the western world, or rather of the monuments which attest their existence. It examines the Kjökkenmöddings and the sambaquis, retraces the pictographs and the hieroglyphics, shows us the gigantic representations of animals erected by the Mound-Builders, takes us through the cypress habitations of the Cliff-Dwellers, and describes the horrible pyramids of human skulls of the Aztec temples. As regards the date of the earliest of these relics of pre-historic man, the writer is of opinion that they are recent as compared with the first traces of art in the Old World, and that the most ancient of them, the pictographs, do not go back to quaternary times nor even to the older Neolithic periods.—The remaining articles of this number are a continuation of M. Fouillée's philosophical dissertation on 'Conscious and Unconscious Life,' and a political disquisition on 'Radicalism and its Varieties,' signed by M. Valbert.—Lighter literature is represented by 'Jean Roquelin' translated from George Cable, by M. Bentzon, and by 'Madame de Givré,' a novel which M. Henry Rabusson has made thoroughly repulsive. We can imagine no greater contrast to 'Mon Frère Yves,' which immediately preceded it, and in which M. Lucien Viaud, under the well-known 'nom de guerre' of 'Pierre Loti' describes the adventures of a Breton man-of-war's man. Having mentioned the popular writer whose startling and indiscreet letter to the *Figaro* has led to his dismissal from the French navy, in which he was a lieutenant, we may add that his novels form the subject of the 'Revue littéraire' in this number, and that 'Mon Frère Yves,' which a London reviewer dismissed with half a dozen lines of supercilious criticism, as possessing 'none of the vigour which marked some pages of the "Roman d'un Spahi" of the same author' is praised by M. Brunetière, a recognised authority in such matters, for its novelty, its originality, its truth and its deep feeling, and is pronounced by him to be the best and most

promising of Pierre Loti's five novels.—The second of the November numbers opens with a short sketch entitled 'Bigarreau,' in which M. Theuriot exposes the abuses which prevail in French reformatories.—The essay on 'Pauline de Montmorin, comtesse de Beaumont,' of which M. A. Bardoux has been giving instalments, at intervals, during the last months, is brought to a conclusion. It may be consulted for details concerning the literary career of Chateaubriand.—Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's contribution is one of the most important in the present number. It deals with 'Eastern Trade under the Reigns of Augustus and Claudius,' but being written by one who is thoroughly acquainted with the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, it abounds with information and suggestions of practical interest and utility at the present day.—The 'Problem in Esthetics' which M. Guyon propounds and elucidates is the antagonism between Art and Science. Does this antagonism really exist? Keats evidently thought so when, at Haydon's table, he drank 'confusion to Newton' for having destroyed the rainbow by reducing it to a prism. In our own day M. Renan, in his 'Dialogues philosophiques,' emits the opinion that sooner or later, science must prove fatal to art, and must destroy, not only poetry, but sculpture, painting and music. M. Guyon combats this phase of pessimism in a clear and able analysis of the internal and external conditions necessary to the production of works of art. His conclusion that, however great the modifications through which art may have to pass, it cannot wholly disappear, is supported by arguments which his opponents will find it difficult to controvert with any show of plausibility.—'Le Barreau et la Défense à l'Etranger,' is a legal study in which M. Jules Leberquier endeavours to establish two points, mainly. He contends that the exclusiveness of the Bar far from being a monopoly, is its only safeguard, and he points triumphantly to the failure of the experiment, made in France, under the first Republic, to remove all professional restrictions and to admit as pleaders all who chose to undertake the duty. He further claims for the French Bar the honour of having set up the model after which the statutes and constitutions of foreign faculties have, to a large extent been framed.—Of the remaining two articles, exclusively of the various notices, one deals with the national exhibition of painting in 1883, and is naturally not such that it will bear summarizing, the other treats of 'Railways and the State,' and is not of general interest.

REVUE DE L'HISTOIRE DES RELIGIONS (Mai-Juin, 1883).—This number contains only two articles, and the usual 'Chronique,' and summaries of transactions of learned societies, and of magazines. The first of these articles is by M. E. Beauvois, and bears the title of 'The Transatlantic Elysium and Western Eden.' It is but the first part of the essay that is here given, and is sub-titled 'The Transatlantic Elysium.' M. Beauvois reviews very carefully the various notices given in the classical writers of the 'Elysian Plains,' 'the Gardens of the Hesperides,' 'the Fortunate Isles,' &c., and seeks to determine the geographical position, the home of the 'blessed dead,' occupied in the ideas of the Greeks and the Romans. He then with even more minuteness reviews the opinions of the Celtic bards or of the Celts, as embodied in the Celtic songs and sayings that have been preserved, and endeavours to define the locality the last resting-place of the dead occupied in their imaginations. His object is to compare these ideas and show their affinity, and he evidently regards the differences between them as having been produced by the changes effected in the geographical position of the emigrants as they passed further and further west from their ancestral home, and by the changes taking place in their modes of life and habits of thought consequent on these. The second article is by the editor, M. Maurice Vernes, and is a continuation of his studies in the history of Israel, which have already appeared in these pages. He describes this new series as 'Les Débuts de la Nation juive.' He does not, unfortunately, define here what he means by the *Jewish* nation; but as he treats here of the period of the Judges, so called, he feels that some definition of the title is required, and promises to justify it at a later stage. We must therefore wait for his justification of what seems, at present at least, an anachronism. M. Vernes bases his effort to construct the history of that early time on the Book of Judges, separating what is historical in it from what is uncertain tradition or fanciful legend, and then

building up the story of the period from the few fragments that remain to him of historic fact. His first section is on the locality where the 'Jews' began to form themselves into a nation; the second is on Abimelech, the first of the Judges or heroes 'regarding whom the tradition is precise and consistent'; the third on Deborah and Barak, and the story of the emigration of the Danites; the fourth on the defeat of the Israelites by the Philistines at Aphek (Aphek); the fifth on Samuel; the sixth on Saul; and the seventh on what he calls 'traditional debris.' M. Vernes follows throughout, but not by any means slavishly, the course pursued by Professor Reuss in his great work, *La Bible*, etc. He is in agreement with the learned Strasburg Professor on most points, but fails not from time to time to state where he thinks he has too lightly rejected certain data in the book or accepted them on too slight grounds. These 'Studies' are extremely interesting, and present the latest and perhaps the boldest results of the critical school to which M. Vernes belongs.

LE LIVRE (September).—Under the title of 'La Littérature du Choléra,' M. de Saint-Heraye has collected the skits and jokes which Parisian frivolity flung at the dread tyrant, both at his first appearance in 1832, and again in 1849. The article is neither cheerful nor edifying reading. The mirth does not seem to be very hearty, and the laughter is, at times, suspiciously like the proverbial butcher's grin, from the teeth outward.—The next paper, which is from the pen of M. Gustave Pawlowski, deals with 'The French Poems of Queen Mary Stuart.' The parenthetical addition, 'according to a recently discovered book,' led us to hope that a new and important find would at last enable us to judge of the literary merit of her of whom Brantôme records, somewhat partially, perhaps, that she was a 'great poet': 'Elle se mesloit d'estre grand poëte.' Great was our disappointment, therefore, on discovering that, of the three poems reproduced by M. Pawlowski, one only, and that merely a 'huitain,' can lay any claim to novelty. The 'Meditation'—a poem of exactly a hundred lines—and the 'Sonnet' are both reprinted in the first volume of the 'Miscellany of the Bannatyne Club,' and are further to be found, not only in the 'rare little volume' which M. Pawlowski has discovered—a French version of Leale's 'Consolations,' dedicated to Mary—but also in another 'rare little volume,' likewise written in French, and by a Scotchman too, David Home of Dunbar, whose 'Lettres et Traitez Chrestiens,' appeared at Bergerac, in 1613. We may also point out that in enumerating the other poems attributed to the unfortunate Queen of Scots, M. Pawlowski makes no mention, and, indeed, seems to be wholly ignorant of the 'Sonnet' which was addressed by Mary to her cousin Elizabeth, probably about 1568, and of which two versions, the one French, the other Italian, are given by Laing. So far as we have been able to discover, the eight lines addressed to the Bishop of Ross, are really a new acquisition, and, as such, may fittingly be reproduced in these pages.

A l'Evesque de Rosse, après sa Délivrance de Prison.

Puisque Dieu a, par sa bonté imence,
 Permis qu'ayez obtins tant de bon heur,
 De despartir en crédit et faveur
 Hors de prison, en sayne conscience,
 Remerciez sa divine clémence,
 Qui de tous biens est seul cause et auteur,
 Et le priez d'un humble et dévot cœur,
 Qu'il ayt pitié de ma longue souffrance.
*Sa vertu m'atire.**

The motto, it will be seen, is, in reality a signature, being an anagram for *Marie Stuarie*.—In a short contribution, M. Émile Colombey examines the

* Since God, in his immense goodness, has granted that you should obtain so much happiness as to come forth from prison with fair fame, and favour, and with an unsullied conscience, give thanks unto His divine clemency who is the sole cause and author of all good things, and beseech him, with a humble and devout heart to take pity on my long suffering. *Her virtue attracts me.*

several versions of Mirabeau's famous reply to the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé. He concludes for the genuineness of the 'bayonet' version. The evidence which he produces seems to us to be in favour of the milder rendering which has the authority of the Marquis's son: 'Nous sommes assemblés par la volonté nationale nous n'en sortirons que par la force.'

LE LIVRE (October).—During the 16th and 17th century, it was customary, at the death of a great man to collect a number of verses and speeches in his praise, and to publish them as his 'Tombeau.' Something of this kind has been done in an article entitled, 'La Naissance du Comte de Chambord.' The author, M. Antoine Fureteur, a singularly appropriate name, if, indeed, it be not a *nom de guerre*, studiously avoiding politics, brings together choice specimens culled from the papers and periodicals of the day, to show the enthusiasm with which France hailed the birth of Henri-Charles-Ferdinand-Marie-Dieudonné d'Artois, Duke of Bordeaux, and, a little later—thanks to a national subscription—Count of Chambord.—M. Eugène Dutuit's paper: 'Who was the Inventor of Printing,' sums up the arguments which, at various times, have been brought forward in support of the claims of Gutenberg or of Coster, in a controversy which goes back to the 16th century, and which still seems to be as far from a satisfactory conclusion as it was when Junius started it in 1588. M. Dutuit endeavours to conciliate both legends by attributing the invention of printing in its first and most elementary form, to Holland, and by giving Germany the honour of having perfected it. It may be doubted whether such a compromise will find favour with the champions of either side.—The Gazette bibliographique contains an interesting item to the effect that a 'Life of Queen Victoria' is in preparation. It is stated that Her Majesty herself has commissioned a Scotch lady, Miss Keddie, to write it, and has supplied, for this purpose, a great number of letters and unpublished documents preserved in the archives of the Court of Saint James.—Readers of 'le Livre' will learn with interest and pleasure that its publisher, M. Quantin, has lately received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, in recognition of his eminent services.

LE LIVRE (November).—M. Charles Monselet's paper: 'Les Onbliés et les Dédaignés: Dorvo,' is as interesting as it is possible to make such a subject. The half-a-dozen pages devoted to Dorvo, a very inferior play wright of the early years of the century, are probably more than he ever got before, and most assuredly more than he deserves.—The paper which has just died with the Comte de Chambord, whose organ it was, the 'Union Monarchique,' is not undeserving of the obituary notice with which M. de Sainte-Heraye honours it, and which may be consulted with profit by any intending author of a history of contemporary journalism.—M. A. Claudin communicates an important supplement to a late article on the controversy concerning the invention of printing, in the shape of a letter containing the testimony of Ulric Gering and his colleagues, the first Parisian printers, in favour of Gutenberg.—The most important article in this number is that in which M. Mikhail Achkinasi brings together a number of autobiographical details concerning the Russian novelist Ivan Turgénieff. We gather from them a scrap of information which will probably be new to most readers. It seems that during his stay in England, about 1860, Turgénieff was engaged to be married to a young English lady, but that the match was broken off owing to 'a very common-place and very grotesque accident,' of which he was the victim whilst boating with his intended and her friends. It was also during his stay in England, when he was at Ventnor, that the novelist began his crowning work, 'Fathers and Children.' His opinion of Dickens's reading, though perhaps neither very original nor very striking, is at least worth reproducing. He introduces it in a parallel which he draws between the English novelist and the Russian satirist Gogol. 'When Dickens reads his works, he acts them. His reading is dramatic and theatrical. He unites in his own person several celebrated actors, and makes us laugh and cry by turns.' We must not omit to mention the very striking and excellently executed portrait of Turgénieff, which accompanies this eminently interesting article.

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (September).—The contents of this number are not varied, nor can they be said to be highly interesting, at least for the average

non-Prussian reader. Close on three quarters of the Review are taken up with an extract from Professor von Treitschke's 'History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century,' dealing with 'The Last Reforms of the Chancellor of State.' Besides the usual political correspondence and a few notices of books, the only other article for which room has been found is from the pen of Professor Corvinus, and is devoted to the praise of the 'great day of Sedan, which has not only given Germany power, but has also taught it to value power.'

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (October).—Dr. Philippi informs us, in the beginning of a valuable statistical paper on 'The Variations in the Condition of the People in the German Empire,' that within the nine years from 1871 to 1880 the population of Germany has increased by 4,175,000, and he sets himself the task of examining whether the welfare and prosperity of the people have kept pace with this immense growth. He draws his figures from the most varied sources,—amongst others, from the Income-tax and Savings-Banks returns, from the number of emigrants and of bankrupts, of paupers and of criminals, and even of railway passengers. The conclusion to which he arrives is that the wealth and comfort of the people are increasing as steadily as their numbers. We scarcely think, however, that he has succeeded in establishing this quite satisfactorily. If, as he states, the average yearly expenditure of a German is 240 marks (£12), of which 144 (£7 10s.) go for food, there does not appear to be a very wide margin left for the comforts which we look for in a prosperous country.—'The New Rules of Procedure of the House of Commons' are very clearly explained by Herr Oppenheim, a German jurist, and the translator of Sir Erskine May's work on the English Parliament. The article being merely a summary of the debate and an exposition of the nature and bearing of these new rules, and being quite free from comment or criticism, possesses no special attraction for English readers.—A short paper, made up of extracts from the diary of the late Professor Kopp, and entitled 'The North German Colony in Munich, in 1809 and 1810,' sets forth the difference between the religious training and education of Protestant and Catholic children. The writer, a Catholic himself, gives it as his experience that, when Catholic children are good and well-behaved, it is in the hope of obtaining praise, whilst Protestant children require no stimulus, and, when their thoughtlessness leads them to mischief, act openly at the time, and will acknowledge and repent their misconduct afterwards—features to be sought for in vain in Catholic children.—Professor von Treitschke has again to defend himself against the charge of being too partial to Prussia in his 'History of Germany,' his accuser on this occasion being Freiherr von Lerchenfeld. The answer contained in his article, 'Baiern und die Karlsbader Beschlüsse,' seems plausible, and he declares, with every appearance of good faith, that the conclusion to which he has arrived was forced upon him, to his own astonishment and even regret.—Another scrap of information concerning Turgénieff. Herr Julian Schmidt, writing with authority as a personal friend of the Russian novelist's, contradicts the assertion made by some French journalists that Turgénieff hated Germany as ardently as any Frenchman. 'When the war broke out in 1870,' says Herr Schmidt, 'Turgénieff was staying with me, and he expressed the wish that the French might get a drubbing (Klopfe kriegen!) I remarked that a mere wish was not enough, but that he should also be ready to sacrifice something for the good cause. After some thought he declared that, to help it, he would willingly remain ill in bed for a whole month. On my saying that I considered this too little, he said he would give up a whole year's shooting,—the greatest sacrifice he could think of.'

PREUSSISCHE JAHRBÜCHER (November).—The opening article, contributed by Herr Buddensieg, deals with Tractarianism, Puseyism, and Ritualism. It is written by one who is evidently a thorough master of all the details of his subject, and who, moreover, has strong opinions of his own, stronger than we might expect in a foreigner, on the religious movement within the Church of England. The general conclusion to which Herr Buddensieg arrives is that Ritualism, like its immediate predecessors Puseyism and Tractarianism, is a failure. He maintains that even if it does, now and again, lead a few men of extreme views to Rome, it is, in reality, harmless enough in this direction, and he strongly

combats Cardinal Manning's assertion that Catholicism is gaining ground in England.—A valuable contribution to the iconography of Rousseau will be found in Herr A. Jansen's paper, 'Die Bildnisse Jean-Jacques Rousseau's.' We cannot, however, recommend it as light reading to any but the most enthusiastic worshippers of the citizen of Geneva, and these, we think, are not numerous in our midst. The *Jahrbücher's* offering to the memory of Luther consists in the reproduction of an address delivered by the editor, Professor von Treitschke, at Darmstadt, on the 7th of November, and in notices of some two dozen books bearing directly on Luther.

THEOLOGISCHE STUDIEN UND KRITIKEN 1884 (Erstes-Heft).—The first place in this number is given to a review of Dr. Bernhard Weiss' recently-published work, *Das Leben Jesu*, which has been attracting so much attention during these past few months in Germany, and creating, as might have been expected, a considerable amount of controversy on its merits and demerits. Its author expected that it would do so, and frankly stated as much in giving it to the public. From its very nature it was bound to do so. It is an effort on the part of an orthodox scholar to present the life of Jesus from the Gospel narratives, after these have been subjected to the refining fires of the so-called modern criticism. These fires in Dr. Weiss' crucible are not, of course, so fierce and destructive as they are in those of the most advanced critics of the school; but the Gospel narratives come out of them much damaged and transformed. Dr. Weiss concedes much to the critical school of to-day as respects the trustworthiness of our Gospels, and so gives offence to the conservative wing; while he yet holds all the doctrines generally by that wing regarded as 'fundamental truths of Christianity,' and so exposes himself to the scorn, or at least the hostile attacks, of the so-called liberal wing. But Dr. Weiss does not shrink from the task of attempting to trace the life of Jesus, after much has been conceded to criticism, and to show that he was the Son of God, and the Saviour of the world, in the orthodox sense of these terms, notwithstanding. The review of his book here is from the pen of Dr. Frich Haupt, and it enters very minutely into what Dr. Haupt regards as the faults and shortcomings of the work. He has nothing but praise for the author's style, and pays a well-merited tribute to his scholarship, and to the reverential yet critical spirit in which the portraiture of the Christ is everywhere drawn. His article, however, is none the less a long indictment against the book,—not so much against the author's conclusions, of course, for these are on the lines of orthodoxy, but against the reasons Dr. Weiss gives for coming to these conclusions. It is the case of agreeing with the verdict of the judge, but finding fault with all the reasoning of the interlocutor. The only point given prominence to, where reviewer and reviewed are agreed, both in respect to the conclusions come to and reasons for coming to them, is that the doctrines of the pre-existence of Jesus and of his resurrection must rest, not on historical or scientific proof, but on something which may be best described as the religious instinct (p. 10). While Dr. Haupt, however, dislikes the method Dr. Weiss has adopted in presenting the life of Christ, and finds fault with most of the arguments by which the writer justifies his results, he hails his conclusions with satisfaction, and regards the work as a noteworthy contribution to the elucidation of the Gospel history and the apologetics of the Christian faith. A. H. Franke, Privatdocent in Halle, follows with a long and elaborate criticism of the manifold methods proposed for dividing and arranging the materials of the fourth Gospel, the principles on which these rest, and the reasons given in support of them. It is an extremely able and interesting paper, but much too learned and intricate to be even outlined here. Dr. Klostermann, in a very short article on Hezekiah's psalm in Isaiah xxxix., 9-20, endeavours to explain the difficulties which the psalm presents in its present condition in the text of the prophet, by assuming that it has been taken from a collection of songs in which the orthography differed from the Hebrew of the date of the compilation of the prophetic book, and that mistakes had consequently been made by the transcriber. He seeks to show what these mistakes were, and so to restore the psalm to its original form. The other articles are an 'Exegetical Exposition of Luke xviii. 7, Gal. ii. 3-6,' by Philipp Tag; and a

review of Schrader's new and revised edition of his *Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament*.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (September).—Fiction—always a strong feature in this excellent periodical—is well represented by two capital little stories: 'Frau Antje,' by Herr Adalbert Meinhardt; and 'Die Montenegrinerin,' a translation from the Polish of 'Thomas Jez,' that is, to give him his right name, Sigmund Milkowski.—'The Home of the Gypsies,' by Professor Dr. R. Pischel, briefly recalls the history of these wanderers from their appearance in Europe about 1417, and states the facts and arguments in support of the now general belief that they were originally an Indian tribe. The author further shows that it is highly probable that their home was in the district about the Hindoo Koosh, though he admits the impossibility of direct proof, and has no hope that we shall ever be able to clear the mystery which enshrouds the cause of their migration. The whole article abounds in most interesting details concerning the manners, and more particularly the language, of the Gypsies.—Lady Blennerhassett's paper on 'Madame de Staël and her Relations to Germany' fills a gap in the biography of the celebrated French woman. All who have any acquaintance with the literature of Germany at the beginning of the century, must know at least something of the enthusiasm which she excited, and of the praises so liberally bestowed upon her by Schiller, Goethe, Rahel, Humboldt, and the other great men with whom her exile brought her into more or less intimate connexion. But Lady Blennerhassett's paper is none the less interesting for recalling what is not absolutely new, and it deserves the highest praise for the attractive manner in which it does it.—In an article to which he gives the title 'Anfänge der Metall-Cultur,' Herr Reyer endeavours to establish three facts, mainly, with regard to the origin of the use of metals. He is of opinion that amongst the great nations of antiquity with which we are acquainted, bronze was the metal first in use. He proves, further, that they derived their knowledge of it from other nations, of which we have no record, and which, favourably situated in districts abounding in tin and copper ore, were indebted for the discovery of the metallic compound to some purely fortuitous circumstance. Lastly, he produces a number of facts and arguments in support of his theory that, during the so-called age of bronze, nations of such comparatively slight importance that they have left no trace in history, had made considerable progress in metallurgy.—A continuation of Professor Hirschfeld's narrative of his travelling experiences in the north of Asia Minor, and a political article on 'Prince Bismarck and the Liberals,' written, as the anonymous writer assures us, in 1878, and published at the present time as a proof of his keen insight into politics five years ago, conclude the number.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (October).—This, the first number of the *Rundschau's* literary new year, begins somewhat dismally, as far as the light literature is concerned. A tale styled 'Siechentrost,' from the pen of Herr Heyse, is followed by another bearing the still more melancholy title, 'Friedhofsblume,' and opening with a description of an anatomical museum, the inscription on which, 'Mortui vivos docent,' is taken as an epigraph.—The well-known military writer, Baron von der Goltz, contributes an essay on 'Knowledge and Military Training.' His object is a refutation, or at least a very considerable modification, of the axiom laid down by a general of the old school, that, in military life, action is above thought and practice above theory. To his general conclusion, that now-a-days knowledge and science are indispensable, no exception can be taken. But when, in his enthusiasm for his profession, he sets the officer before us as the perfect knight of modern society, as the teacher of the popular masses, endowed with a 'treasure of noble manners and manly virtues,' we recall our experience, and we cannot repress a smile.—'Adam's Peak, in Ceylon,' is an interesting supplement to the *Reise-Briefe* which Professor Haeckel published some twelve months ago in the pages of this magazine, and which we noticed at the time.—The address delivered before the University of Berlin on the 3rd of August, the anniversary of the birth of its founder, Frederick William III., by the present rector, Herr du Bois-Reymond, is reproduced under the title, 'Die Humboldt-Denkmal vor der Berliner Universität.' After an introductory

sketch of the origin and progress of the movement which has at last resulted in the erection of two statues to the brothers von Humboldt, the Rector retraces the chief features in the life of Alexander von Humboldt. He modestly apologises for 'recalling much that was already known, and for repeating much that has already been said.' As regards mere facts, this could not be otherwise. But as regards the manner in which they have been grouped together, the personal reminiscences by which they are enlivened, and the parallels by which they are illustrated, such as, for example, the parallel between Humboldt and Arago, or, again, that between Humboldt and Voltaire, we are bound to say, the learned lecturer's disclaimer notwithstanding, that the sketch is as original as it is interesting.—An instalment of 'Pictures from Berlin Life,' by the editor, Herr Julius Rodenberg, gives the history of the interesting quarter known by the quaint name of 'The Tents.' It abounds in details which cannot fail to captivate the attention even of those who know neither Berlin nor the 'Zelte.'—Baron Nothomb, one of the founders of the Belgian monarchy and one of the veterans of European diplomacy, is the subject of an excellent article from the pen of Herr Geffcken, whose long friendship with the Belgian Ambassador at the Court of Berlin gave him the best qualification for the task which he has undertaken.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (November).—Fully one-third of this number may be summarized in one word: Luther. Luther is the subject of a poem by Herr Conrad Meyer. Luther's career and influence have supplied Professor Holtzmann with a lengthy essay. Luther's modern biographers are reviewed, and his modern antagonists called to account, in an anonymous article dealing with 'Die neueste Luther-literatur.' Singly, these productions would be read with interest; coming together, they are apt to weary the reader and to bring home to him the homely truth that there may be too much even of a good thing.—'Friedhofsblume' is concluded, its closing words being thoroughly in keeping with its melancholy opening: 'Over the graves there was again peace.'—Professor Preyer's paper, 'Ueber die Erhaltung der Gesundheit,' is, as its title sufficiently indicates, a 'health lecture.' He devotes an important section to the question of school work. Not only does he complain of the amount exacted in a first-rate German Gymnasium, but he also affirms that it is of such a nature as to cramp rather than stimulate the intellectual faculties. He proposes to make a clean sweep of Sophocles, Homer, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plutarch, Herodotus, and Xenophon, of Tacitus, Horace, Cæsar, Cicero, Livy, Virgil, Sallust, and Ovid, and, in their stead, to introduce the works of Galileo, Descartes, Newton, Bacon, Faraday, Luther, Harvey, Frederick the Great, Leibnitz, Kant, and Haller. Should such a reform ever be introduced, the last state of the German Gymnasiast would, to our thinking, be considerably worse than the first.—The article on Baron Nothomb, commenced in the last number, is here brought to a close with a very fitting and highly complimentary quotation from a letter which Leopold I. addressed to his Ambassador, and which does as much honour to the writer as to the receiver: 'Of all the politicians of the country, you are the only one who has never despaired of its future, who has never changed his sentiments towards me, and who has always given me proof of the truest and most constant devotion, never obscured by the slightest cloud. I do not forget things of this kind, and I like to recall them to you.'—The first part of a novel setting forth 'The History of a Genius,' and the usual literary and political notices, complete the number.